THE NEWGATE CALENDAR

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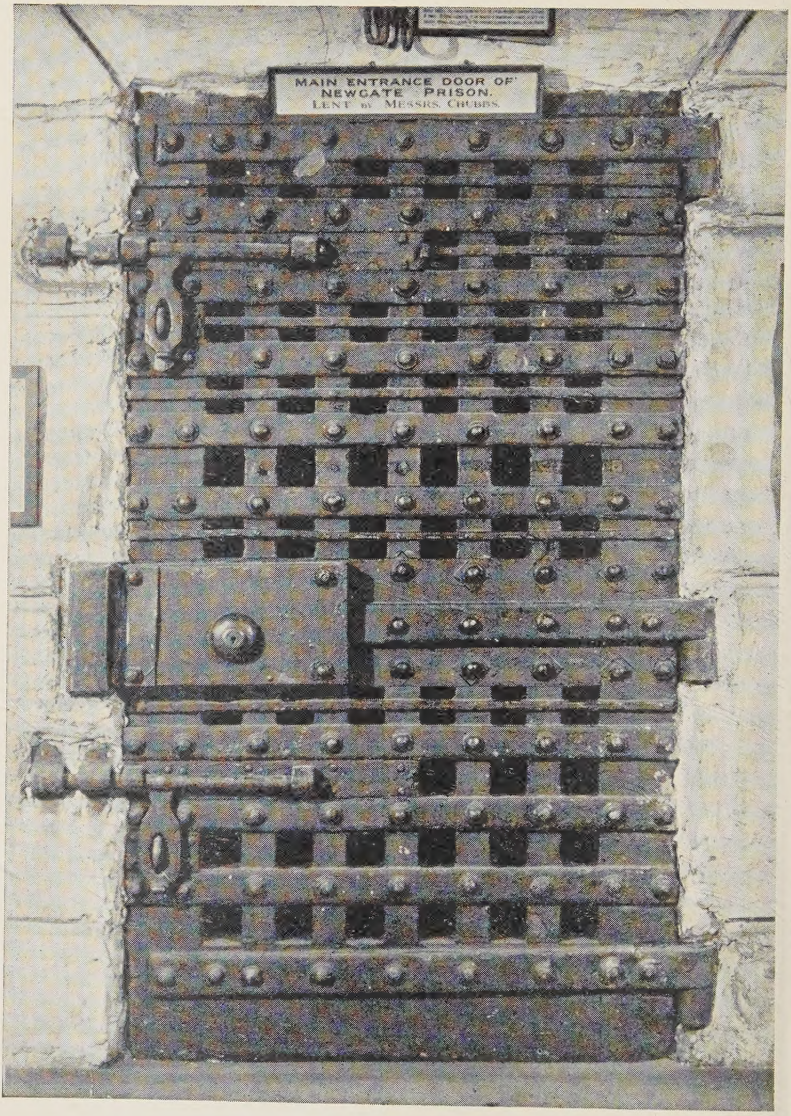

MAIN ENTRANCE DOOR OF NEWGATE PRISON

(*London Museum*)

THE NEWGATE CALENDAR

EDITED BY EDWIN VALENTINE MITCHELL

Comprising INTERESTING MEMOIRS *of the* MOST NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS *who have been convicted of* OUTRAGES *on the* LAWS *of* ENGLAND. *With* SPEECHES, CONFESSIONS, *and* LAST EXCLAMATIONS *of* SUFFERERS

Introduction by Henry Savage

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THE NEWGATE CALENDAR

INTRODUCTION

IMAGINATION is stirred by the thought of Newgate. The first prison with that name, on the same site where now stands the Central Criminal Court, dates back to antiquity. It is referred to as "the King's Prison" in the annals of King John's reign. Mention of it also occurs in 1218 during the reign of his successor Henry III. But none knows for certain when it was built, though the antiquarian Stowe dates its erection soon after the Norman Conquest in 1066. Until a century or so ago it was not reserved for criminals alone. Men and women interned for religious or political reasons mixed with the scum of the criminal class. In the tale of a thousand years, what a vast, innumerable army of scoundrels and unfortunates! They pass from freedom through the sullen gates in silken finery and in coarsest, filthy rags, and often never out again alive from that cesspool and sink of iniquity.

Newgate! What suffering, what cruelty, what dirt and disease and depravity is in the tale with that title! And what humaneness, it should be added. The names of Elizabeth Fry and John Howard live for their giant efforts to cleanse those Augean Stables. In days when men supp'd on horrors or were indifferent to horrors, horror galvanized this heroic pair into an activity which really did bring about reform in the English penal system. In spite of appearances to the contrary one must at least incline to a belief in progress towards a better world. Humanity

would not again tolerate the sickening spectacles of the Roman amphitheatre. Nor would it tolerate the old Newgate.

Not that Newgate was without its amenities. It was essentially an English institution. There was a certain freedom about it, some desperate jollity, even. Compare it with the French Bastille—*lourd*, sombre and solitary. Prisoners in the Bastille were truly immured in their segregation. But in the promiscuity of Newgate, in the evil consequent to the herding together of so many people most of them the very dregs of humanity, was something of democracy. They drank and diced and whored. Often, according to Howard and Mrs. Fry, the men were bestialised and the women unsexed. There was more vice and degradation behind Newgate than behind the Bastille, but less of what, perhaps, was a more sinister quality. When Lord George Gordon's riotous mob, inspired by that fanatical Protestant, stormed the prison in 1780, it was not done in the spirit which stormed and demolished the Bastille. True, the mob was a London mob, not representative of English democracy as a whole as the French mob was representative of French democracy. And it was a less worthy spirit. Lust of loot and havoc, and sympathy with crime, doubtless predominated over any real hatred of Popery. But Newgate, at any rate, was certainly not then attacked primarily because it stood for oppression as did the Bastille. For a closer parallel we must get back to Wat Tyler's "breaking up" of the prison in 1381. And even then, was it so much oppression which actuated the Kentish rebel? We must remember Shakespeare's unsym-

pathetic attitude towards English agitators. Again, the Guildhall records of Tyler's century tell of a John Penrose "indicted for selling unsound wine and adjudged to drink a draught of the said wine and have the rest poured over his head in the pillory"; and of an Alice de Cranstom being put in the "thew" or pillory for selling ale by short measure. These examples of excellent justice are inconsistent with the idea of a tyranny such as was endured by the common people of France.

The name of the famous Lord Mayor of London, Dick Whittington, is associated with the prison. The legend on an old cut of his portrait is more authentic than that legend, in another sense of the word, which delights children. It runs: "He builded the gate of London called Newgate, which before was a miserable dungeon." Dick, as a matter of fact, left money for restoration purposes as he did in the case of other City buildings. This was in 1419, and the prison for a long time after was popularly known as "Whit's Palace." Earlier, in 1311, is another interesting record, one Elmer de Multone having been "attached on indictment as a common night-walker in the ward of Chepe. He was wont to lure persons and strangers unknown to a tavern and there deceive them by using false dice." This very modern scamp was further indicted as "a cruiser against the peace as also for being a common rorere," *i. e.* roaring-boy or riotous person.

"Whit's Palace" lasted for a couple of centuries. We hear of it as being "in a state of utter ruin" in 1629, but someone within the next ten years must have rebuilt it, for Lupton's "London Carbonadoed" of 1638 mentions it

as having been "new-fronted and new-faced." It was gutted during the great fire of 1666 and afterwards again rebuilt, Wren being reputed the architect, though this is not certain. The prison, yet again rebuilt by George Dance junior in 1770, would have lasted more than a century, one imagines, had Wren designed it. Incidentally, the Lord Mayor who laid the stone in 1770 was the father of the Beckford who wrote that curious, exotic work "Vathek."

Another ten years and the jail suffered severely from the Gordon rioters, and eight years later Lord George himself was imprisoned there for five years for libels reflecting on British justice and for defending the charlatan Cagliostro of the notorious Diamond Necklace affair. A queer fellow was Lord George. In his younger days he had stood for Parliament in the Highlands, where he disquieted his opponent by making himself too popular. We are told of the balls he gave and of the lovely Highland girls brought to them in his yacht. He became a member of Parliament but not for a Scottish constituency, the opponent having bought him a seat in Wiltshire—a long way from the girls. Finally, he turned Jew and is to be heard of in Newgate with a long beard and still giving balls and dinners to distinguished visitors. He died there in 1791 singing the "*Ça ira!*"

From six hundred to double that number was its population towards the end of the eighteenth century, and no less than one hundred and sixty offences were then punishable by death. The conditions were still squalid and revolting in the extreme. Some idea of them is to be gathered

from the drawings of Hogarth, and other contemporary records tell of the place being "like a den of wild beasts, filled with men and women fighting, swearing, dancing, gaming, yelling, and justly deserving the name of 'hell above ground.'" There was unrestrained intercommunication. The governor ran the prison tap or canteen, the profits from which were his perquisites. Condemned felons, surrounded by their admiring doxies, rummaged their befuddled brains for appropriate speeches to be made on the scaffold. Madmen tore about or wailed disconsolately in corners. Sanitary arrangements were practically nil and the stench abominable. As many victims must have died of gaol fever as were daily carted out to Tyburn. After executions at that celebrated centre were abolished they took place outside the jail. This was then considered a great reform and one likely to deter from crime. Tyburn was a mile or more away. The rag, tag and bobtail of the populace were wont to leave their slums and form in procession, cheering a popular malefactor and exhorting him to "die game"; or, if the condemned man were unknown to notoriety, hurling curses and denunciations at him. Outside Newgate, the authorities argued, was less room for the vast Tyburn crowds, and the effect in general would be more dignified and impressive. Whatever small improvement in the national morale may have resulted, there was certainly a greater crush. The audience gathered in the early hours as they now line up for a theatrical first night. In the surrounding houses and at a tavern which still stands opposite the front of the prison, execution parties, more often than not developing into orgies, were held by the

bon ton of society throughout the night. George Selwyn, the beau and wit, was a frequent visitor. He had a passion for executions, going so far as to travel abroad when any of particular interest were to take place. In Paris once, a French nobleman, struck by his intense interest in the proceedings, asked him, if he was one of the officials, to which George replied, "No, but I am by way of being an amateur."

Reform came very slowly. In 1812 it was stated that the amelioration in the prisoners' lot brought about by Howard had been "merely temporary"; in 1836, long after the ministrations of Mrs. Fry, the conditions were described as being "as bad as ever"—a description which must have been exaggerated—and even in 1850 the prison was declared "one of the worst in England." Its final history may be told briefly. The last public execution—that of the Fenian, Michael Barrett, hanged for complicity in the blowing up of Clerkenwell prison—took place in 1868. Twelve years later Newgate ceased to be used as a prison at all, and, finally, early in the present century, the old building was levelled to the ground.

Thus, briefly summarised, the record of a thousand years. As to the literature inevitably inspired by Newgate, a library of no mean size would be required to house it. Pamphlets relating to the prison were fairly common in that pamphleteering century, the seventeenth, and from the beginning of the eighteenth onwards the stream of literature flows steadily. Soon after 1700 appeared "The Tyburn Calendar, or Malefactors' Bloody Register," printed appropriately enough—by G. Swindells at Hanging Bridge,

Manchester. Another production is "The Chronicle of Tyburn, or Villainy display'd in all its Branches," emanating from the Shakespeare's Head Press in 1720; and yet another is "The Annals of Newgate," printed in 1776. And there are innumerable others, including broadsheets and broadsides, Catnach ballads, "Last Dying Speech and Confessions," and the like, few of which are authoritative and authentic but interesting to read, nevertheless, for their queerness and the light they throw on their age.

Knapp and Baldwin's "Newgate Calendar," from which the following selection is taken, is the best known and most reliable. It was based primarily on the Sessions' Papers which recorded the proceedings at the Old Bailey, but much information was drawn from other sources, notably the records occasionally made by the prison chaplains when some particularly notorious case was exciting public attention. Knapp and Baldwin, those excellent and pleasantly-sententious attorneys-at-law, who compiled the Calendar, trip at times, as when, for instance, their narrative of Richard Savage's trial is coloured by the belief the poet was the much wronged illegitimate son of the Countess of Macclesfield—a kinship which remains dubious—but on the whole they are stern for "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Matter of fact as they were, that admirable pair, one loves them for the unconscious humour which pervades their *chef d'œuvre*. They were truly devoted to triteness, truism and platitude. Nothing on earth could have stopped them from moralizing. The Reverend Mr. Barlow of "Sandford and Merton" would have become inarticulate with admiration before them. In a day of

"God bless the squire and his relations and keep us in our proper stations," they saw to it that the convention and all other conventions should be strictly observed. Their moral code in general is sound enough, it is the unconscious humbug of their observations and the manner in which these are couched, which make them naïve and laughable to the modern reader. Alas, that they had no biographers! All we know of them are their names and what may be gathered of their characters in the Calendar. Of their lives and loves—very "respectable" loves, it is to be surmised—nothing. They are more mute than Shakespeare in this respect. One would like to know if they ever kicked over the traces; if they ever flouted the rigid conventions they so extolled. A pair of very shadowy ghosts to go down the ages while Newgate is remembered!

But it is not, of course, for its diverting sententiousness alone that the Calendar makes such excellent reading. Crime will always fascinate those of us who are not satisfied to know its mere occasions—greed of gold, the desire for revenge or what not. Its causes lie deeper among the mysteries, nor is it certain that an interest in crime is, in every case and always, deplorable. And here, in the pages to follow, is much to amuse, to stimulate imagination and to meditate upon. At the beginning we come upon that redoubtable villain, Captain Kidd, hanged for piracy where most of the buccaneers were strung up—at Execution Dock. Captain Kidd and Execution Dock—here be names to conjure with! With what islands like baskets of flowers in tropic seas are those old buccaneers not associated; with what galleons laden with plundered treasure of silver in-

gots, richly-chased chalices and Church candlesticks, doubloons and moidores and pieces of eight; with what swart sailors, bearded and wearing great earrings of yellow gold and "drinking the golden rum"? There is the other side of the picture—Messrs. Knapp and Baldwin see to that!—but, bloodthirsty, callous and reprehensible as were those sea scourges, they drank in great draughts of life with the ocean air they polluted, and are of the world of romance. And if the romance of their lives is not to your taste, how much food for thought is in that wretched Kidd's ending; when the rope broke and the chaplain, rising to the occasion, thought it "providential" that he had a few more moments for repentance.

Again, imagine the feelings of "Half-hanged Smith" after hanging for fifteen minutes and being pulled round to receive his belated reprieve; though, indeed, in this case nothing much is left to the imagination, for we know what he said. But one could go on for ever mentioning instances which prove that the Calendar is a valuable document at once amusing, informative and instructive. The book is before you, reader. No more need be said.

HENRY SAVAGE

JOHN PRICE, COMMONLY CALLED JACK KETCH

Executed for the Murder of Elizabeth White

When we commenced our labours among the musty records of criminal convictions, little did we imagine that we should find the public executioner, vulgarly called Jack Ketch, to have been himself suspended on that fatal tree to which he had tied up such a number of sinners. Here have we the fullest proof of the hardness of heart created by repeatedly witnessing executions. The dreadful fate attending those who had died by his hands, their sufferings of mind, confessions and exhortations to the spectators to be warned by their example against the violations of the law, it seems, had no effect on Jack Ketch.

The callous wretch who, in the year 1718, filled this office, was named John Price. He was born in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, London, of reputable parents; his father having been in the service of his country, but unfortunately blown up at the demolishing of Tangier. From her loss, the widow was reduced to poverty, which rendered her unable of giving an education to her orphan children: but she succeeded in putting John apprentice to a dealer in rags; a business by which he might have earned an honest livelihood. When he had served two years of his apprenticeship his master died, and soon after he ran away from his mistress, and got employment in the loading of waggons with rags for other dealers. He then went to sea, and served

with credit, on board different ships in the royal navy, for the space of eighteen years; but at length was paid off and discharged from further service.

The office of public executioner becoming vacant, it was given to Price, who, but for his extravagance, might have long continued in it, and subsisted on its dreadfully-earned wages. On returning from an execution, in the cart which had delivered some criminals into his hands, he was arrested in Holborn for debt, which he discharged, in part, with the wages he had that day earned, and the remainder from the produce of three suits of clothes, which he had taken from the bodies of the executed men. Not long afterwards he was lodged in the Marshalsea prison for other debts, and there remained for want of bail; in consequence whereof, being unable to attend his business at the next sessions of the Old Bailey, one William Marvel was appointed in his stead.

Having continued some time longer in the Marshalsea, he and a fellow-prisoner broke a hole in the wall, through which they made their escape; and soon after this Price committed the horrid murder for which his life paid the forfeit.

John Price was indicted at the Old Bailey on the 24th of April, 1718, for the murder of Elizabeth, the wife of William White, on the 13th of the preceding month.

In the course of the evidence it appeared that Price met the deceased near ten at night in Moorfields, and attempted to ravish her; but the poor woman (who was the wife of a watchman, and sold gingerbread in the streets) doing all in her power to resist his villainous attacks, he beat her so cruelly that streams of blood issued from her eyes and

mouth, one of her arms was broken, some of her teeth knocked out, her head bruised in a most dreadful manner, one of her eyes forced from the socket; and he otherwise so ill treated her that the language of decency cannot describe it.

Some persons, hearing the cries of the unhappy creature, repaired to the spot, took Price into custody, and lodged him in the watch-house; then conveyed the woman to a house, where a surgeon and nurse were sent for to attend her. Being unable to speak, she answered the nurse's questions by signs, and in that manner described what had happened to her. She died, after having languished four days.

The prisoner, on his trial, denied being guilty of the fact; and said that, as he was crossing Moorfields, he found something lying in his way; that he kicked at it, but discovered that it was a woman: he lifted her up, but she could not stand on her legs; and he said that he was taken into custody while he was thus employed. This defence, however, could not be credited, from what some former evidences had sworn; and the jury did not hesitate to find him guilty.

After sentence of death was passed on him, he abandoned himself to the drinking of spirituous liquors to such a degree as rendered him totally incapable of all the exercises of devotion. He obstinately denied the fact till the day of his execution, when he confessed that he had been guilty of it; but said that the crime was perpetrated when he was in a state of intoxication. He was executed in Bunhill-fields, on the 31st of May, 1718, and, in his last moments,

begged the prayers of the multitude, and hoped they would take warning by his untimely end. He was afterwards hung in chains near Holloway.

One would imagine that the dreadful scenes of calamity to which this man had been witness, if they had not taught him humanity, would at least have given him wisdom enough not to have perpetrated a crime that must necessarily bring him to a similarly fatal end to what he had so often seen of others: but perhaps his profession tended rather to harden his mind than otherwise.

The murder of which Price was guilty appears to have been one of the most barbarous and unprovoked we ever remember to have read of: and his pretence that he was drunk when he perpetrated it was no sort of excuse, since drunkenness itself is a crime, and one which frequently leads to the commission of others.

The lesson to be learnt from the fate of this man is to moderate our passions of every kind, and to live by the rules of temperance and sobriety. We are told, from the best authority, that "hands that shed blood are an abomination to the Lord."

THE MARQUIS DE PALEOTTI

Executed for the Murder of His Servant

This rash man was the head of a noble family in Italy, and was brought to a disgraceful death through the vice of gaming, with all the aggravated horrors of suffering in a strange country; thus doubly disgracing the honours of his house.

Ferdinando Marquis de Paleotti was born at Bologna, in

Italy, and in the reign of Queen Anne was a colonel in the Imperial army.

The cause of his coming to England arose from the following circumstance:—The Duke of Shrewsbury, being at

Marquis de Paleotti stabbing his servant

Rome in the latter end of King William's reign, fell in love with, and paid his addresses to, the sister of Paleotti; and the lady following the Duke of Augsburg in Germany, they were there married, after she had first renounced the Roman Catholic religion. The duchess residing with her husband in England, and the marquis having quitted the Imperial army on the peace of Utrecht, he came to this country to see his sister.

Being fond of an extravagant course of life, and attached to gaming, he soon ran in debt for considerable sums. His sister paid his debts for some time, till she found it would be a burdensome and endless task. Though she declined to assist him as usual, he continued his former course of life till he was imprisoned for debt; but his sister privately procured his liberty, and he was discharged without knowing who had conferred the favour on him.

After his enlargement, he adopted his old plan of extravagance; and, being one day walking in the street, he directed his servant, an Italian, to go and borrow some money. The servant having met with frequent denials, declined going: on which the Marquis drew his sword, and killed him on the spot.

Being instantly apprehended, he was committed to prison, tried at the next sessions, and, being convicted on full evidence, he received sentence of death. The Duke of Shrewsbury being dead, and his duchess having little interest or acquaintances in England, it appears as if no endeavours were used to save the marquis, who suffered at Tyburn on the 17th of March, 1718.

Italian pride had taken deep root in the mind of this man. He declared it to be disgraceful to this country to put a nobleman to death, like a common malefactor, for killing his servant; and lamented that our churches, as in Italy, did not offer a sanctuary for murderers. Englishmen, however, are thankful that neither of this marquis's desires prevail in their country, where the law makes no distinction in offenders. To the last moment this pride of aristocracy was predominant in his mind. He petitioned the sheriffs

that his body should not be defiled by touching the unhappy Englishmen doomed to suffer with him, and that he might die before them, and alone. The sheriffs, in courtesy to a stranger, granted this request, and thus, in his last struggle, he maintained the superiority of his rank. Vain man! of what avail were his titles in the presence of the Almighty?

CAPTAIN JOHN KIDD

Executed for Piracy

Piracy is an offence committed on the high seas, by villains who man and arm a vessel for the purpose of robbing fair traders. It is also piracy to rob a vessel lying in shore at anchor, or at a wharf. The river Thames, until the excellent establishment of a marine police, was infested by gangs of fresh-water pirates, who were continually rowing about, watching the homeward-bound vessels; which, whenever an opportunity offered, they boarded, and stole whatever part of their cargo they could hoist into their boats. But, of late years, the shipping there, collected from every part of the habitable globe, have lain in tolerable security against such disgraceful depredations, and the introduction of the dock system has further increased this security.

Captain John Kidd was born in the town of Greenock, in Scotland, and born to the sea. Having quitted his native country, he resided at New York, where he became owner of a small vessel, with which he traded among the pirates, obtained a thorough knowledge of their haunts, and could give a better account of them than any other person what-

ever. He was neither remarkable for the excess of his courage nor for the want of it. In a word, his ruling passion appeared to be avarice; and to this was owing his connexion with the pirates. While in their company he used to converse and act as they did; yet, at other times, he would make singular professions of honesty, and intimate how easy a matter it would be to extirpate these abandoned people, and prevent their future depredations.

His frequent remarks of this kind engaged the notice of several considerable planters, who, forming a more favourable idea of him than his true character would warrant, procured him the patronage with which he was afterwards honoured. For a series of years great complaints had been made of the piracies committed in the West Indies, which had been greatly encouraged by some of the inhabitants of North America, on account of the advantage they derived from purchasing effects thus fraudulently obtained. This coming to the knowledge of King William III. he, in the year 1695, bestowed the government of New England and New York on the Earl of Bellamont, an Irish nobleman, of distinguished character and abilities, who immediately began to consider of the most effectual method to redress the evils complained of, and consulted with Colonel Levingston, a gentleman who had great property in New York, on the most feasible steps to obviate the evils so long complained of. At this juncture Captain Kidd was arrived from New York in a sloop of his own: him, therefore, the colonel mentioned to Lord Bellamont as a bold and daring man, who was very fit to be employed against the pirates, as he was

perfectly well acquainted with the places which they resorted to. This plan met with the fullest approbation of his lordship, who mentioned the affair to his Majesty, and recommended it to the Board of Admiralty: but such were then the hurry and confusion of public affairs, that, though the design was approved, no steps were taken towards carrying it into execution.

Accordingly Colonel Levingston made application to Lord Bellamont, that, as the affair would not well admit of delay, it was worthy of being undertaken by some private persons of rank and distinction, and carried into execution at their own expense, notwithstanding public encouragement was denied it. His lordship approved of this project, but it was attended with considerable difficulty: at length, however, the Lord Chancellor Somers, the Duke of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Romney, the Earl of Oxford, and some other persons, with Colonel Levingston, and Captain Kidd, agreed to raise £6000 for the expense of the voyage; and the colonel and captain were to have a fifth of the profits of the whole undertaking.

Matters being thus far adjusted, a commission, in the usual form, was granted to Captain Kidd, to take and seize pirates, and bring them to justice; but there was no special clause or proviso to restrain his conduct or regulate the mode of his proceeding. Kidd was known to Lord Bellamont, and another gentleman presented him to Lord Romney. With regard to the other parties concerned, he was wholly unacquainted with them; and, so ill was this affair conducted, that he had no private instructions how to act,

but received his sailing orders from Lord Bellamont, the purport of which was, that he should act agreeably to the letter of his commission.

Accordingly a vessel was purchased and manned, and received the name of the *Adventure Galley;* and in this Captain Kidd sailed for New York towards the close of the year 1695, and in his passage made prize of a French ship. From New York he sailed to the Madeira Islands, thence to Bonavista and St. Jago, and from this last place to Madagascar. He now began to cruise at the entrance of the Red Sea; but, not being successful in those latitudes, he sailed to Calicut, and there took a ship of one hundred and fifty tons' burden, which he carried to Madagascar, and disposed of there. Having sold this prize he again put to sea, and, at the expiration of five weeks, took the *Quedah Merchant,* a ship of above four hundred tons' burden, the master of which was an Englishman, named Wright, who had two Dutch mates on board, and a French gunner; but the crew consisted of Moors, natives of Africa, and were about ninety in number. He carried the ship to St. Mary's, near Madagascar, where he burnt the *Adventure Galley,* belonging to his owners, and divided the lading of the *Quedah Merchant* with his crew, taking forty shares to himself.

They then went on board the last mentioned ship, and sailed for the West Indies. It is uncertain whether the inhabitants of the West India Islands knew that Kidd was a pirate, but he was refused refreshments at Anguilla and St. Thomas's, and therefore sailed to Mona, between Porto Rico and Hispaniola, where, through the management of an Englishman, named Bolton, he obtained a supply of

provisions from Curaçoa. He now bought a sloop of Bolton, in which he stored great part of his ill-gotten effects, and left the *Quedah Merchant*, with eighteen of the ship's company, in Bolton's care. While at St. Mary's, ninety men of Kidd's crew left him, and went on board the *Mocha Merchant*, an East India ship, which had just then commenced pirate.

Kidd now sailed in the sloop, and touched at several places, where he disposed of a great part of his cargo, and then steered for Boston, in New England. In the interim Bolton sold the *Quedah Merchant* to the Spaniards, and immediately sailed as a passenger in a ship for Boston, where he arrived a considerable time before Kidd, and gave information of what had happened to Lord Bellamont. Kidd, therefore, on his arrival, was seized by order of his lordship, when all he had to urge in his defence was, that he thought the *Quedah Merchant* was a lawful prize, as she was manned by Moors, though there was no kind of proof that this vessel had committed any act of piracy.

Upon this the Earl of Bellamont immediately dispatched an account to England of the circumstances that had arisen, and requested that a ship might be sent for Kidd, who had committed several other notorious acts of piracy. The ship *Rochester* was accordingly sent to bring him to England; but this vessel, happening to be disabled, was obliged to return: a circumstance which greatly increased a public clamour which had for a time subsisted respecting this affair, and which, no doubt, took its rise from party prejudice. It was carried to such a height, that the members of Parliament for several places were instructed to move the House

for an inquiry into the affair; and accordingly it was moved, in the House of Commons, that "The letters-patent granted to the Earl of Bellamont and others, respecting the goods taken from pirates, were dishonourable to the king, against the law of nations, contrary to the laws and statutes of this realm, an invasion of property, and destructive to commerce." Though a negative was put on this motion, yet the enemies of Lord Somers and the Earl of Oxford continued to charge those noblemen with giving countenance to pirates; and it was even insinuated that the Earl of Bellamont was not less culpable than the actual offenders. Another motion was accordingly made in the House of Commons, to address his majesty that "Kidd might not be tried till the next session of Parliament; and that the Earl of Bellamont might be directed to send home all examinations and other papers relative to the affair." This motion was carried, and the king complied with the request which was made.

As soon as Kidd arrived in England, he was sent for, and examined at the bar of the House of Commons, with a view to fix part of his guilt on the parties who had been concerned in sending him on the expedition; but nothing arose to criminate any of those distinguished persons. Kidd, who was in some degree intoxicated, made a very contemptible appearance at the bar of the House; on which a member, who had been one of the most earnest to have him examined, violently exclaimed, "This fellow! I thought he had been only a knave, but unfortunately he happens to be a fool likewise." Kidd was at length tried at the Old Bailey, and

was convicted on the clearest evidence; but neither at that time nor afterwards charged any of his employers with being privy to his infamous proceedings.

He suffered, with one of his companions (Darby Mullins), at Execution Dock, on the 23d of May, 1701. After Kidd had been tied up to the gallows, the rope broke, and he fell to the ground; but being immediately tied up again, the ordinary, who had before exhorted him, desired to speak with him once more; and, on this second application, entreated him to make the most careful use of the few further moments thus providentially allotted him for the final preparation of his soul to meet its important change. These exhortations appeared to have the wished-for effect; and he was left, professing his charity to all the world, and his hopes of salvation through the merits of his Redeemer.

Thus ended the life of Captain Kidd, a man who, if he had entertained a proper regard to the welfare of the public, or even to his own advantage, might have become an useful member of society, instead of a disgrace to it. The opportunities he had obtained of acquiring a complete knowledge of the haunts of the pirates rendered him one of the most proper men in the world to have extirpated this nest of villains; but his own avarice defeated the generous views of some of the greatest and most distinguished men of the age in which he lived. Hence we may learn the destructive nature of avarice, which generally counteracts all its own purposes. Captain Kidd might have acquired a fortune, and rendered a capital service to his country, in a point the most essential to its interests; but he appeared to be dead

to all those generous sensations which do honour to humanity, and materially injured his country, while he was bringing final disgrace on himself.

The story of this wretched malefactor will effectually impress on the mind of the reader the truth of the old observation, that "Honesty is the best policy."

JOHN HAMILTON, ESQ.

Beheaded for the Murder of Thomas Arkle

The philosopher Plato says that gaming was invented by a certain devil called Theuth, who afterwards instructed Thamus, king of Egypt, in the tricks of play. Cards were invented to amuse a puny Dauphin of France, but are now become a common medium of robbery in the hands of sharpers. Cyrus and Alexander admired hunting; Cicero played with a kitten; Socrates found recreation in galloping about on a hobby-horse with children; Plato turned pedlar; Posidonius, the stoic philosopher, under the most violent paroxysms of the gout, would only smile and say, "Pain! all thy obliging services are to no purpose; thou may'st be a little troublesome; but I will never own thee for an evil." Shakespeare says, "All mankind to some lov'd ills incline"; but woe to him whose propensities lead him to drinking and gaming. Aristotle treats gamesters as thieves, pickpockets, and robbers, and these annals of crime sufficiently corroborate the opinions of the philosophers of old.

Mr. Hamilton was born in the county of Clydesdale, and was related to the ducal family of Hamilton. His parents, to whom he was an only son, sent him to Glasgow

to study the law; but, the young gentleman's disposition leading him to the profession of arms, his friends exerted their interest to procure a commission; but the intervention of the crime of which we are about to relate the particulars prevented their generous intention from taking effect.

Young Hamilton soon becoming connected with some abandoned young gentlemen at Edinborough, he lost considerable sums at gaming; and, going to his parents for more, they supplied him for the present, but said they would not advance him any further sums while he continued his dissipated course of life.

Being possessed of this money, Hamilton went to a village near Glasgow, to meet his companions at a public house kept by Thomas Arkle. Having drank and gamed for several successive days and nights, Hamilton's companions withdrew while he was asleep, leaving him to discharge the bill, which exceeded his ability, a quarrel ensued between him and Arkle, and, while they contended, Arkle stripped Hamilton's sword of the scabbard. The latter immediately ran away; but, finding he had no scabbard to his sword, he instantly went back to the house, when, Arkle calling him several scandalous names, he stabbed him so that he immediately expired.

The daughter of Arkle, being present, attempted to seize Hamilton; in doing which she tore off the skirt of his coat, which was left on the floor, together with his sword, on his effecting a second escape. This daughter of Arkle was almost blind; but her keeping the sword and the skirt of the coat proved the means of bringing Hamilton to justice.

The murderer, having gone to Leith, embarked on board

a ship, and landed in Holland, where he continued two years; but his parents dying in the interval, he returned to Scotland, when he was taken into custody on account of the murder.

On his trial, he pleaded that he was intoxicated at the time the act was committed; to which he was instigated by the extreme ill usage he had received from Arkle. The jury, not allowing the force of these arguments, found him guilty, and he was beheaded by the maiden, on the 30th of June, 1716.

Mr. Hamilton's case will teach us to reflect on the sad consequences of keeping bad company, and an attachment to gaming. But for these vices, he might have lived happy in himself, and a credit to the worthy family from which he was descended. The youth who will devote those hours to the gaming-table which he ought to employ in the honest advancement of his fortune can expect only to be reduced to beggary at the best: but, in a thousand instances, as well as the present, the consequences have been more fatal.

Hence let young gentlemen learn to shun the gaming-table as they would a pestilence, to proceed in the plain path of honour and integrity, and to know that there can be no true happiness in a departure from the line of virtue!

GEORGE CADDELL

Executed for the Cruel Murder of Miss Price, Whom he had Seduced and Promised Marriage

Was a native of the town of Broomsgrove, in Worcestershire, where he was articled to an apothecary, with whom

he served his time, and then repaired to London, where he attended several of the hospitals to obtain an insight into the art of surgery. As soon as he became tolerably acquainted with the profession he went to Worcester, and

George Caddell murdering Miss Price

lived with Mr. Randall, a capital surgeon of that city: in this situation he was equally admired for the depth of his abilities and amiableness of his temper. Here he married the daughter of Mr. Randall, who died in labour of her first child.

After this melancholy event he went to reside at Litchfield, and continued upwards of two years with Mr. Dean,

a surgeon of that place. During his residence here, he courted Mr. Dean's daughter, to whom he would probably have been married but for the commission of the following crime, which cost him his life:

A young lady, named Elizabeth Price, who had been seduced by an officer in the army, lived near Mr. Caddell's place of residence, and, after her misfortune, supported herself by her skill in needle-work. Caddell becoming acquainted with her, a considerable degree of intimacy subsisted between them; and Miss Price, degraded as she was by the unfortunate step she had taken, still thought herself an equal match for one of Mr. Caddell's rank of life.

As pregnancy was shortly the consequence of their intimacy, she repeatedly urged him to marry her, but Mr. Caddell resisted her importunities for a considerable time: at last Miss Price heard of his paying his addresses to Miss Dean; she then became more importunate than ever, and threatened, in case of his noncompliance, to put an end to all his prospects with that young lady, by discovering every thing that had passed between them. Hereupon Caddell formed the horrible resolution of murdering Miss Price; for he could neither bear the thought of forfeiting the esteem of a woman that he courted, nor of marrying her who had been as condescending to another as to himself.

This dreadful scheme having entered his head, he called on Miss Price on a Saturday evening, and requested that she would walk in the fields with him on the afternoon of the following day, in order to adjust the plan of their intended marriage. Miss Price, thus deluded, met him at the time appointed, on the road leading towards Burton-upon-Trent,

at a house known by the sign of the Nag's Head. Having accompanied her supposed lover into the fields, and walked about till towards evening, they then sat down under the hedge, where, after a little conversation, Caddell suddenly pulled out a knife, cut her throat, and made his escape. In the distraction of his mind, he left behind him the knife with which he had perpetrated the deed, together with his case of instruments.

When he came home it was observed that he appeared exceedingly confused, though the reason of the perturbation of his mind could not even be guessed at. But, on the following morning, Miss Price being found murdered in the field, great numbers of people went to take a view of the body, among whom was the woman of the house where she lodged, who recollected that she had said she was going to walk with Mr. Caddell; on which the instruments were examined, and known to have belonged to him. He was accordingly taken into custody, and committed to the gaol of Stafford; and, being soon afterwards tried, was found guilty, condemned, and executed at Stafford on the 21st of July, 1700.

We have no particular account of the behaviour of this malefactor while under sentence of death, or at the place of execution; yet his fate will afford an instructive lesson to youth. Let no young man, who has connexions of any kind with one woman, think of paying his addresses to another. There can be no such thing as honourable courtship while dishonourable love subsists. Mr. Caddell might have lived a credit to himself, and an ornament to his profession, if he had not held a criminal connexion with

Miss Price. Her fate ought to impress on the mind of our female readers the importance of modest reserve to a woman. We would not be severe on the failings of the sex; but we cannot help observing, that a woman who has fallen a sacrifice to the arts of one man should be very cautious in yielding to the addresses of another. One false step may be recovered; but the progress of vice is a down-hill road; and the farther we depart from the paths of virtue, still the faster we run. On the contrary, the ways of Virtue are pleasant; and "all her paths are paths of peace." From this story likewise the young officers of our army may learn an useful lesson: for, if Miss Price had not been debauched by one of that profession, the fatal catastrophe above-mentioned had never happened.

JOHN COWLAND

Executed for the Murder of Sir Andrew Slanning

The crime for which this man suffered will show the danger ever to be apprehended from indiscriminate connexion with females, and a caution against intemperance.

John Cowland was the son of reputable parents, who apprenticed him to a goldsmith, but of a vicious irascible disposition. He and some other *bon-vivants* had followed Sir Andrew Slanning, Bart., who had made a temporary acquaintance with an orange-woman, while in the pit at Drury Lane playhouse, and retired with her as soon as the play was ended. They had gone but a few yards before Mr. Cowland put his arm round the woman's neck, on which Sir Andrew desired he would desist, as she was his wife.

Cowland, knowing Sir Andrew was married to a woman of honour, gave him the lie, and swords were drawn on both sides; but, some gentlemen coming up at this juncture, no immediate ill consequence happened.

They all now agreed to adjourn to the Rose Tavern; and Captain Wagget having there used his utmost endeavours to reconcile the offended parties, it appeared that this mediation was attended with success, but as they were going up stairs to drink a glass of wine, Mr. Cowland drew his sword, and stabbed Sir Andrew in the belly, who, finding himself wounded, cried out, "Murder!" One of Lord Warwick's servants, and two other persons who were in the house, ran up immediately, and disarmed Cowland of his sword, which was bloody to the depth of five inches, and took him into custody. Cowland now desired to see Sir Andrew, which being granted, he jumped down the stairs, and endeavoured to make his escape; but, being pursued, he was easily retaken.

Cowland was instantly conducted before a justice of the peace, who committed him; and, on December the 5th, 1700, he was tried at the Old Bailey, on three indictments: the first, at the common law; the second, on the statute of stabbing; and the third, on the coroner's inquest, for the murder. Every fact was fully proved on the trial; and, among other things, it was deposed that the deceased had possessed an estate of £20,000 a year, and his family became extinct by his death; and that he had been a gentleman of great good nature, and by no means disposed to animosity. On Cowland's being found guilty, sentence of death was passed on him; and though great interest was

made to obtain a pardon, he was executed at Tyburn, the 20th of December, 1700.

From the moment of his imprisonment to the day of his death, his behaviour was truly contrite and penitent; he professed the most unfeigned sorrow for all his sins, and gave the following account of himself: that he was the son of reputable parents, who apprenticed him to a goldsmith; that in the early part of his life he was sober and religious, studying the scriptures, giving a regular attendance on divine worship, and devoutly reflecting on his duty towards God; but that, abandoning this course of life, he became an easy prey to his own intemperate passions, and proceeded from one degree of vice to another, till at length he committed the horrid crime for which he was justly doomed to fall a sacrifice to the violated laws of God and his country.

On a retrospect of this melancholy narrative, some reflections will occur, that, if properly attended to, may be of singular use to the reader. The dispute which cost Sir Andrew Slanning his life took its rise from his having associated himself with a woman of light character, with whom Cowland thought he had as much right to make free as the baronet: but Sir Andrew was originally to blame; for, as he was a married man, there was a great impropriety in the connexion he had formed: this, however, was no kind of justification of the conduct of Cowland, who could have no business to interfere; and his crime is greatly enhanced by his having committed the murder after an apparent reconciliation had taken place. To sum up our observations in a few words, from this sad tale let married men be

taught the danger that may ensue from the slightest criminal connexion, and let young gentlemen learn to govern and moderate their passions: so may all parties live an honour to themselves, and a credit to their families and connexions.

JOHN SMITH

Convicted of Robbery

THOUGH the crimes committed by this man were not particularly atrocious, nor his life sufficiently remarkable for a place in this work, yet the circumstances attending his fate at the place of execution are perhaps more singular than any we may have to record. He was the son of a farmer at Malton, about fifteen miles from the city of York, who bound him apprentice to a packer in London, with whom he served out his time, and afterwards worked as a journeyman. He then went to sea in a merchantman, after which he entered on board a man-of-war, and was at the famous expedition against Vigo; but on the return from that expedition he was discharged.

He had not been long disengaged from the naval service when he enlisted as a soldier in the regiment of guards commanded by Lord Cutts; but in this station he soon made bad connexion, and engaged with some of his dissolute companions as a housebreaker.

On the 5th of December, 1705, he was arraigned on four different indictments, on two of which he was convicted. While he lay under sentence of death, he seemed very little affected with his situation, absolutely depending on a reprieve, through the interest of his friends.

However, an order came for his execution on the 24th day of the same month, in consequence of which he was carried to Tyburn, where he performed his devotions, and was turned off in the usual manner; but when he had hung near fifteen minutes, the people present cried out, "A reprieve!" Hereupon the malefactor was cut down, and, being conveyed to a house in the neighbourhood, he soon recovered, in consequence of bleeding and other proper applications.

When he perfectly recovered his senses, he was asked what were his feelings at the time of execution; to which he repeatedly replied, in substance, as follows: "That when he was turned off, he, for some time, was sensible of very great pain, occasioned by the weight of his body, and felt his spirits in a strange commotion, violently pressing upwards; that having forced their way to his head, he, as it were, saw a great blaze, or glaring light, which seemed to go out at his eyes with a flash, and then he lost all sense of pain. That after he was cut down, and began to come to himself, the blood and spirits, forcing themselves into their former channels, put him, by a sort of pricking or shooting, to such intolerable pain that he could have wished those hanged who had cut him down." From this circumstance he was called "Half-hanged Smith."

After this narrow escape from the grave, Smith pleaded to his pardon on the 20th of February; yet such was his propensity to evil deeds, that he returned to his former practices, and, being apprehended, was tried at the Old Bailey, for house-breaking; but some difficulties arising in the case, the jury brought in a special verdict, in consequence

of which the affair was left to the opinion of the twelve judges, who determined in favour of the prisoner.

After this second extraordinary escape, he was a third time indicted; but the prosecutor happening to die before the day of trial, he once more obtained that liberty which his conduct showed he had not deserved.

We have no account what became of this man after this third remarkable incident in his favour; but Christian charity inclines us to hope that he made a proper use of the singular dispensation of Providence evidenced in his own person.

When once the mind has consented to the commission of sin, it is hard to be reclaimed. The memory of the pangs of an ignominious death could not deter this man from following the evil course he had begun. Thus, by giving way to small propensities, we imperceptibly go on to enormities which lead us to a shameful fate. Let us, therefore, at once resolve never to depart from the path of rectitude.

ROGER LOWEN

Executed for Murder

Was a native of Hanover, where he was born about the year 1667, and educated in the principles of the Lutheran religion. His father being huntsman to the Duke of Zell, that prince sent young Lowen into France, to obtain the qualifications of a gentleman, and, on his return from his travels, he was one of the pages under the duke's master of the horse.

Coming over to England when he was between twenty and thirty years of age, the Duke of Shrewsbury patronised and procured him a place. Having thus obtained something like a settlement, he married a young English woman, with whom he lived in an affectionate manner for a considerable time; but in the year 1697, on his going abroad to attend King William at the treaty of Ryswick, he left Mrs. Lowen with her cousin, who was married to Mr. Richard Lloyd, of Turnham Green.

When Lowen returned from Holland, he became, with what justice we cannot say, extremely jealous of his wife and he pretended to have received incontestable proof of her criminal conversation with Mr. Lloyd, for the murder of whom he was indicted at the Old Bailey, on the 20th of September, 1706, and was tried by a jury composed equally of Englishmen and foreigners.

In the course of the evidence it appeared that, on the evening previous to the day on which the murder was committed, Lowen invited Lloyd and his wife to dine with him on the following day; that Mr. Lloyd, being obliged to go to Acton, did not come very early, at which Lowen expressed a considerable degree of uneasiness; that when he came, Lowen introduced him into the parlour with great apparent civility; that Mr. Lloyd put his sword in a corner of the room, some time after which Lowen invited him into the garden, to see his plants, after which they came together into the house, appearing to be good friends, and Lowen desired his wife to hasten the dinner; that while she went to obey his directions, Lowen drew Mr. Lloyd's sword a little way out of the scabbard, as if admiring it, and asked

who was his cutler; and that while the deceased stood with his hand behind him, Lowen, stamping with his foot, drew the sword quite out of the scabbard, and stabbed Mr. Lloyd through the back; on which his wife (who was present at this horrid transaction) said to him, "Speak to me, my dear"; but he was unable to do so; and having lifted up his eyes, groaned twice, and then expired.

Mr. Hawley, a justice of the peace in the neighbourhood, passing by at the instant, Mrs. Lloyd acquainted him with what had happened; on which he examined the prisoner, who confessed his intention of having committed the murder sooner, and was only concerned lest he had not killed Mr. Lloyd.

The particulars respecting the murder being proved to the satisfaction of the jury, Lowen was convicted, and received sentence of death: in consequence of which he was hanged at Turnham Green, on the 25th of October, 1706.

While he lay under sentence of death, he was attended by Messrs. Idzardi and Ruperti, two divines of his own country, who were assiduous to convince him of the atrociousness of the crime which he had committed; and he became a sincere penitent, confessing with his last breath the crime he had committed in shedding innocent blood.

From this melancholy narrative we may learn the fatal effects of jealousy, which generally judges ill of the party accused, and always renders the jealous person miserable. Mr. Lowen was jealous of his wife; but we have no proof that there was any foundation for his suspicions. Hence let married men be taught not to indulge unwarrantable sentiments respecting that amiable sex who are the great

sources of all the comforts of life. A man may be wretched in a thousand instances which occur in life; but let him retire to the wife of his bosom, and her advice will extricate him from many a difficulty, or her consolations soothe him to bear his burdens. There is a great wisdom in the following proverbs of Solomon: "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband does safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil, all the days of her life. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Jealousy is the most dangerous passion of the mind. It generally proceeds from the extravagance of love. That jealousy which is moved by fond and sincere affection may be distinguished from the extravagance resulting from meanness and suspicion. When proceeding from real love, it must be owing to the suspicion of levity in the object, which instantly conjures up a thousand frightful phantoms. We fear that the charms which have subdued us have made the same impression on the heart of another. This is generally the foundation of jealousy in men, and is, by the immortal Shakespeare, called "a green-eyed monster," which, once gaining ascendency,

"Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!"

NATHANIEL PARKHURST, ESQ.

Executed for Murder

It is somewhat singular that, in our search of the ancient records of crimes and punishments, we should find, in

chronological order, two murders, stimulated by the fumes of intoxication. Of this disgraceful practice—of itself a sin—we could give a long lecture; but let these dreadful consequences operate as a caution to drunkards.

Mr. Parkhurst was indicted at the Old Bailey, for the murder of Lewis Pleura, on the 3d of March, 1715; and a second time indicted on the statute of stabbing; when the substance of the evidence given against him was as follows:

He was a native of the village of Catesby, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire, and was the son of very respectable parents, who, having given him the education common in a country academy, sent him to finish his studies at Wadham College, in Oxford; but, associating himself with men of an atheistical turn of mind, they employed themselves in ridiculing religion, and making a jest of the scriptures, and every thing that was held sacred.

Lewis Pleura, who was born in Italy, had taken upon himself the title of count, and subsisted by the practice of gaming, till, being greatly reduced in circumstances, he was obliged to take refuge in the Fleet prison, where he became acquainted with Mr. Parkhurst.

Parkhurst, and the deceased Lewis Pleura, having been fellow-prisoners in the Fleet for debt, the former, who had sat up drinking till three o'clock in the morning, went into a room adjoining that of Mr. Pleura, and said, "Damn you, Sir Lewis, where are you?" but, finding he had mistaken the room, he went into the right chamber, and said, "Damn you, Sir Lewis, pay me four guineas you owe me." Soon after this the cry of murder was heard; when a number of people, repairing to the place, found Pleura weltering in his

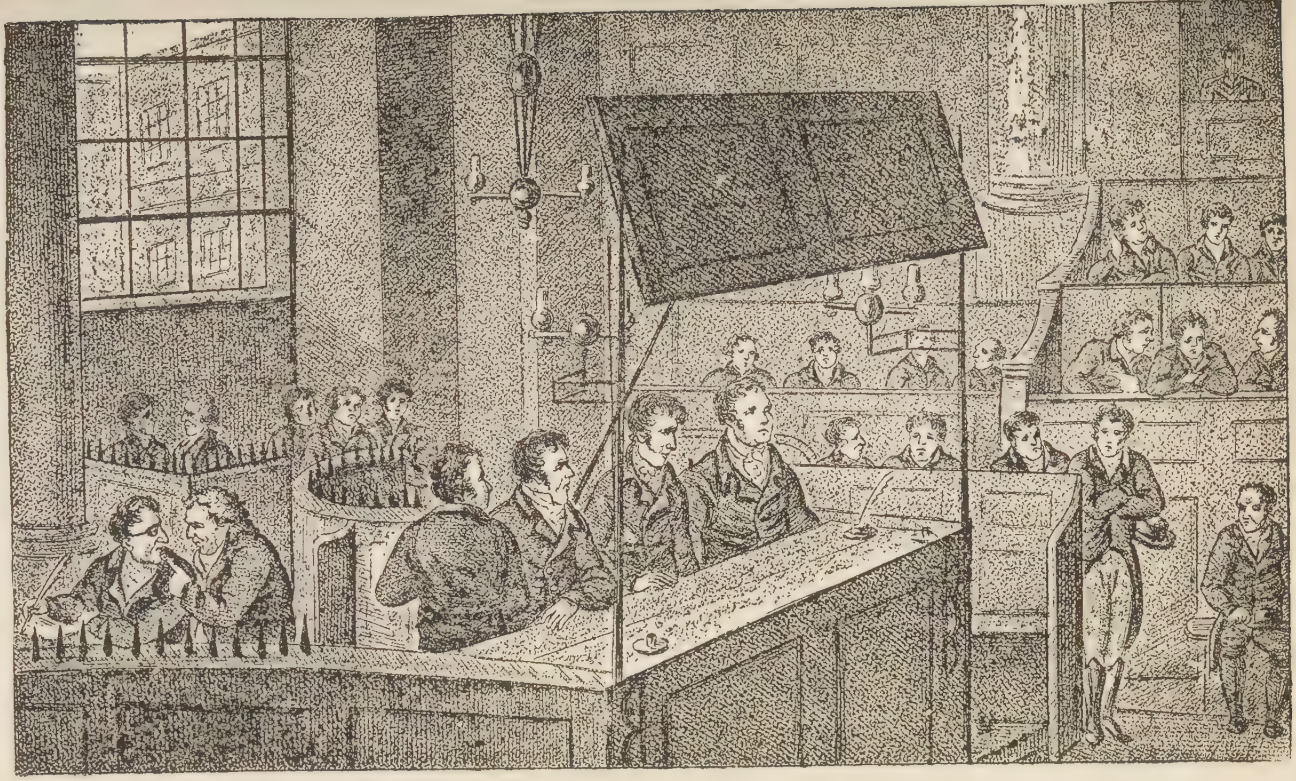
blood on the floor, and Parkhurst over him with his sword, who had stabbed him in nearly twenty places.

A surgeon was immediately sent for, who dressed the deceased, and put him to bed; and, as soon as he recovered the use of his speech, he declared that Parkhurst had assassinated him. Parkhurst, being taken out of the room, went back again to it, and said, "Damn you, Pleura, are you not dead yet?"

In answer to this evidence against him, he said that he was ignorant of having committed the crime, and for two years and a half past had been in a very unhappy state of mind; and several witnesses were called to prove that he had done many things which seemed to intimate that he was a lunatic; but, on the contrary, other evidence deposed that, not long before the murder happened, he had taken such steps towards obtaining his liberty as proved that he was in the full use of his intellectual faculties. Upon the whole, therefore, the jury found him guilty.

Soon after this offender had received sentence of death, he began to see the error of those opinions he had imbibed, and acknowledged the truth of that religion he had ridiculed, and felt the force of its divine precepts. He confessed that the dissolute course of life which he had led had wasted his substance, weakened his intellectual faculties, and disturbed his mind to such a degree, that, before he committed the murder for which he suffered, he had resolved to kill some person or other, and make his escape from the Fleet prison, or, if he should be unable to effect this, he intended to have been guilty of suicide.

It is very remarkable of this malefactor, that, on the



INTERIOR OF THE SESSIONS HOUSE, OLD BAILEY

morning of execution, he ordered a fowl to be prepared for his breakfast, of which he seemed to eat with a good appetite, and drank a pint of liquor with it.

How men can indulge even the idea of feasting, a moment, as it were, before they know a disgraceful death must happen, is truly astonishing! Lord Lovat ordered his favorite dish to be cooked, and thereof ate greedily, just before his head was severed from his body.

At the place of execution he addressed himself to the populace, intimating that, since he had been ill of the small-pox, about twenty years before, his head had been affected to such a degree that he was never able to speak long at a time: wherefore he said no more, only earnestly requested their prayers for his departing soul.

He was executed at Tyburn on the twentieth of May, 1715, in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

Mr. Parkhurst seems to have owed his destruction to his association with men of libertine principles—men who derided religion, and scoffed at holy things. We may safely conclude that there is not such a being in the world as an atheist who can be happy. The man who denies the existence of that God in whom he lives, moves, and has his being, must be extremely wretched in this world, while he is preparing for an eternity of wretchedness in the next.

On the contrary, the man who has a firm faith in the important and all-cheering doctrines of Christianity will go through the various scenes of his life with a serene composure of mind; he will, as far as lies within his power, discharge his duty to God and man, and meet the moment of dissolution in the fullest confidence that his final salva-

tion will be perfected through the merits of that Saviour in whom he has trusted.

After the expulsion of Adam from Paradise, Cain stands the first notorious example on record of the sin of murder; a crime of so enormous a magnitude, that no language can be found in which to express its malignity. The murderer assumes to himself the privilege of Heaven, and presumes to stop the breath of his fellow-creatures at his own pleasure, and to hurry him into eternity "with all his imperfections on his head."

Let those whom the turbulence of their passions may tempt only to *think* of committing murder reflect that there is a just God who judgeth the earth, and that all our most secret actions will be brought to light.

CATHERINE JONES

Tried for Bigamy

Catherine Jones was indicted at the Old Bailey, on the 5th of September, 1719, for marrying Constantine Boone, during the life of her former husband, John Rowland.

Proof was made that she was married to Rowland, in the year 1713, at a house in the Mint, Southwark; and that, six years afterwards, while her husband was abroad, she was again married, in the same house, to Constantine Boone; but Rowland, soon returning to England, caused his wife to be indicted for this crime.

The prisoner did not hesitate to acknowledge the double marriage, but insisted that the latter was illegal, as Boone

was an hermaphrodite, and had been shown as such at Southwark and Bartholomew fairs, and at other places.

To prove this a person swore that he knew Boone when a child, that his (or her) mother dressed it in girl's apparel, and caused it to be instructed in needle-work, till it had attained the age of twelve years, when it turned man, and went to sea.

These last words were those of the disposition; and the fact was confirmed by Boone, who appeared in Court, acknowledged being an hermaphrodite, and having been publicly shown in that character.

Other witnesses deposed that the female sex prevailed over that of the male in the party in question; on which the jury acquitted the prisoner.

It is impossible to describe how much this affair was the subject of the public conversation at, and long after, the time that it happened: and it would be idle to make any serious remarks on it. We can only express our astonishment that an hermaphrodite should think of such a glaring absurdity as the taking of a wife!

JOHN MEFF

Executed for Returning from Transportation

This offender had been taken into custody for committing a robbery near London; but, as it happened at a time within the limits of an Act of Grace passed in the reign of King George the First, it was not thought necessary to indict him, and he would have been discharged without further cere-

mony; but it appeared that he had been transported for another crime, and returned before the expiration of his time: wherefore he was indicted for this offence, on an act then lately made, "For the effectual Transportation of Felons"; and his person being identified, he was found guilty, received sentence of death, and was executed at Tyburn on the 11th of September, 1721.

The following is an account which he wrote between his condemnation and the day of his execution:

"I was born in London of French parents, who fled hither for protection when the French Protestants were driven out of France by Louis XIV.

"I was put apprentice to a weaver: my father, having continued about twelve years in England, went with the rest of his family to Holland. I served my time faithfully, and with the approbation of my master. Soon after I came to work for myself I married; but my business not being sufficient to maintain myself, my wife, and children, I was willing to try what I could at thieving.

"I followed this practice until I was apprehended, tried, and condemned, for housebreaking; but, as I was going to the place of execution, the hangman was arrested, and I was brought back to Newgate. It was thought this was my contrivance, to put a stop to public justice; but I was so far from being any ways concerned in it, that I knew nothing of it till it was done. This might have been a happy turn for me, if I had made a right use of it: for my sentence of death was changed for that of transportation. And indeed I took up a solemn resolution to lead an honest and regular

course of life, and to resist all the persuasions of my comrades to the contrary. But this resolution continued but a short time after the fear of death vanished.

"I believe, however, that if I had been safe landed in America, my ruin might have been prevented: but the ship which carried me and the other convicts was taken by the pirates. They would have persuaded me and some others to sign a paper, in order to become pirates; but we refusing, they put me and eight more ashore on a desert uninhabited island, where we must have perished with hunger, if by good fortune an Indian canoe had not arrived there. We waited till the Indians had gone up the island, and then, getting into the vessel, we sailed from one small island to another, till we reached the coast of America.

"Not choosing to settle in any of the plantations there, but preferring the life of a sailor, I shipped myself on board a vessel that carried merchandise from Virginia and South Carolina to Barbadoes, Jamaica, and other of his majesty's islands. And thus I lived a considerable time; but at last, being over-desirous to see how my wife and children fared in England, I was resolved to return at all adventures.

"Upon my arrival here, I quickly fell into my former wicked practices, and it was not long before I was committed to Newgate on suspicion of robbing a person near London; but, by the assistance of a certain bricklayer, I broke out of prison and went to Hatfield, where I lay concealed for some time; but was at last discovered, and taken again by the same bricklayer who had procured my escape. Some evil

genius attended me. I was certainly infatuated, or I had never continued in a place where I was so likely to be discovered.

"My father is now a gardener at Amsterdam. 'Tis an addition to my misfortune that I cannot see him and my mother before I die; but, I hope, when he hears of my unhappy end, he will keep my children by my first wife from starving. My present wife is able, by her industry, to bring up her own offspring; for she has been an honest careful woman, during the nine months I have been married to her, and has often pressed me to go over to Ireland, and lead a regular and sober life. It had been well for me if I had taken her advice.

"I have had enough of this restless and tumultuous world, and hope I am now going to a better. I am very easy and resigned to the will of Providence, not doubting but I have made my Peace with Heaven. I thank God that I have not been molested by my fellow-prisoners with the least cursing or swearing in the condemned hole; but have had an opportunity of employing every moment of my time in preparing for a future state."

The case of this malefactor is very extraordinary, and perhaps may never be equalled by that of any other. The narrow escape he had experienced from the gallows ought to have taught him more wisdom than to have returned from transportation before the expiration of his time; but one would think there is a fatality attending the conduct of some men, who seem resolutely bent on their own destruction.

One truth, however, is certain. It is easy, by a steady

adherence to the rules of virtue, to shun that ignominious fate which is the consequence of a breach of the laws of God and our country.

ARTHUR GRAY

Convicted of Burglary

In December, 1721, the prisoner was indicted for breaking and entering the dwelling house of George Baillie, Esq., in the parish of St. James, Westminster, with intent to ravish Grizel, the wife of Alexander Murray.

Mrs. Murray was the sister of Mrs. Baillie, and lived in the house of her brother-in-law, in the absence of her husband, who was a military officer.

It was sworn on the trial that, about four in the morning of the 14th of October, the prisoner entered Mrs. Murray's room, with a drawn sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, and threatened to kill her if she made any noise; that she asked him the meaning of such a procedure, to which he replied, "Madam, I mean to ravish you, for I have entertained a violent passion for you a long time; but, as there is so great a difference between your fortune and mine, I despair of enjoying my wishes by any means but force."

On this the lady remonstrated with him; but, persisting in his intention, he laid the sword on the bolster, and attempted to pull off the bed-clothes; but Mrs. Murray pushed him against the wall, wrenched the pistol out of his hand, and rang the bell; on which the prisoner quitted the

room; but she followed him to the door, and called out murder, by which the family were alarmed.

The servants now ran to the assistance of the lady, but Gray had got to his own room, and thrown himself on the bed with his clothes on; and, having been out in company the preceding evening, it does not appear that he was undressed during the night.

Being apprehended, and taken before a magistrate, he confessed that he entered the room with an intent to ravish the lady; but this he afterwards steadily denied; and various were the opinions of the public respecting his guilt or innocence.

The prisoner, in his defence, said that, thinking he heard a noise in Mrs. Murray's room, he went down stairs and fetched a sword and pistol; and, as the door stood partly open, he went in, and, laying down his arms to look behind the bed, Mrs. Murray rang the bell, and alarmed the family.

The jury, having considered the evidence, brought him in guilty, and he received sentence of death; but, Mrs. Murray's relations interceding in his behalf, he was afterwards pardoned on condition of transportation.

This affair made a great noise at the time it happened, and many persons did not scruple to insinuate that Gray had been admitted to favours which might warrant his entering the lady's chamber at any hour.

The single reflection arising from this story is, that illicit pleasure leads to disgrace: there is no doubt but there was some foundation for this prosecution. If Gray had been previously too intimate with the lady, she was punished by the exposure of a public trial; if otherwise, he was punished

for the attempt, in the ignominy of a public conviction. Hence let it be learnt that chastity is a virtue which cannot be prized at too high a rate.

ALEXANDER DAY, *Alias* MARMADUKE DAVENPORT, ESQ.

A Sharper

THE mode of plunder practised by this villain at the time of committing his depredations was not common; but now the great metropolis of our country abounds with such insidious robbers. This kind of thieving, in modern times is ycleped swindling, and the latter part of our pages will adduce instances of the tricks of sharpers, passing almost credibility. The fellow now before us was, however, circumstances considered, an adept, and, like our modern swindlers, had a fictitious name, an accomplice, sometimes acting as his footman, a hired horse, and borrowed carriage.

The great qualifications, or leading and indispensable attributes, of a sharper or swindler, are, to possess a genteel exterior, a demeanour apparently artless, and a good address.

Among the various classes of sharpers may be reckoned those who obtain licenses to become pawnbrokers, and bring disgrace upon the reputable part of the trade by every species of fraud which can add to the distresses of those who are compelled to raise money in this way; for which purpose there are abundance of opportunities. Swindling pawnbrokers of this class are uniformly receivers of stolen goods; and, under the cover of their license, do much mis-

chief to the public. The evil arising from them might, in a great measure, be prevented by placing the power of granting licenses in a general board of police; and rendering it necessary for all persons to produce a certificate of character before they can obtain such license, and also to enter into recognizance for good behaviour.

Also sharpers who obtain licenses to be hawkers and pedlars; under the cover of which every species of villainy is practised upon the country people, as well as upon the unwary in the metropolis, and all the great towns in the kingdom. The artifices by which they succeed are various, as for example, by fraudulent raffles, where plated goods are exhibited as silver, and where the chances are exceedingly against the adventurers; by selling and uttering base money, and frequently forged bank notes, which make one of the most profitable branches of their trade; by dealing in smuggled goods, thereby promoting the sale of articles injurious to the revenue, besides cheating the ignorant with regard to their value; by receiving stolen goods, to be disposed of in the country, by which discoveries are prevented, and assistance afforded to common thieves and stationary receivers; by purchasing stolen horses in one part of the country and disposing of them in another, in the course of their journeys; in accomplishing which, so as to elude detection, they have great opportunities, by gambling with E-O tables at fairs and horse-races.

A number of other devices might be pointed out, which render this class of men great nuisances in society, and show the necessity of either suppressing them totally (for, in fact, they are of little use to the public), or of limiting the

licenses only to men of good character; to be granted by a general board of police, under whose control they should be placed, while they enter at the same time into a recognizance in a certain sum, with one surety for good behaviour; by which the honest part would be retained, to the exclusion of the fraudulent.

Also sharpers known by the name of duffers, who go about from house to house, and attend public houses, inns, and fairs, pretending to sell smuggled goods, such as India handkerchiefs, waistcoat patterns, muslins, &c. By offering their goods for sale, they are enabled to discover the proper objects which may be successfully practised upon in various ways; and, if they do not succeed in promoting some gambling scheme, by which the party is plundered of his money, they seldom fail passing forged country bank notes, or base coin, in the course of their dealings.

In London a number of female sharpers also infest public places. They dress elegantly, personate women of fashion, attend masquerades, and even go to Court. These, from their effrontery, actually get into the circle, where their wits and hands are employed in obtaining diamonds, and whatever other articles of value, capable of being concealed, are found to be most accessible.

The wife of a well-known sharper is said to have appeared at Court, dressed in a style of peculiar elegance; while the sharper himself is supposed to have gone in the dress of a clergyman. According to the information of a noted receiver, they pilfered to the value of £1700 on the king's birthday, 1795, without discovery or suspicion.

Houses are kept where female cheats dress and undress

for public places. These sharpers generally attend all masquerades, in different characters, where they seldom fail to get clear off with a considerable booty.

The first deception which we find played off by Alexander Day was to take an elegant house in Queen Square, and then to send his pretended footman to a livery stable, to inquire the price of a pair of horses, which he himself afterwards agreed to purchase, and then desired the stable-keeper to recommend him a coachman, a man rather lusty, as he had a suit of livery clothes of a large size by him.

The man was accordingly recommended; but, when the livery was tried on, Day observed, that, as they did not fit him, he would send into the country for his own coachman; but this objection was obviated by the footman, who saying that the clothes would fit, with a small alteration, the 'squire consented to hire the man.

When the stable-keeper saw the coachman he had recommended, he inquired to what places he had driven his new master; and, being informed to the Duke of Montague's, and other persons of rank, he seemed satisfied, though he had begun to form ideas unfavourable to his new customer.

Mr. Day, having kept his coach and horses something more than a week, gave orders to be driven to a coffee-house in Red Lion Square, where he drank half a pint of wine at the bar, and asked if some gentlemen were come, whom he expected to supper. Being answered in the negative, he went out at the back door without paying for his wine, and said he would return in a few minutes.

The coachman waited a long time: but, his master not coming back, he drove to the stable-keeper's, who seemed

glad to have recovered his property out of such dangerous hands.

It seems that Day made no small use of this coach while it was in his possession. He drove to the shop of a lace-merchant, named Gravestock, and asked for some Spanish point; but, the dealer having none of that kind by him, the 'squire ordered fifty-five pounds' worth of gold lace to be sent to his house in Queen Square. When Gravestock's servant carried the lace, Day desired him to tell his master to call, as he was in want of lace for some rich liveries, but he must speak with his tailor before he could ascertain the quantity wanted. Mr. Gravestock attended his new customer, who gave him so large an order for lace, that if he had executed it, he must have been a very considerable loser, and the 'squire's liveries would have been gayer than those of any nobleman in London: however, on the following day, he carried some lace of the sort he had left before; nor did he forget to take his bill with him; but the person who should have paid it had decamped.

The next trick practised by our adventurer was as follows: he went to the house of Mr. Markham, a goldsmith, and ordered a gold equipage worth £50. Markham carried home the equipage, and had the honour to drink tea with the supposed Mr. Davenport, who ordered other curious articles; among the rest, a chain of gold for his squirrel.

Mr. Markham observing that the squirrel wore a silver chain, which he had sold to a lady not long before, began to suspect his new customer; and, waiting on the lady, inquired if she knew Marmaduke Davenport, Esq. She answered in the negative; on which Markham mentioned the

circumstance that had arisen, and described the person of the defrauder. The lady now recollected him, and said that his name was Alexander Day, and that he had cheated her of property to a considerable amount. In consequence of this information, Markham arrested the sharper, and recovered his property.

On another occasion, Day went in his carriage to the shop of a linen-draper, named Scrimshaw, agreed for linen to the amount of £48 and ordered a large quantity to be sent to his house on the following day, when he would pay for the whole. The first parcel was delivered, but the purchaser had decamped when the linen-draper went with the second.

After this he went to the shop of a tea-dealer, named Kenderick, and ordered tea to the amount of £26. The tea was sent in, and the proprietor called for payment, when Day gave him orders for a farther quantity, which he pretended to have forgot before, and told him to call the next morning, when he should be paid for it by the steward. The honest tea-dealer called the next day, but neither the 'squire nor steward were to be found.

His next adventure was contrived to defraud Mr. Hinchcliffe, a silk-mercer. Day, going to his shop in his absence, left word for him to call at his house to receive a large order. The mercer went, and saw a carriage at the door; and, being told that the 'squire had company, he waited a short time, during which the servant took care to inform him that Mr. Davenport was the son of a baronet of Yorkshire, and possessed a large fortune in that county.

When he saw the supposed Mr. Davenport, he was told

DOOR OF THE CONDEMNED CELL OF NEWGATE PRISON

(*London Museum*)

that he wanted some valuable silks, and wished that a quantity might be sent for him, to select such as he approved. Mr. Hinchcliffe said that the choice would be much better made by fixing on the patterns at his shop.

Hereupon Day took the mercer in his coach, and on their way talked of his father, Sir Marmaduke, and of other people of rank; and said he was on the point of marriage with the daughter of Counsellor Ward, and, as he should be under the necessity of furnishing a house in London, he should want mercery goods to a large amount.

When they came to the mercer's shop, Day selected as many damasks, &c. for bed furniture and hangings, as were worth a thousand pounds. It looks as if Hinchcliffe had now some suspicions; for he told him that the ladies were the best judges of such articles, and asked if he had not a lady of his acquaintance, whom he could consult. He readily answered that he had, and mentioned a Lady Davenport as his relation, saying, "Send the silks to my house, and I will take her opinion of them."

Mr. Hinchcliffe said he would send them, and permitted him to take with him two pieces of brocade, worth about thirty pounds; but, desirous to know more of his customer before he trusted him with the whole property, he went to Counsellor Ward, and found that his daughter was already married to a gentleman of the name of Davenport. Hereupon the mercer went to the house of the supposed 'squire, but he was gone off with what property he had obtained.

It was likewise discovered that our adventurer, having casually met, at a coffee-house, the Mr. Davenport who had married the daughter of Counsellor Ward, had prevailed

on him to call him cousin, on the pretence that they must be related, because, as he alleged, their coats of arms were the same.

After a course of fraud, Day was taken into custody in the month of May, 1723, on suspicion of his having robbed the mail; but it proved that he was not the man: however, there were six indictments brought against him for the defrauds.

In his defence he pleaded that his intention was to have paid for the goods he had purchased on credit; and he asserted that he possessed an estate in the county of Durham, which he had mortgaged for £1200 but no credit could be given to his allegations; nor, even if he had possessed such an estate, would it have appeared that he acted on an honest principle.

After a long trial he was convicted, and sentenced to suffer two years' imprisonment in Newgate, to stand twice in the pillory, to pay a fine of £200 and to give security for his good behaviour for two years after the term of his imprisonment should be expired.

As it is one professed design of this publication to guard innocent people against the schemes of the artful and designing, we would earnestly recommend it to people in trade never to give credit to strangers from the speciousness of their appearance, or the plausibility of their behaviour.

The villain who can defraud a coachmaker out of a carriage, or even raise money to hire one of an elegant appearance, has nothing to do but take genteel lodgings, and put an accomplice or two into livery, and his scheme usually succeeds. The splendid appearance of the supposed mas-

ter, and the artful puffs of the servants, generally serve to lull suspicion asleep.

When inquiry is made into the character of a person who is supposed to be a man of honour and fortune, the inquirer should consider whether the person who gives him this character is deserving of that of an honest man: for these artful rogues, when they find any person is suspicious of them, have a method of referring to as great rogues as themselves for a character. The tradesman, then, who would not be imposed on, should take characters only from respectable people, who will never deceive him, unless they have been deceived themselves.

RICHARD SAVAGE, ESQ. (*the celebrated Poet, son of the Earl of Rivers and the unnatural Countess of Macclesfield*); JAMES GREGORY & WILLIAM MERCHANT, ESQRS.

Murderers

Richard Savage—a name the mention of which cannot fail to excite in every feeling mind the deepest emotions of pity, and whose almost unparalleled persecution, by an abandoned mother, tends to efface all recollection even of his many frailties—was born in 1698, having been the son of Anne, Countess of Macclesfield, by Captain Savage, afterwards Earl of Rivers. He might have been considered the lawful issue of Lord Macclesfield; but his mother, in order to procure a separation from her husband, made a public confession of adultery in this instance. As soon as her

spurious offspring was brought to light, the countess treated him with every kind of unnatural cruelty. She committed him to the care of a poor woman to educate as her own, and prevented the Earl of Rivers from making him a bequest of £6000 by declaring he was already dead. She endeavoured to send him secretly to the American plantations; and at last, to bury him in obscurity and indigence for ever, placed him as an apprentice to a shoemaker in Holborn. About this period his nurse died; and, in searching her effects, Savage found some letters which unravelled the mystery of his origin. He therefore left his low occupation, and tried every method, but without avail, to awaken the tenderness and attract the regard of his mother. Being thus thrown upon the world without the aid of any fostering hand, he availed himself of the portion of learning he had acquired at the grammar school of St. Albans, and commenced author.

Savage's early productions do not seem to have afforded him either fame or profit; but in 1723 he produced a tragedy, in which himself performed a principal character, entitled "Sir Thomas Overbury"; during his employment upon which he is said to have been without a lodging, and often without food; possessing no other conveniences for study than the fields or the street; and, when he had composed a speech, stepping into a shop, and begging the use of pen, ink, and paper. The profits of this play appear to have amounted to £200; and the world was beginning to regard this victim of maternal heartlessness with a more favourable eye, when the accident occurred which put not only his reputation but his life itself into jeopardy, and brought the

name of Richard Savage within the gloomy boundaries of our criminal chronology.

We have before adverted to the frailties of the subject of this memoir. He was proud, vain, and dissipated; and the narrative we are about to give will show that he was destitute of that command over his passions which should be indicated in the conduct of every wise and virtuous man. But let the humane reader pause before he passes too severe a judgment upon poor Savage; and suffer the remembrance of his forlorn condition and unheard-of wrongs to cover, at least to a certain extent, "a multitude of sins."

In the month of December, 1727, this gentleman, together with James Gregory and William Merchant, was indicted at the Old Bailey, for the murder of James Sinclair:—Savage by giving him a mortal wound with a drawn sword in the lower part of the belly; and Gregory and Merchant by aiding and abetting in the commission of the said murder.

It appeared in evidence that these three gentlemen had accidentally come, at a late hour, much disguised in liquor, to Robinson's coffee-house at Charing Cross, and went into a room where Mr. Sinclair and other company were drinking. Merchant, entering first, kicked down the table; and Savage and Gregory drawing their swords, they were earnestly desired to put them up, but refused to do so.

A scuffle ensued, in which Mr. Sinclair received a mortal wound, and was heard to say "I am a dead man": soon after which the candles were extinguished.

Another witness deposed that, as he and some other company were on the point of leaving the house, the prisoners

came in, when Merchant kicked down the table, and Gregory, going up to the deceased, said, "Damn ye, you rascal, deliver your sword"; on which weapons were drawn, and the deceased wounded, as above mentioned: that the deceased had his sword drawn when the word was given by Savage; but that he held it with the point down towards the ground; but neither this deponent nor the former observed that Merchant had any sword.

There were several other witnesses to prove the fact; but it may be now proper to mention how it happened that the parties accused came to the house where it occurred. Mr. Savage had at the time a lodging at Richmond, and another at London; and having come to town to pay off the latter, and casually meeting with Gregory and Merchant, with whom he had been acquainted for some time past, they went to a coffee-house, where they drank till late in the evening. Savage would have engaged a bed at this place; but there not being accommodations for him, he and his friends went into the street, proposing to spend the night as they could, and in the morning to walk to Richmond. Strolling about, they saw a light in Robinson's coffee-house, into which they entered, and the fatal consequence ensued which we have already recited.

The perpetrators of this rash action having left the house, some soldiers were sent for, by whom they were taken into custody, and lodged in the round-house; and in the morning were carried before a magistrate, who committed them to the Gate-house; but Mr. Sinclair dying on the following day, they were sent to Newgate.

The deceased had been attended by a clergyman, who de-

clared that he said he was stabbed before he had time to draw his sword; and his testimony was confirmed by that of other witnesses.

When the evidence was summed up, the Court observed to the jury, that, "As the deceased and his companions were in possession of the room, if the prisoners were the aggressors, by coming into that room, kicking down the table, and immediately thereupon drawing their swords, without provocation, &c. it was murder, not only in him who gave the wound, but in those who aided and abetted him."

After a trial of eight hours, the jury found Savage and Gregory guilty of murder, and Merchant guilty of manslaughter: in consequence of which the latter was burnt in the hand and discharged.

On the 11th of December, 1727, Richard Savage and James Gregory were brought to the bar, with other capital convicts, to receive sentence of death; and being asked, in the customary manner, what they had to say why judgment should not be duly passed, Savage spoke as follows:

"It is now, my lords, too late to offer anything by way of defence or vindication; nor can we expect aught from your lordships in this Court but the sentence which the law requires you, as judge, to pronounce against men in our calamitous condition.—But we are also persuaded that as mere men, and out of this seat of rigorous justice, you are susceptible of the tender passions, and too humane not to commiserate the unhappy situation of those whom the law sometimes perhaps exacts from you to pronounce sentence upon.

"No doubt you distinguish between offences which arise

out of premeditation and a disposition habitual to vice or immorality, and transgressions which are the unhappy and unforeseen effects of a casual absence of reason and sudden impulse of passion; we, therefore, hope you will contribute all you can to an extension of that mercy which the gentlemen of the jury have been pleased to show Mr. Merchant, who (allowing facts as sworn against us by the evidence) has led us into this calamity.

"I hope this will not be construed as if we meant to reflect upon that gentleman, or remove anything from us upon him, or that we repine the more at our fate because he has no participation of it: no, my lord! for my part, I declare nothing could more soften my grief than to be without any companion in so great a misfortune."

It will scarcely be believed that, at this critical juncture, the inhuman countess exerted all her influence to prejudice the queen against her unhappy child, and to render unavailing every intercession that might be made to procure for him the royal mercy: at length, however, the Countess of Hertford having laid an account of the extraordinary story and sufferings of poor Savage before her majesty, a pardon was obtained for him and his companion, and they were accordingly set at liberty on the 5th of March, 1728.

Our author had now recovered his liberty, but was destitute of all means of subsistence; and his latter days appear to have been spent, for the most part, in abject poverty. His distresses do not, however, seem to have overcome him. In his lowest sphere his pride sustained his spirits, and set him on a level with those of the highest rank. After enduring numberless privations, and disgusting almost all his

friends by the heedlessness (and we are afraid we must add the ingratitude) of his disposition, Savage expired at Bristol, where he had been imprisoned for debt, August, 1743, in his 46th year, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Peter, at the expense of the gaoler.

MARGARET HARVEY

Executed for Privately Stealing

Mrs. Harvey was a native of the city of Dublin, and descended from parents of reputation, by whom she was educated in a very decent manner. She married the valet of a nobleman when she was only sixteen years of age; and her husband, soon afterwards, procuring a lieutenant's commission on board a man-of-war, sailed in the service of his country.

Returning after an absence of six months, he became extremely jealous of his wife; but we have no account that he had then any cause for such jealousy. Be this as it may, he treated her with such severity that she left him, in apprehension that her life was in danger.

Some of her relations afforded her present support; but, when they began to think her troublesome, she went to her parents, who received her with the utmost affection: but her husband had art enough to persuade her father that she had no good cause to have left him; on which the old man insisted on her returning to her duty as a wife.

When she was again at home with him he treated her no less cruelly than heretofore; and, on a particular occasion,

without any previous quarrel, he cut her on the arms and head with a hanger, so that she carried the marks to the grave; yet still she continued to love him with unabating affection.

At length, when she was on a visit, in company with several other women, and complaining of the cruelty of her husband, they recommended her to avenge herself by quitting him, and putting herself under the protection of a gentleman who knew her situation, pitied her case, and would be proud to become her benefactor.

Fatally for her repose, she listened to this advice, and went to live with the stranger; on which her husband left Dublin, and set out for London.

The man who had thus been the indirect means of seducing her from her duty soon grew tired of her company, and quitted her, leaving her in circumstances of utter distress.

In this dilemma she determined to go in search of her husband, and solicit his forgiveness; and, with this view, sailed for England, and travelled to London; but her inquiries after him proving fruitless, she went into service in Marylebone Street, and remained about four months in that station.

When the fireworks were exhibited in St. James's Park, on occasion of the peace with France, she was permitted to go and see the extraordinary sight; and, while she was a spectator of that magnificent show, some women and seamen entered into conversation with her; and, going to a public house, they spent the night and following day in intemperance.

Ashamed now to return to her service, she took a lodging in St. Giles's, and, becoming acquainted with some women of ill fame, who were supported by sailors who visited them, she soon became as abandoned in manners as her associates.

Some Irish seamen being acquainted with her, she went with them to Wapping; and, having drank very freely, she was met on her return home by a gentleman, who took her to a tavern, where she found means to rob him of his gold watch; but, being taken into custody that night, she was lodged in the Round-house, and committed to Newgate the following day.

Being brought to trial at the Old Bailey sessions, she was capitally convicted; but, pleading that she was with child, she was respited till the year 1750, when sentence of death was passed on her.

While in this distressed situation, she acknowledged that she should not have pleaded being with child, but that she had hopes of obtaining a pardon on condition of transportation; and on the arrival of the warrant for her execution she wrung her hands, cried exceedingly, and lamented the misfortunes which first induced her to come to London.

On the morning of her execution she was visited by some of her countrywomen, who, having privately brought in some brandy, induced her to drink such a quantity of it, that she died in an absolute state of intoxication; though before this circumstance she had exhibited every real sign of penitence and contrition.

She was executed at Tyburn on the 6th of July, 1750.

Hartley and Reeves robbing a journeyman tailor near Harrow

JOHN HARTLEY AND THOMAS REEVES

Footpads, Executed for Robbery

THESE offenders were tried for stopping a journeyman tailor, in the fields near Harrow, and robbing him of two pence and his clothes; and, because he had no more money, they beat him most inhumanly, stripped, and bound him to a tree.

While he was in this wretched situation, some persons coming by unbound him, and took him to an alehouse, where he told the particulars of the robbery, mentioned the colour

of his clothes, and described the persons of the robbers to the best of his power.

These circumstances were heard by a fiddler, who, going next day into a public house in Fore Street, saw the fellows offering to sell the tailor's coat. The fiddler immediately proposed to be the purchaser, gave earnest for it, and, pretending he had not money enough, said he would fetch the difference; instead of which he brought the party robbed, who, knowing the footpads, they were taken into custody.

The evidence on their trial was so plain that the jury could not hesitate to find them guilty; in consequence of which they received the sentence of death.

After conviction their behaviour was unbecoming persons in their unhappy circumstances. That of Reeves was particularly hardened: he would sing and swear while the other convicts were at prayers; yet he told the Ordinary that he was certain to go to Heaven.

The most curious circumstance arising from the detection of these offenders was the singular method that Hartley took to save his life. He procured six young women, dressed in white, to go to St. James's, and present a petition, and told the king that, if he extended the royal mercy to the offender, they would cast lots which should be his wife; but his Majesty said that he was more deserving of the gallows than a wife, and accordingly refused their request.

As they were going to execution the Ordinary asked Reeves if his wife had been concerned with him in any robberies. "No," said he; "she is a worthy woman, whose first husband happening to be hanged, I married her, that she might not reproach me by a repetition of his virtues."

At the fatal tree Reeves behaved in the most hardened manner, affected to despise death, and said he believed he might go to Heaven from the gallows as safely as from his bed.

These offenders suffered at Tyburn on the 4th of May, 1722.

We see, in the instance of these malefactors, from what a casual circumstance their detection arose. A man hears a description of them in a public house; the next day he goes accidentally into another ale-house, where he sees them offering the stolen goods for sale; and, by an honest deception, procures their being taken into custody. The poor fiddler had no interest in their detection but what arose from his abhorrence of vice; yet he was so regardful of what he had heard, that he became the immediate instrument of bringing them to justice.

Hence let us learn to admire the inscrutable mysteries of the providence of God, which, as they surpass our finite comprehension, should excite our wonder and our gratitude. Nothing can be hid from the all-seeing eye of Heaven; and the man that commits a crime with the hope of concealing it does but treasure up a fund of uneasiness for his own mind: for, even if the crime should be concealed from the public, he will be perpetually harassed with the corroding stings of a guilty conscience, and at all times carry with him a hell in his own bosom!

Roche and his associates throwing the Master and Mate overboard

PHILIP ROCHE

Executed for Piracy and Murder

We have already commented upon the foul crime of piracy. The account now to be given of this atrocious offender will show to what a horrid pitch it has been carried; and happy should we feel ourselves if we could add that this was a singular case. In latter years we find that murder, foul as that committed by Roche, was practised on board of one of our men-of-war, in which Captain Pigot, her commander, was barbarously killed; and the mutinous crew seized the frigate, and delivered her to the enemy.

This detested monster, Philip Roche, was a native of Ireland, and, being brought up to a seafaring life, served for a considerable time on board some coasting vessels, and then sailed to Barbadoes on board a West Indiaman. Here he endeavoured to procure the place of a clerk to a factor; but, failing in this, he went again to sea, and was advanced to the station of a first mate.

He now became acquainted with a fisherman named Neale, who hinted to him large sums of money might be acquired by insuring ships, and then causing them to be sunk, to defraud the insurers.

Roche was wicked enough to listen to this horrid idea, and, becoming acquainted with a gentleman who had a ship bound to Cape Breton, he got a station on board, next in command to the captain, who, having a high opinion of him, trusted the ship to his management, directing the seamen to obey his commands.

If Roche had entertained any idea of sinking the ship, he seemed now to have abandoned it; but he had brought on board with him five Irishmen, who were concerned in the shocking tragedy that ensued.

When they had been only a few days at sea, the plan was executed as follows: One night, when the captain and most of the crew were asleep, Roche gave orders to two of the seamen to furl the sails, which being immediately done, the poor fellows no sooner descended on the deck, than Roche and his hellish associates murdered them, and threw them overboard. At this instant a man and a boy at the yard-arm, observing what passed, and dreading a similar fate,

hurried towards the topmast-head, when one of the Irishmen, named Cullen, followed them, and, seizing the boy, threw him into the sea. The man, thinking to effect at least a present escape, descended to the main deck, where Roche instantly seized, murdered, and then threw him overboard.

The noise occasioned by these transactions alarming the sailors below, they hurried up with all possible expedition; but they were severally seized and murdered as fast as they came on deck, and, being first knocked on the head, were thrown into the sea. At length the master and mate came on the quarter-deck, when Roche and his villainous companions seized them, and, tying them back to back, committed them to the merciless waves.

These execrable murders being perpetrated, the murderers ransacked the chests of the deceased; then sat down to regale themselves with liquor; and, while the profligate crew were carousing, they determined to commence pirates, and that Roche should be the captain, as the reward of his superior villainy.

They had intended to have sailed up the Gulf of St. Lawrence; but as they were within a few days' sail of the Bristol Channel when the bloody tragedy was acted, and finding themselves short of provisions, they put into Portsmouth, and, giving the vessel a fictitious name, they painted her afresh, and then sailed for Rotterdam. At this city they disposed of their cargo, and took in a fresh one. Here they were unknown, and an English gentleman, named Annesley, shipped considerable property on board, and took

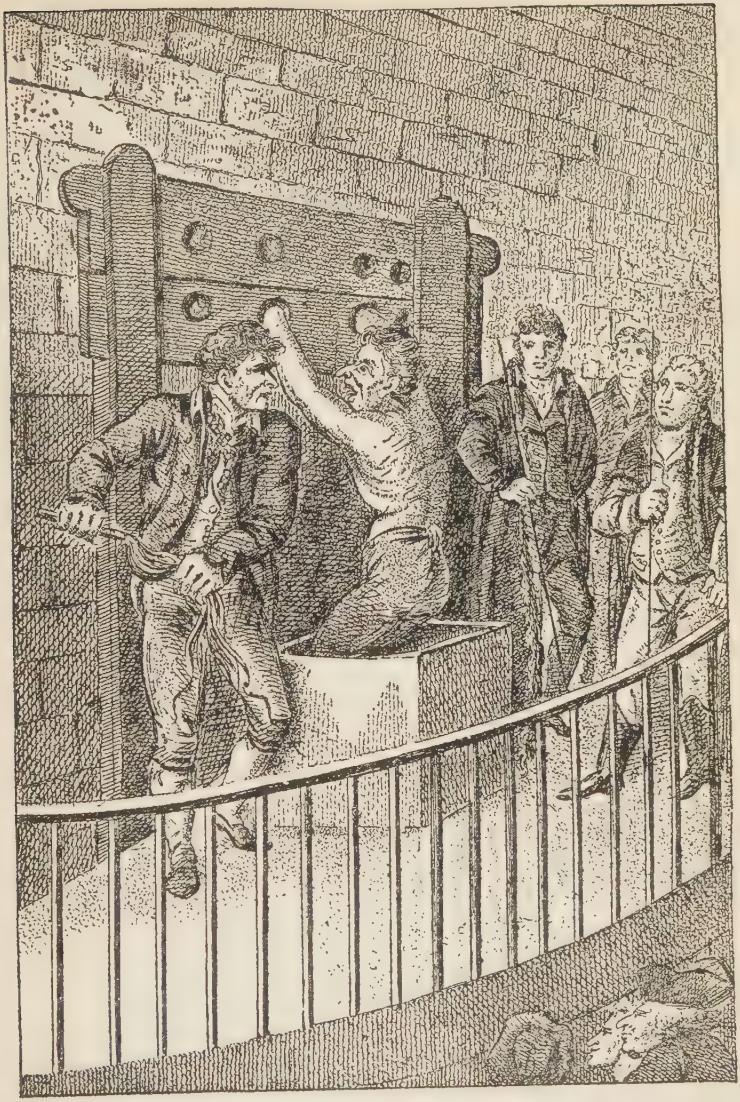
his passage with them for the port of London; but the villains threw this unfortunate gentleman overboard, after they had been only one day at sea.

When the ship arrived in the river Thames, Mr. Annesley's friends made inquiry after him, in consequence of his having sent letters to England, describing the ship in which he proposed to embark; but Roche denied any knowledge of the gentleman, and even disclaimed his own name.

Notwithstanding his confident assertions, it was rightly presumed who he was, and a letter which he sent to his wife being stopped, he was taken into custody. Being carried before the Secretary of State for examination, he averred that he was not Philip Roche; and said that he knew no person of that name. Hereupon the intercepted letter was shown him, on which he instantly confessed his crimes, and was immediately committed to take his trial at the next Admiralty sessions.

It was intimated to Roche that he might expect a pardon if he would impeach any three persons who were more culpable than himself, so that they might be prosecuted to conviction; but not being able to do this, he was brought to his trial, and found guilty: judgment of death was awarded against him.

After conviction he professed to be of the Roman Catholic faith, but was certainly no bigot to that religion, since he attended the devotions according to the Protestant form. He was hanged at Execution Dock on the 5th of August, 1723; but was so ill at the time, that he could not make any public declaration of the abhorrence of the crime for which he suffered.



PUNISHMENT OF WHIPPING
in the Pressyard, Old Bailey

It is impossible to read this shocking narrative without execrating the memory of the wretches whose crimes gave rise to it. History has not furnished us with any account of what became of the wicked accomplices of Roche; but there can be little doubt of their having dragged on a miserable existence, if they did not end their lives at the gallows.

The mind of the guilty must be perpetually racked with torment; and the murderer who is permitted to live does but live in wretchedness and despair. His days must be filled with anxiety, and his nights with torture.

From the fate of the miserable subject of this narrative, let our sailors be taught that an honest pursuit of the duties of their station is more likely to ensure happiness to them than the possession of any sum of money unlawfully obtained. Our brave tars are not, from their situation in life, much accustomed to the attendance on religious duties: but it can cost them no trouble to recollect that to "do justice and love mercy" is equally the character of the brave man and the Christian.

WILLIAM STROUD

Whipped for Swindling

Had this man's offence been committed in Russia, his punishment would have been such as well might serve for the sake of example. It is there very severe, while (through the instrumentality of a guinea or so) it is often too leniently inflicted in England.

The knout of Russia would be well applied to the shoulders of an English swindler. The instrument with which whipping is inflicted in Russia is made of leather curiously twisted, and brought to a fine end like whipcord: with this whip the executioners dexterously carry off a slip of skin from the neck to the bottom of the back, laid bare to the waist; and, repeating their blows, in a little while rend away all the skin off the back in parallel stripes. In the common knout, the criminal receives the lashes suspended on the back of one of the executioners; but in the great knout, which is generally used on the wheel in France, the criminal is hoisted into the air by means of a pulley fixed to the gallows, a cord fastened to the two wrists tied together, and another, of a crucial form, under his breast. Sometimes his hands are tied behind, over his back; and when he is pulled up in this position, his shoulders are dislocated. The executioners make this punishment more or less cruel; and it is said are so dexterous, that, when a criminal is condemned to die, they can make him expire at pleasure, either by one or several lashes.

As we shall have ample room left to comment on the all-accomplished swindlers of modern times, and as no mode of thieving has made so rapid a progress as this, we shall only here observe that Stroud displayed such dexterity in the infamous art as to keep his neck out of the halter, which, before swindling had arrived at its present degree of perfection, required considerable abilities.

This specious robber was well born and educated, but very early in life took to little tricks of cheating, which sufficiently marked his character. When but a school-boy, he used to

purloin blank leaves from the books of his companions, and was remarkable for robbing them of their marbles.

This disposition continued while he was an apprentice; and at length he embarked in business for himself: but he had not been long a master before he considered trade as a drudgery; on which he sold off his stock, took lodgings in Bond Street, and assumed the character of a fine gentleman.

He now lived in a most expensive manner, supplying the extravagances of women of ill fame; which soon reducing him to indigent circumstances, he fixed on a plan of defrauding individuals; for which purpose he got credit with a tailor for some elegant suits of apparel, took a genteel house, and hired some servants; thus imposing himself upon the public as a man of large estate.

An extensive credit, and splendid mode of living, were the consequences of his elegant appearance; but, some tradesmen bringing in bills which he was equally unable and unwilling to discharge, he sold off his household furniture, and privately decamped.

He now took handsome lodgings in Bloomsbury; and, dressing himself in velvet clothes, pretended to be the steward of a nobleman of high rank. He likewise took a house in Westminster, in which he placed an agent, who ordered in goods as for the nobleman; and the tradesmen who delivered these goods were directed to leave their bills for the examination of the steward; but the effects were no sooner in possession than they were sold to a broker, to the sheer loss of the respective tradesmen.

Stroud used to travel into the country in summer, and,

having learned the names of London traders with whom people of fortune dealt, he used to write their names for goods; but, constantly meeting the waggons that conveyed them, generally received the effects before they reached the places to which they were directed.

It would be endless to mention all the frauds of which he was guilty. London and the country were equally laid under contribution by him: and jewellers, watchmakers, lacemen, tailors, drapers, upholders, silversmiths, silk mercers, hatters, hosiers, &c. were by turns dupes to his artifices.

It was impossible for a man proceeding in this manner to evade justice. He was at length apprehended as a common cheat, and committed to the Gatehouse, Westminster. On his examination, a coachmaker charged him with defrauding him of a gilt chariot; a jeweller, of rings to the amount of a hundred pounds; a tailor, of a suit of velvet trimmed with gold; a cabinet-maker, of some valuable goods in his branch; and several other tradesmen of various articles.

The grand jury having found bills of indictment against him, he was tried at the Westminster sessions, when crowds of witnesses who had been duped and plundered by him appeared to give their evidence; and he was instantly found guilty.

The Court sentenced him to hard labour in Bridewell for six months, and in that time to be whipped through the streets six times, which was inflicted with the severity intended.

Everett and Bird robbing a stage coach on Hounslow Heath

JOHN EVERETT

Executed for Highway Robbery

Was a native of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, and had been well educated, his father possessing £300 per annum. He was apprenticed to a salesman; but running away from his master, he entered into the army, and served in Flanders, where he behaved so well that he was promoted to the rank of sergeant. On the return of his regiment to England he purchased his discharge, and, repairing to London, bought the place of an officer in Whitechapel Court, in which he continued about seven years; but, having given liberty to

some persons whom he had arrested, one Charlesworth, a solicitor of that Court, caused him to be discharged, and then sued him for the amount of the debts of the parties whom his inconsiderate good nature had liberated. To evade imprisonment, Everett enlisted in Lord Albemarle's company of footguards; and, soon after his again engaging in the army, he fell into company with Richard Bird, with whom he had been formerly acquainted.

This Bird hinted that great advantages might be acquired in a particular way, if Everett could be trusted; and the latter, anxious to know what the plan was, learnt that it was to go on the road; on which an agreement was immediately concluded. Hereupon they set out on their expedition, and robbed several stages in the counties adjacent to London, from which they obtained considerable booty in jewels, money, and valuable effects. Thus successful in their first exploits, they went to Hounslow Heath, where they stopped two military officers, who were attended by servants armed with blunderbusses; but they obliged them to submit, and robbed them of their money and watches: the watches were afterwards left, according to agreement, at a coffee-house near Charing Cross, and the thieves received twenty guineas for restoring them. Soon after they stopped a gentleman in an open chaise, near Epsom. The gentleman drew his sword, and made several passes at them; yet they robbed him of his watch, two guineas, his sword, and some writings; but they returned the writings at the earnest request of the injured party. They also made a practice of robbing the butchers and higglers on Epping Forest, on their way to London. One of these robberies was singular:—Meeting

an old woman, a higgler, they searched the lining of a high-crowned hat, which she said had been her mother's, in which they found about three pounds; but returned her hat. Soon after this they stopped a coach on Hounslow Heath, in which were two Quakers, who, calling them sons of violence, jumped out of the coach to oppose them; but their fellow-travellers making no resistance, and begging them to submit, all the parties were robbed of their money. Everett, observing that one of the Quakers wore a remarkable good wig, snatched it from his head, and gave him in return an old black tie, which he had purchased for half a crown of a Chelsea pensioner. This sudden metamorphosis caused great mirth among the company in the coach. About ten days after this he and his companion walked to Hillingdon Common, where, seeing two gentlemen on horseback, Everett stopped the foremost, and Bird the other, and robbed them of upwards of three guineas and their gold watches; they then cut the girths of the saddles, and secured the bridles, to prevent a pursuit. They now hastened to Brentford, where, understanding that they were followed, they got into the ferry to cross the Thames; and when they were three parts over, so that the river was fordable, they gave the ferrymen ten shillings, and obliged them to throw their oars into the river. They then jumped overboard, and got on shore, while the spectators thought it was only a drunken frolic, and the robbers got safe to London. Some time after this Everett was convicted of an attempt to commit a robbery on the highway, for which he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment in New Prison, Clerkenwell. After some time he was employed to act here as turnkey; and his

conduct meeting with approbation, he remained in that station after the term of his imprisonment was expired; but the keeper dying, he took a public house in Turnmill Street. He had not been long in this station when the new keeper who had been appointed frequently called on him, and made him advantageous offers, on the condition of his resuming the office of turnkey. This he did; but, when Everett had perfectly instructed him in the management of the prison, he dismissed him, without assigning any reason for such ungenerous conduct. Everett being now greatly in debt, and consequently obliged to remove within the rules of the Fleet prison, took a public house in the Old Bailey; after which he took the Cock alehouse, in the same street, which he kept three years with reputation, when the Warden of the Fleet persuaded him to keep the tap-house of the said prison. While in this station he was charged with being concerned with the keeper in some mal-practice, for which the House of Commons ordered him to be confined in Newgate; but he obtained his liberty at the end of the session, as no bill had been found against him. During his confinement his brewer seized his stock of beer, to the amount of £300 which reduced him to circumstances of great distress; but he even now resolved on a life of industry, if he could have got employment; yet his character was such that no person would engage him. Thus perplexed, he once more equipped himself for the highway, with a view, as he solemnly declared after sentence of death, to raise only fifty pounds, as his brewer would have given him credit if he could have possessed himself of that sum. Having stopped a coach on the Hampstead road, in which were a lady, her daughter,

and a child about five years old, the child was so terrified at his presenting a pistol, that he withdrew it at the request of the lady, who gave him a guinea and some silver; and though he observed she had a watch and some gold rings, &c, he did not demand them. Some company riding up, he was followed to the end of Leather Lane, where he evaded the pursuit by turning into Hatton Garden, and going into the Globe tavern. Here he called for wine, and, while he was drinking, he saw his pursuers pass; on which he paid his reckoning, and slipped into a public house in Holborn, where he again saw them pass. Thinking himself safe, he remained here a considerable time. When he thought the pursuit was over, he called a coach at the end of Brook Street, and, driving to Honey Lane Market, purchased a duck for his supper, and a turkey for his Christmas dinner: he then went to his lodging in Newgate Market. On the following day one Whitaker (called "the boxing drover") circulated a report that Everett had committed a highway robbery; on which the latter loaded a brace of pistols, and vowed he would be revenged. He went to Islington in search of Whitaker, and visited several public houses which he used to frequent; but, not meeting with him, the crime of murder was happily prevented. A woman in the neighbourhood of Newgate Market having buried her husband, who had left her enough to support herself and children with decency, Everett repeatedly visited the widow, was received with too great marks of esteem, and assisted her in the dissipation of that money which should have provided for her family. The widow's son, jealous of this connexion, remonstrated with his mother on the impropriety of

her conduct, and told her it would end in her ruin. This made Everett and her more cautious in their meetings; but the son watched them with the utmost degree of vigilance and circumspection. Having one evening observed them go to the tavern, he provided himself with a large and sharp knife, and, entering the room where they were sitting, swore he would stab Everett to the heart; but the latter, by superiority of strength, disarmed him. The young fellow was at length persuaded to sit down, when Everett assured him that he entertained the utmost respect both for himself and his mother; but the youth answered he was a liar, and the mutual destruction both of mother and children must follow their unlawful connexion. As the lad grew warm, Everett affected great coolness and good humour, and considered how he might most readily get rid of so unwelcome a guest, as he was unwilling so soon to part with the widow. At length he determined to make the young fellow drunk, and plied him with such a quantity of liquor that he fell fast asleep, in which condition he was left, while the other parties adjourned to a distant tavern, where they remained till morning, when Everett borrowed seven guineas of the widow, under pretence of paying her in a week. Not long after this Everett was married to this very widow at Stepney church, by which he came into possession of money and plate to a considerable amount, and might have lived happily with her if he would have taken her advice; but the extravagance of his disposition led to his ruin. When he was in very low circumstances he casually met his old accomplice, Bird, and joined with him in the commission of

a robbery in Essex. They were both taken, and lodged in Chelmsford gaol; but Everett having turned evidence, the other was convicted and executed. As soon as he obtained his liberty he committed several robberies in the neighbourhood of London, the last of which was on a lady named Ellis, whom he stopped near Islington; but, being taken into custody on the following day, he was tried, and capitally convicted. He had been married to three wives, who all visited him after sentence of death. He was likewise visited by the son of the widow; but, recollecting what had formerly passed between them, Everett would have stabbed him with a penknife, but was prevented by one of his wives; for which interposition he afterwards expressed the greatest happiness. What gave him the most uneasiness was the crime of perjury, of which he had been guilty, with a view to take away the life of an innocent man. One Pickett, a cooper, having affronted him, he swore a robbery against him; but, the jury not being satisfied with the evidence, the man was fortunately acquitted. Mr. Nicholson, the then minister of St. Sepulchre's church, attended the prisoner while under sentence of death, and kindly exerted himself to convince him of the atrocious nature of his offences; but the number of people who visited him from motives of curiosity took off his attention from his more important duties. However, he was at times serious, and would then advise his brethren in affliction to prepare for that death which now appeared unavoidable.

The gaol distemper having seized him while in Newgate, a report was propagated that he had taken poison; but

this was totally false. He wrote letters to some of his acquaintance begging they would take warning by his unhappy fate, and avoid those steps which led him to his ruin.

At the place of execution, at Tyburn, February 20, 1729, he behaved in such a manner as induced the spectators to think that his penitence for his past crimes was unaffected.

ANNE WHALE AND SARAH PLEDGE

Executed for Murder

In every horrid case which we have hitherto adduced some sordid motive is apparent for the commission of the very worst of murders. But here we can trace none—no hatred to her husband—no lustful appetite to satisfy by criminal means—no third of her husband's worldly possessions prompted her to the wicked deed. We cannot admit that a woman can have such influence over a woman as to persuade her to murder her husband! especially a sober and affectionate husband.

The wretched woman appears to have been seduced by the serpent with much greater facility than our first mother. She was tempted by an apple; but this degenerate daughter appears to have been actuated by no motive; unless, indeed, to gratify her faithless friend's lurking revenge, in shedding the blood of her innocent husband, can be admitted in extenuation.

Anne Whale was born of respectable parents, at Horsham, in Sussex; but her father dying in her infancy, she was left to the care of her mother.

Early in life she gave evidence of an uncontrollable

disposition; and, having a dispute with her mother, she wandered into the country, and associated with people of bad character; but her mother, in order to save her from ruin, at length prevailed on her to return home.

Soon after this she was addressed by a sober young man, named James Whale; and, as a relation had lately left her a legacy of eighty pounds, payable when she was of age, and the mother readily consenting to their alliance, the marriage took place.

They had not been long wedded when they went to reside at a place called Steepwood; but, soon returning to Horsham, they took up their residence in the house of Sarah Pledge, who was distantly related to Mrs. Whale.

A short time after their abode here, a misunderstanding happening between the women, Mr. Whale forbade Mrs. Pledge to come into his apartment: a circumstance that only tended to foment the quarrel.

Soon afterwards, however, the women were privately reconciled; and, as the man was remarkably sober, and they were of opposite characters, it is the less to be wondered at that they sought the means of his destruction.

Mrs. Whale having lain in, and being tolerably recovered, Mrs. Pledge took the advantage of her husband's absence to come into her room, when she said, "Nan, let us get rid of this devil!" (meaning Mr. Whale). The wife said, "How can we do it?" To which the other replied, "Let us give him a dose of poison."

The abandoned woman too readily consented to this horrid proposal; and the only difficulty which appeared to arise was how the poison should be procured.

They first attempted their horrid purpose by roasting spiders, and putting them into his beer; but, finding this did not produce the effect, Mrs. Pledge undertook to purchase something more efficacious, and for that purpose went to several market-towns; but, as she went into each apothecary's shop, she either saw, or fancied she saw, some person who knew her, or that her conscience interposed. At length she went to an apothecary at Horsham, to whom she was a stranger; but was still afraid, though she made the purchase.

Hastening to her more wicked friend, she gave her the bane, and Anne, with equal dispatch, administered it; for, at the moment her husband was fondling their child, on whom he doted, she mixed it in some hasty-pudding preparing for his supper. Unsuspicious, the affectionate, but unfortunate man, ate—was soon seized with the racking torments occasioned by the corrosive mineral—and the next day expired! But the neighbours suspecting that his death was occasioned by some sinister arts, a surgeon examined the body, and the coroner's jury, being summoned, brought in a verdict of "wilful murder."

Hereupon Mrs. Whale and Mrs. Pledge being taken into custody, and carried before a magistrate, the latter wished to become evidence; but being separately examined, and both confessing the fact, they were committed to Horsham gaol.

On their trials the confessions which they had signed were read; and, some corroborative evidence arising, they were convicted, and received sentence of death.

For some time after conviction Mrs. Pledge behaved in

the most hardened manner, making use of profane expressions, and declaring that she would fight with the hang-man at the place of execution. On the contrary, Mrs. Whale acknowledged the justice of the sentence which had condemned her, and gave evident signs of her being a real penitent.

On the evening of their execution the clergyman who attended them brought Mrs. Pledge into a better state of mind, and then administered the sacrament to both the convicts.

An immense crowd attended at the place of execution, (Horsham, in Sussex), where Pledge was hanged; and Whale, being tied to a stake, was first strangled, and then burned to ashes in the twenty-first year of her age, on the 14th of August, 1752.

JONATHAN BRADFORD

Executed for a Supposed Murder

Jonathan Bradford kept an inn at the city of Oxford. A gentleman, (Mr. Hayes), attended by a man-servant, put up one evening at Bradford's house; and in the night, the former being found murdered in his bed, the landlord was apprehended on suspicion of having committed the barbarous and inhospitable crime.

The evidence given against him was to the following effect:—Two gentlemen who had supped with Mr. Hayes, and who retired at the same time to their respective chambers, being alarmed in the night with a noise in his room,

and soon hearing groans, as of a wounded man, got up in order to discover the cause, and found their landlord, with

Bradford, going to murder his guest, finds the deed already accomplished

a dark lantern, and a knife in his hand, standing, in a state of astonishment and horror, over his dying guest, who almost instantly expired.

On this evidence, apparently conclusive, the jury convicted Bradford, and he was executed; but the fate of this man may serve as an additional lesson to jurymen to be extremely guarded in receiving circumstantial evidence. On a trial

at Nisi Prius, and between personal right and wrong, the jury are often directed by the judge to take into consideration presumptive evidence where positive proof is wanting; but, in criminal charges, it seldom should, unsupported by some oral testimony, or ocular demonstration, be sufficient to find a verdict against the accused.

The facts attending the above dreadful tragedy were not fully brought to light until the death-bed confession of the real murderer, a time when we must all endeavour to make our peace with God.

Mr. Hayes was a man of considerable property, and greatly respected. He had about him, when his sad destiny led him under the roof of Bradford, a considerable sum of money; and the landlord, knowing this, determined to murder and rob him. For this horrid purpose, he proceeded with a dark lantern and a carving-knife, intending to cut the throat of his guest while yet sleeping; but what must have been his astonishment and confusion to find his intended victim already murdered, and weltering in his blood?

The wicked and unworthy servant had also determined on the murder of his master; and had just committed the bloody deed, and secured his treasure, a moment before the landlord entered for the same purpose!

MARTHA TRACY

Executed for a Street Robbery

This woman was a native of Bristol, and descended from poor parents, who educated her in the best manner in their

power. Getting a place in the service of a merchant when she was sixteen years of age, she lived with him three years, and then came to London.

Martha Tracy robbing Mr. Humphreys near Northumberland House in the Strand

Having procured a place in a house where lodgings were let to single gentlemen, and being a girl of an elegant appearance, and fond of dress, she was liable to a variety of temptations.

Her vanity being even more than equal to her beauty, she at length conceived that she had made a conquest of one of the gentlemen-lodgers, and was foolish enough to think he would marry her.

With a view of keeping alive the passion she thought she had inspired, she sought every pretence of going into his chamber; and he, having some designs against her virtue, purchased her some new clothes, in which she went to church on the following Sunday, where she was observed by her mistress.

On their return from church, the mistress strictly inquired how she came to be possessed of such fine clothes; and, having learnt the real state of the case, she was discharged from her service on the Monday morning.

As she still thought the gentleman intended marriage, she wrote to him, desiring he would meet her at a public house; and, on his attending, she wept incessantly, and complained of the treatment she had met with from her mistress, which she attributed to the presents she had received from him.

The seducer advised her to calm her spirits, and go into lodgings, which he would immediately provide for her, and here he could securely visit her till the marriage should take place.

Deluded by this artifice, she went that day to lodge at a house in the Strand, which he said was kept by a lady who was related to him. In this place he visited her on the following, and several successive days; attending her to public places, and making her presents of elegant clothes, which effectually flattered her vanity, and lulled asleep the small remains of her virtue.

It is needless to say that her ruin followed. After a connexion of a few months, she found him less frequent in his visits; and, informing him that she was with child,

demanded that he would make good his promise of marriage: on which he declared that he had never intended to marry her, and that he would not maintain her any longer; and hinted that she should seek another lodging.

On the following day the mistress of the house told her she must not remain there any longer, unless she would pay for her lodgings in advance, which being unable to do, or, perhaps, unwilling to remain in a house where she had been so unworthily treated, she packed up her effects, and removed to another lodging.

When she was brought to bed, the father took away the infant, and left the wretched mother in a very distressed situation. Having subsisted for some time by pawning her clothes, she was at length so reduced as to listen to the advice of a woman of the town, who persuaded her to procure a subsistence by the casual wages of prostitution.

Having embarked in the horrid course of life, she soon became a common street-walker, and experienced all those calamities incident to so deplorable a situation. Being sometimes tempted to pick pockets for a subsistence, she became an occasional visitor at Bridewell, where her mind grew only the more corrupt by the conversation of the abandoned wretches confined in that place.

We now come to speak of the fact, the commission of which forfeited her life to the violated laws of her country.

At the sessions held at the Old Bailey, in the month of January, 1745, she was indicted for robbing William Humphreys of a guinea on the king's highway.

The fact was, that being passing, at midnight, near Northumberland House, in the Strand, she accosted Mr.

Humphreys, who declining to hold any correspondence with her, two fellows with whom she was connected came up, and one of them knocking him down, they both ran away; when she robbed him of a guinea, which she concealed in her mouth; but Mr. Humphreys seizing her, and two persons coming up, she was conducted to the watch-house, where the guinea was found in her mouth, as above mentioned, by the constable of the night.

At her trial it was proved that she had called the men, one of whom knocked down the prosecutor; so that there could be no doubt of her being an accomplice with them; whereupon the jury brought her in guilty.

After conviction she appeared to have a proper idea of her former guilt, and the horrors of her present situation. In fact she was a sincere penitent, and lamented that pride of heart which had first seduced her to destruction.

Martha Tracy was hanged at Tyburn, on the 16th of February, 1745, behaving with the greatest decency and propriety to the last moment of her life.

The fate of this woman affords a striking lesson to girls against the taking pride in those personal charms which, the more brilliant they are, will be only the more likely to lead them to destruction. The idea she had formed of making a conquest of a man in a rank of life superior to her own served only to assist towards her ruin; but we cannot help thinking that he who could be base enough to seduce her under solemn promises of marriage was still more guilty than herself, and in some degree an accessory to all the crimes she afterwards committed.

It seems strangely unnatural that the father should take

away the child, and leave the mother to perish, or to subsist only in a most infamous manner, for which she had been qualified by the gratification of his passions!

In the gay hours of festivity men may triumph in the advantages they have gained over women in their unguarded moments; but surely Reflection must come, with all her attendant train of horrors. Conscience will assert her rights; and the misery the wicked seducer suffers in this life he ought to consider only as a prelude to the more aggravated torments he has to expect in the next.

If any one of the readers of this narrative has been guilty of the enormous crime we are now reprobating, it will become him to think seriously of the great work of reformation; and to repent, in the most unfeigned manner, while Providence yet permits him the opportunity of repentance. It ought to be remembered by offenders of every class, that the God of mercy is also a God of justice.

WILLIAM PARSONS, ESQ.

Executed for Returning from Transportation

THE unhappy subject of this narrative was the oldest son of Sir William Parsons, Bart., of the county of Nottingham, and was born in London in the year 1717. He was placed under the care of a pious and learned divine at Pepper Harrow, in Surrey, where he received the first rudiments of education. In a little more than three years he was removed to Eton College, where it was intended that he should qualify himself for one of the universities.

While he was a scholar at Eton he was detected of stealing a volume of Pope's "Homer" in the shop of a bookseller named Pote. Being charged with the fact, he con-

Parsons imploring his father's forgiveness

fessed that he had stolen many other books at different times. The case being represented to the master, Parsons underwent a very severe discipline.

Though he remained at Eton nine years, his progress in learning was very inconsiderable. The youth was, indeed, of so unpromising a disposition, that Sir William determined to send him to sea, as the most probable means to prevent his destruction; and soon procured him to be

appointed midshipman on board a man-of-war then lying at Spithead, under sailing orders for Jamaica, there to be stationed for three years.

Some accident detaining the ship beyond the time when it was expected she would sail, Parsons applied for leave of absence, and went on shore; but, having no intention to return, he immediately directed his course towards a small town about ten miles from Portsmouth, called Bishop's Waltham, where he soon ingratiated himself into the favour of the principal inhabitants.

His figure being pleasing, and his manner of address easy and polite, he found but little difficulty in recommending himself to the ladies.

He became greatly enamoured of a beautiful and accomplished young lady, the daughter of a physician of considerable practice, and prevailed upon her to promise she would yield him her hand in marriage.

News of the intended alliance coming to the knowledge of his father, Sir William, and his uncle, the latter hastened to Waltham, to prevent an union which he apprehended would inevitably produce the ruin of the contracting parties.

With much difficulty the uncle prevailed upon Parsons to return to the ship, which in a few days afterwards proceeded on her voyage.

The ship had not been long arrived at the place of destination when Parsons resolved to desert, and return to England, and soon found an opportunity of shipping himself on board the *Sheerness* man-of-war, then preparing to sail on her return home.

Immediately after his arrival in England he set out for Waltham, in order to visit the object of his desires; but his uncle, being apprized of his motions, repaired to the same place, and represented his character in so unfavourable, but at the same time in so just a light, as prevented the renewal of his addresses to the physician's daughter.

He went home with his uncle, who observed his conduct with a most scrupulous attention, and confined him as much as possible within doors. This generous relation at length exerted his interest to get the youth appointed midshipman on board his majesty's ship the *Romney,* which was ordered on the Newfoundland station.

Upon his return from Newfoundland, Parsons learnt, with infinite mortification, that the Duchess of Northumberland, to whom he was related, had revoked a will made in his favour, and bequeathed to his sister a very considerable legacy, which he had expected to enjoy. He was repulsed by his friends and acquaintance, who would not in the least countenance his visits at their houses; and his circumstances now became exceedingly distressed.

Thus situated, he applied to a gentleman named Bailey, with whom he had formerly lived on terms of intimacy, and whose humanity induced him to invite Parsons to reside in his house, and to furnish him with the means of supporting the character of a gentleman. Mr. Bailey was also indefatigable in his endeavours to effect a reconciliation between young Parsons and his father, in which he had at length succeeded.

Sir William having prevailed upon his son to go abroad

again, and procured him an appointment under the governor of James Fort, on the river Gambia, he embarked on board a vessel in the service of the Royal African Company.

Parsons had resided at James Fort about six months, when a disagreement took place between him and Governor Aufleur; in consequence of which the former signified a resolution of returning to England. Hereupon the governor informed him that he was commissioned to engage him as an indented servant for five years. Parsons warmly expostulated with the governor, declaring that his behaviour was neither that of a man of probity or a gentleman, and requested permission to return. But, so far from complying, the governor issued orders to the sentinels to be particularly careful lest he should effect an escape.

Notwithstanding every precaution, Parsons found means to get on board a homeward-bound vessel, and, being followed by Mr. Aufleur, he was commanded to return; but, cocking a pistol, and presenting it to the governor, he declared he would fire upon any man who should presume to molest him. Hereupon the governor departed, and in a short time the ship sailed for England.

Soon after his arrival in his native country he received an invitation to visit an uncle who lived at Epsom, which he gladly accepted, and experienced a most cordial and friendly reception.

He resided with his uncle about three months, and was treated with all imaginable kindness and respect. At length one of the female servants in the family swore herself to be pregnant by him, which so incensed the old gentleman, that he dismissed Parsons from his house.

Reduced to the most deplorable state of poverty, he directed his course towards the metropolis; and, three halfpence being his whole stock of money, he subsisted four days upon the bread purchased with the small sum, quenching his thirst at the pumps he casually met with in the streets. He lay four nights in a hay-loft in Chancery Lane, belonging to the Master of the Rolls, by permission of the coachman, who pitied his truly deplorable case.

At length he determined to apply for redress to an ancient gentlewoman with whom he had been acquainted in his more youthful days, when she was in the capacity of companion to the Duchess of Northumberland. Weak and emaciated through want of food, his appearance was rendered still more miserable by the uncleanliness and disorder of his apparel; and, when he appeared before the old lady, she tenderly compassionated his unfortunate situation, and recommended him to a decent family in Cambridge Street, with whom he resided some time in a very comfortable manner, the old gentlewoman defraying the charge of his lodge and board; and a humane gentleman, to whom she had communicated his case, supplying him with money for common expenses.

Sir William came to town at the beginning of the winter, and received an unexpected visit from his son, who dropped upon his knees, and supplicated forgiveness with the utmost humility and respect. His mother-in-law was greatly enraged at his appearance, and upbraided her husband with being foolishly indulgent to so graceless a youth, at the same time declaring that she would not live in the house where he was permitted to enter.

Sir William asked him what mode of a life he meant to adopt; and his answer was, that he was unable to determine, but would cheerfully pursue such measures as so indulgent a parent should think proper to recommend. The old gentleman then advised him to enter as a private man in the horse-guards; which he approved of, saying he would immediately offer himself as a volunteer.

Upon mentioning his intention to the adjutant, he was informed that he must pay seventy guineas for his admission into the corps. This news proved exceedingly afflicting as he had but little hopes that his father would advance the necessary sum. Upon returning to his father's lodgings, he learnt that he had set out for the country, and left him a present of only five shillings.

Driven now nearly to a state of distraction, he formed the desperate resolution of putting an end to his life, and repaired to St. James's Park, intending to throw himself in Rosamond's Pond. While he stood on the brink of the water, waiting for an opportunity of carrying his impious design into effect, it occurred to him that a letter he had received, mentioning the death of an aunt, and that she had bequeathed a legacy to his brother, might be made use of to his own advantage; and he immediately declined the thoughts of destroying himself.

He produced the letter to several persons, assuring them that the writer had been misinformed respecting the legacy, which in reality was left to himself. Under pretext of being entitled to the above legacy, he obtained money and effects from different people to a considerable amount;

and among those who were deceived by the above stratagem, was a tailor in Devereaux Court, in the Strand, who gave him credit for several genteel suits of clothes.

The money and other articles thus fraudulently obtained enabled him to engage in scenes of gaiety and dissipation; and he seemed to entertain no idea that his happiness would be but of short duration.

Accidentally meeting the brother of the young lady to whom he had made professions of love at Waltham, he intended to renew his acquaintance with him, and his addresses to his sister: but the young gentleman informed Parsons that his sister died suddenly a short time after his departure from Waltham.

Parsons endeavored as much as possible to cultivate the friendship of the above young gentleman, and represented his case in so plausible a manner as to obtain money from him at different times to a considerable amount.

Parson's creditors now became exceedingly importunate; and he thought there was no probability of relieving himself from his difficulties but by connecting himself in marriage with a woman of fortune.

Being eminently qualified in those accomplishments which are known to have a great influence over the female world, Parsons soon ingratiated himself into the esteem of a young lady possessed of a handsome independence bequeathed her by her lately deceased father. He informed his creditors that he had a prospect of an advantageous marriage; and, as they were satisfied that the lady had a good fortune, they supplied him with everything necessary

for prosecuting the amour, being persuaded that, if the expected union took place, they should have no difficulty in recovering their respective demands.

The marriage was solemnized on the 10th of February, 1740, in the twenty-third year of our malefactor's age. On occasion of this event the uncle who lived at Epsom visited him in London, and gave him the strongest assurances that he would exert every possible endeavour to promote his interest and happiness, on condition that he would avoid such proceedings as would render him unworthy of friendship and protection. His relations in general were perfectly satisfied with the connexion he had made, and hoped that his irregular and volatile disposition would be corrected by the prudent conduct of his bride, who was justly esteemed a young lady of great sweetness of temper, virtue, and discretion.

A few weeks after his marriage his uncle interceded in his behalf with the Right Honourable Arthur Onslow; and, through the interest of that gentleman, he was appointed an ensign in the thirty-fourth regiment of foot.

He now discharged all his debts, which proved highly satisfactory to his relations; and this conduct was the means of his obtaining further credit in times of future distress.

He hired a very handsome house in Poland Street, where he resided two years, in which time he had two children, one of whom died very young. From Poland Street he removed to Panton Square; and the utmost harmony subsisted between him and his wife, who were much respected by their relations and acquaintances.

But it must be observed, that, though his conduct in other

respects had been irreproachable from the time of his marriage, he was guilty of unpardonable indiscretion as to the manner of his living; for he kept three saddle-horses, a chaise and pair, several unnecessary servants, and engaged in many other superfluous expenses that his income could not afford.

Unfortunately Parsons became acquainted with an infamous gambler, who seduced him to frequent gaming-houses, and to engage in play. He thus lost considerable sums, which were shared between the pretended friend of Parsons and his wicked accomplices.

Parsons was now promoted to a lieutenancy in a regiment that was ordered into Flanders, and he was accompanied to that country by the abandoned miscreant whom he considered his most valuable friend. The money he lost by gaming, and the extravagant manner in which he lived, in a short time involved him in such difficulties, that he was under the necessity of selling his commission, in order to discharge his debts contracted in Flanders. The commission being sold, Parsons and his treacherous companion returned to England.

His arrival was no sooner known than his creditors were extremely urgent for the immediate discharge of their respective claims; which induced him to take a private lodging in Gough Square, where he passed under the denomination of Captain Brown. He pretended to be an unmarried man, and saw his wife only when appointments were made to meet at a public house. While he lodged in Gough Square he seduced his landlord's daughter, who became pregnant by him; and her imprudence in yielding

to the persuasions of Parsons proved the means of involving her in extreme distress.

His creditors having discovered the place of his retreat, he deemed it prudent to remove; and at this juncture an opportunity offered by which he hoped to retrieve his fortune; and he therefore embarked as captain of the marines on board the *Dursley* privateer.

Soon after the arrival of the ship at Deal, Parsons went on shore, provided with pistols, being determined not to submit to an arrest, which he supposed would be attempted. He had no sooner landed on the beach than he was approached by five or six men, one of whom attempted to seize him; but Parsons, stepping aside, discharged one of his pistols, and lodged a ball in the man's thigh. He then said he was well provided with weapons, and would fire upon them if they presumed to give him further molestation. Hereupon the officers retreated; and Parsons returned to the ship, which sailed from Deal the following morning.

They had been in the Channel about a week, when they made a prize of a French privateer, which they carried into the port of Cork. Parsons, being now afflicted with a disorder that prevailed among the French prisoners, was sent on shore for the recovery of his health. During his illness the vessel sailed on another cruise; and he was no sooner in a condition to permit him to leave his apartment, than he became anxious to partake of the fashionable amusements.

In order to recruit his finances, which were nearly exhausted, he drew bills of exchange on three merchants in London, on which he raised sixty pounds; and, before advice

could be transmitted to Cork that he had no effects in the hands of the persons on whom he had drawn the bills, he embarked on board a vessel bound for England.

He landed at Plymouth, where he resided some time under a military character, to support his claim to which he was provided with a counterfeit commission. He frequented all places of public resort, and particularly where gaming was permitted. His money being nearly expended, he obtained a hundred pounds from a merchant of Plymouth, by means of a false draft upon an alderman of London. Some time after the discovery of the fraud the injured party saw Parsons a transport prisoner on board a ship bound to Virginia, lying in Catwater Bay, where he assured him of entire forgiveness, and made him a present of a guinea.

From Plymouth Parsons repaired to London, and, his money being nearly spent, he committed the following fraud, in conjunction with a woman of the town:—Taking his accomplice to a tavern in the Strand (where he was known), he represented her as an heiress who had consented to a private marriage, and requested the landlord to send immediately for a clergyman. The parson being arrived, and about to begin the ceremony, Parsons pretended to recollect that he had forgotten to provide a ring, and ordered the waiter to tell a shop-keeper in the neighbourhood to bring some plain gold rings. Upon this the clergyman begged to recommend a very worthy man, who kept a jeweller's shop in the neighbourhood; and Parsons said it was a matter of indifference with whom he laid out his money, adding, that, as he wished to compliment his bride

with some small present, the tradesman might also bring some diamond rings.

The rings being brought, and one of each chosen, Parsons produced a counterfeit draft, saying the jeweller might either give him change then, or call for payment after the ceremony; on which the jeweller retired, saying he would attend again in the afternoon. In a little time the woman formed a pretence for leaving the room, and, upon her not returning soon, our hero affected great impatience, and, without taking his hat, quitted the apartment, saying he would inquire of the people of the house whether his bride had not been detained by some unforeseen accident.

After waiting a considerable time, the clergyman called the landlord; and, as neither Parsons nor the woman could be found, it was rightly concluded that their whole intention was to perpetrate a fraud. In the mean time our hero and his accomplice met at an appointed place, and divided their booty.

Soon after the above transaction Parsons intimated to a military officer that, on account of the many embarrassments he was under, he was determined to join the rebel army, as the only expedient by which he could avoid being lodged in prison. The gentleman represented the danger of engaging in such an adventure, and, lest his distress should precipitate him to any rash proceeding, generously supplied him with forty guineas, to answer present exigencies.

He soon after borrowed the above gentleman's horse, pretending that he had occasion to go a few miles into the country on a matter of business; but he immediately rode

to Smithfield, where he sold the horse at a very inadequate price.

That he might escape the resentment of the gentleman whom he had treated in so unworthy a manner, he lodged an information against him, as being disaffected to the government: in consequence of which he was deprived of his commission, and suffered an imprisonment of six months. He exhibited informations of a similar nature against two other gentlemen, who had been most liberal benefactors to him, in revenge for refusing any longer to supply him with the means of indulging his extravagant and profligate disposition.

In the year 1745 he counterfeited a draft upon one of the collectors of the excise, in the name of the Duke of Cumberland, for five hundred pounds in part, being all the cash that remained in his hands.

He went to a tailor, saying he meant to employ him on the recommendation of a gentleman of the army whom he had long supplied with clothes; adding, that a captain's commission was preparing for him at the War-office. The tailor furnished him with several suits of clothes, but, not being paid according to agreement, he entertained some suspicion as to the responsibility of his new customer; and therefore inquired at the War-office respecting Captain Brown, and learnt that a commission was making out for a gentleman of that name. Unable to get any part of the money due to him, and determined to be no longer trifled with, he instituted a suit at common law, but was nonsuited, having laid his action in the fictitious name of Brown, and it appearing that Parsons was the defendant's real name.

Parsons sent a porter from the Ram Inn, in Smithfield, with a counterfeit draft upon Sir Joseph Hankey and Company for five hundred pounds. Parsons followed the man, imagining that, if he came out of Sir Joseph's house alone, he would have received the money; but that, if he was accompanied by any person, it would be a strong proof of forgery being discovered. Upon observing Sir Joseph, therefore, get into a hackney-coach with the porter, he resolved not to return to the inn.

He next went to a widow named Bottomley, who lived near St. George's church, and, saying he had contracted to supply the regiment to which he belonged with hats, gave her an order to the amount of a hundred and sixty pounds. He had no sooner got possession of these hats than he sold them to a Jew for one half of the sum he had agreed to pay for them.

Being strongly apprehensive that he could not long avoid arrest from some of his numerous and highly exasperated creditors, by means of counterfeit letters he procured himself to be taken into custody as a person disaffected to the king and government; and he was supported, without expense, in the house of one of the king's messengers, for the space of eighteen months.

Being released from the messenger's house, he revolved in his mind a variety of schemes for eluding the importunity of his creditors, and at length embarked for Holland, where he remained a few months; and, when his money was nearly expended, returned to England. A few days after his arrival in London he went to a masquerade, where he engaged in play to the hazard of every shilling he possessed,

VIEW OF THE INSIDE OF NEWGATE

and was so fortunate as to obtain a sufficient sum for his maintenance for several months.

His circumstances being again distressed, he wrote in pressing terms to his brother-in-law, who was an East India director, entreating that he would procure him a commission in the company's service, either by land or sea. The purport of the answer was, that a gentleman in the Temple was authorized to give the supplicant a guinea, but that it would be fruitless for him to expect further favours.

Having written a counterfeit draft, he went to Ranelagh on a masquerade night, where he passed the draft to a gentleman who had won some small sums of him. The party who received the draft offered it for payment in a day or two afterwards, when it was proved to be a counterfeit, in consequence of which Parsons was apprehended, and committed to Wood Street Compter.

As no prosecutor appeared, Parsons was necessarily acquitted; but a detainer being lodged, charging him with an offence similar to the above, he was removed to Maidstone gaol, in order for trial at the Lent assizes at Rochester.

Mr. Carey, the keeper of the prison, treated Parsons with great humanity, allowing him to board in his family, and indulging him in every privilege that he could grant without a manifest breach of the duties of his office. But such was the ingratitude of the culprit, that he meditated a plan, which, had it taken effect, would have utterly ruined the man to whom he was indebted in such great obligations. His intention was privately to take the keys from Mr. Carey's apartment; and not only to escape himself, but even to give liberty to every prisoner in the gaol; and this scheme

he communicated with a man accused of being a smuggler, who reported the matter to Mr. Carey, desiring him to listen at an appointed hour at night, when he would hear a conversation that would prove his intelligence to be authentic. Mr. Carey attended at the appointed time; and, being convinced of the ingratitude and perfidy of Parsons, he abridged him of the indulgences he had before enjoyed, and caused him to be closely confined.

Being convicted at the assizes at Rochester, he was sentenced to transportation for seven years; and in the following September he was put on board the *Thames*, Captain Dobbins, bound for Maryland, in company with upwards of a hundred and seventy other convicts, fifty of whom died on the voyage. In November, 1749, Parsons was landed in Annapolis, in Maryland; and, having remained in a state of slavery about seven weeks, a gentleman of considerable property and influence, who was not wholly unacquainted with his family, compassionating his unfortunate situation, obtained his freedom, and received him at his house in a most kind and hospitable manner.

Parsons had not been in the gentleman's family many days before he rode off with a horse which was lent him by his benefactor, and proceeded towards Virginia; on the borders of which country he stopped a gentleman on horseback, and robbed him of five pistols, a moidore, and ten dollars.

A few days after he stopped a lady and gentleman in a chaise, attended by a negro servant, and robbed them of eleven guineas and some silver: after which he directed his course to the Potomac river, where, finding a ship nearly

ready to sail for England, he embarked, and after a passage of twenty-five days landed at Whitehaven.

He now produced a forged letter, in the name of one of his relations, to a capital merchant of Whitehaven, signifying that he was entitled to the family estate, in consequence of his father's decease, and prevailed upon him to discount a false draft upon a banker in London for seventy-five pounds.

Upon his arrival in the metropolis he hired a handsome lodging at the west end of the town; but he almost constantly resided in houses of ill fame, where the money he had so unjustifiably obtained was soon dissipated.

Having hired a horse, he rode to Hounslow Heath, where, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, he stopped a postchaise in which were two gentlemen, whom he robbed of five guineas, some silver, and a watch.

A short time afterwards he stopped a gentleman near Turnham Green, about twelve o'clock at night, and robbed him of thirty shillings and a gold ring. The gentleman requested that the ring might be returned, as he valued it, being his wife's wedding-ring. Parsons complied with this request, and voluntarily returned the gentleman five shillings, telling him at the same time that nothing but the most pressing necessity could have urged him to the robbery: after which the gentleman shook hands with the robber, assuring him that, on account of the civility of his behaviour, he would not appear to prosecute if he should hear of his being apprehended.

He attempted to rob a gentleman in a coach and four near Kensington, but, hearing some company on the road,

he proceeded towards Hounslow, and on his way thither overtook a farmer, and robbed him of between forty and fifty shillings. He then took the road to Colnbrook, and robbed a gentleman's servant of two guineas and a half, and a silver watch. After this he rode to Windsor, and returned to London by a different road.

His next expedition was on the Hounslow road; and at the entrance of the Heath he stopped two gentlemen, and robbed them of seven guineas, some silver, and a curiously wrought silver snuff-box.

Returning to his lodgings near Hyde Park Corner one evening, he overtook a footman in Piccadilly, and, joining company with him, a familiar conversation took place, in the course of which Parsons learnt that the other was to set out early on the following Sunday with a portmanteau, containing cash and notes to a considerable value, the property of his master, who was then at Windsor.

On the Sunday morning he rode towards Windsor, intenting to rob the footman. Soon after he had passed Turnham Green he overtook two gentlemen, one of whom was Mr. Fuller, who had prosecuted him at Rochester, and who, perfectly recollecting his person, warned him not to approach. However, he paid no attention to what Mr. Fuller said, but still continued sometimes behind and sometimes before them, though at a very inconsiderable distance.

Upon coming into the town of Hounslow, the gentlemen alighted, and commanded Parsons to surrender, adding that, if he did not instantly comply, they would alarm the town. He now dismounted, and earnestly entreated that the gentlemen would permit him to speak to them in private,

which they consented to; and the parties being introduced to a room at an inn, Parsons surrendered his pistols, which were loaded and primed, and supplicated for mercy in the most pathetic terms.

In all probability he would have been permitted to escape, had not Mr. Day, then landlord of the Rose and Crown, at Hounslow, come into the room, and advised that he might be detained, as he conceived him very nearly to answer the description of a highwayman by whom the roads in that part of the country had been long infested. He was secured at the inn till the next day, and then examined by a magistrate, who committed him to Newgate.

Parsons was now arraigned for returning from transportation before the expiration of the term of his sentence; nothing therefore remained to convict him but the identifying his person. This done, he received sentence of death. His distressed father and wife used all their interest to obtain for him a pardon, but in vain: he was an old offender, and judged by no means a fit object for mercy.

While Parsons remained in Newgate, his behaviour was such that it could not be determined whether he entertained a proper idea of his dreadful situation. There is, indeed, but too much reason to fear that the hopes of a reprieve (in which he deceived himself even to the last moments of his life) induced him to neglect the necessary preparation for eternity.

His taking leave of his wife afforded a scene extremely affecting: he recommended to her parental protection his only child, and regretted that his misconduct had put it in

the power of a censorious world to reflect upon both the mother and son.

At the place of execution he joined in the devotional exercises with a fervency of zeal that proved him to be convinced of the necessity of obtaining the pardon of his Creator.

William Parsons, Esq., suffered at Tyburn, on the 11th of February, 1751.

In tracing the depraved and melancholy course of this ill-fated man, the humane reader cannot but be struck with the apparent hollow-heartedness and apathy of his father. It is, no doubt, difficult to tell the precise degree of provocation Sir William had received; but we see that young Parsons was befriended, long after his natural protector had abandoned him, by an uncle, and several other more distant connexions; and it should be recollected that, if the child owes affection and patient forbearance towards its parent, the latter is no less bound to exercise similar duties towards the being whom he has been instrumental in bringing into the world. Nothing but the most hopeless and resolute depravity (if even that) should extinguish a father's tenderness; and it certainly does not appear to us that the wretched subject of the preceding narrative had reached that point at the period of his utter desertion by the baronet. If, at their last recorded interview, instead of advising his penitent son to enter the horse-guards as a private (for which purpose, too, he left him altogether unprovided), Sir William Parsons had extended to him the feelings of real kindness and reconciliation, it is possible that his own

name might have been saved from ignominy, and the youthful prodigal (who was then at an age, perhaps, the most susceptible of moral improvement) restored to his family, to himself, and to his God.

MARY BLANDY

Executed for the Murder of Her Father

It has been a melancholy remark that two young ladies—Miss Jefferies and Miss Blandy—well educated, and of considerable expectations from the parents whom they murdered, should, as it were, at the same moment contemplate the death of their protectors.

Yet, though Miss Blandy's crime was committed on blood nearest in consanguinity, she does not appear to have been that determined murderess we find in Miss Jefferies.

Public conversation was long divided on their fate, and in comparisons of their different degrees of crimes.

There is too much reason to fear that both had been seduced by villainous men: but Miss Jefferies, as will be seen, was a premeditated and determined murderess. Over the fate of the wretched Miss Blandy we may indulge somewhat of commiseration; for the profligate wretch who seduced her was a disgrace to the noble blood from which he derived existence; and what renders his crime more heinous was his being a married man.

It will appear that, had not this corrupt twig of the noble branch of the tree of genealogy from which he grew spread

his insidious snares to entangle the heart and corrupt the mind of Miss Blandy, she would not have been guilty of the abominable and unnatural crime of parricide.

In a moral point of view, though the law may not im-

Mary Blandy confessing having poisoned her father

mediately overtake the villainy, we would appeal to the hearts of the readers of our own sex—nay, we would ask the question, in cooler moments of youth— "Can there be a more destructive vice than the seduction of a virtuous female, under promise of marriage?" Will not your inflamed passions cool? and then what must be the stings of conscience when you find the too-willing sacrifice to your

lust a wretched creature, neglected by her friends, the scorn of the virtuous part of her sex, and the prey of your own?

Thus are we led to acknowledge, with sorrow, the lines of the poet, on a seduced woman:—

"Man, the lawless libertine, may rove,
Free and unquestion'd, thro' the paths of love:
But woman, sense and nature's easy fool—
If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's easy rule—
If, strongly charm'd, she tempt the flow'ry way,
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray—
Ruin ensues, remorse, and endless shame,
And one false step entirely damns her fame:
In vain with tears the loss she may deplore,
In vain look back to what she was before;
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more."

Mary Blandy was the only daughter of a Mr. Francis Blandy, an eminent attorney at Henley-upon-Thames, and town-clerk of that place. She had been educated with the utmost tenderness; and every possible care was taken to impress her mind with sentiments of virtue and religion. Her person had nothing in it remarkably engaging, but she was of a sprightly and affable disposition, of polite manners, engaging in conversation, and was much distinguished by her good sense.

She had read the best authors in the English language, and had a memory remarkably retentive of the knowledge she had acquired. In a word, she excelled most of her sex in those accomplishments which are calculated to grace and dignify the female mind.

The father being reputed to be rich, a number of young gentlemen courted his acquaintance, with a view to make an interest with his daughter: but, of all the visitors, none were more agreeable, both to father and daughter, than the gentlemen of the army; and the former was never better pleased than when he had some of them at his table.

Miss Blandy was about twenty-six years of age when she became acquainted with Captain William Henry Cranstoun, who was then about forty-six. He was the son of Lord Cranstoun, of an ancient Scotch family, which had made great alliances, by intermarriages, with the nobility of Scotland. Being a younger brother, his uncle, Lord Mark Ker, procured him a commission in the army, which, with the interest of fifteen hundred pounds, was all he had for his support.

Cranstoun married a Miss Murray in Scotland, in the year 1745, and received a handsome fortune with her; but he was defective in the great article of prudence. His wife was delivered of a son within a year after the marriage. About this period he received orders to join his regiment in England, and was afterwards sent on a recruiting party to Henley, which gave rise to the unhappy connexion which ended so fatally.

It may seem extraordinary, and is, perhaps, a proof of Cranstoun's art, that he could ingratiate himself into the affections of Miss Blandy; for his person was diminutive, he was so marked with the small-pox that his face was in seams, and he squinted very much: but he possessed that faculty of small-talk which is unfortunately too much esteemed by many of the fair sex.

Mr. Blandy, who was acquainted with Lord Mark Ker, was fond of being deemed a man of taste, and so open to flattery, that it is not to be wondered at that a man of Cranstoun's artifice ingratiated himself into his favour, and obtained permission to pay his addresses to the daughter.

Cranstoun, apprehending that Miss Blandy might discover that he had a wife in Scotland, informed her that he was involved in a disagreeable lawsuit in that country with a young lady, who claimed him as a husband; and so sure was he of the interest he had obtained in Miss Blandy's affections, that he had the confidence to ask her if she loved him well enough to wait the issue of the affair. She told him that, if her father and mother approved of her staying for him, she had no objection.

This must be allowed to have been a very extraordinary declaration of love, and as extraordinary a reply.

Cranstoun endeavoured to conduct the amour with all possible secrecy; notwithstanding which it came to the knowledge of Lord Mark Ker, who wrote to Mr. Blandy, informing him that the captain had a wife and children in Scotland, and conjuring him to preserve his daughter from ruin.

Alarmed by this intelligence, Mr. Blandy informed his daughter of it; but she did not seem equally affected, as Cranstoun's former declaration had prepared her to expect some such news; and, when the old gentleman taxed Cranstoun with it, he declared it was only an affair of gallantry, of which he should have no difficulty to free himself.

Mrs. Blandy appears to have been under as great a degree of infatuation as her daughter, for she forbore all farther

inquiry, on the captain's bare assurance that the report of his marriage was false. Cranstoun, however, could not be equally easy. He saw the necessity of devising some scheme to get his first marriage annulled, or of bidding adieu to all the gratifications he could promise himself by a second.

After revolving various schemes in his mind, he at length wrote his wife, requesting her to disown him for a husband. The substance of this letter was, that, "having no other way of rising to preferment but in the army, he had but little ground to expect advancement there, while it was known he was encumbered with a wife and family; but, could he once pass for a single man, he had not the least doubt of being quickly preferred, which would procure him a sufficiency to maintain her, as well as himself, in a genteeler manner than now he was able to do. All, therefore (adds he), I have to request of you is, that you will transcribe the enclosed copy of a letter, wherein you disown me for a husband; put your maiden name to it, and send it by the post: all the use I shall make of it shall be to procure my advancement, which will necessarily include your own benefit. In full assurance that you will comply with my request, I remain, your most affectionate husband,

"W. H. Cranstoun."

Mrs. Cranstoun, ill as she had been treated by her husband, and little hope as she had of more generous usage, was, after repeated letters had passed, induced to give up her claim, and at length sent him the requested paper, signed Murray, which was her maiden name.

The villainous captain, being possessed of this letter, made some copies of it, which he sent to his wife's relations, and his own: the consequence of which was that they withdrew the assistance they had afforded the lady, which reduced her to an extremity she had never before known.

Exclusive of this, he instituted a suit before the lords of session, for the dissolution of the marriage; but when Mrs. Cranstoun was heard, and the letters read, the artful contrivance was seen through, the marriage was confirmed, and Cranstoun was adjudged to pay the expenses of the trial.

At the next session Captain Cranstoun preferred a petition, desiring to be heard by counsel on new evidence, which it was pretended had arisen respecting Miss Murray. This petition, after some hesitation, was heard; but the issue was, that the marriage was again confirmed, and Cranstoun was obliged to allow his wife a separate maintenance.

Still, however, he paid his addresses to Miss Blandy with the same fervency as before; which was coming to the knowledge of Mrs. Cranstoun, she sent her the decree of the Court of Session, establishing the validity of the marriage.

It is reasonable to suppose that this would have convinced Miss Blandy of the erroneous path in which she was treading. On this occasion she consulted her mother: and, Cranstoun having set out for Scotland, the old lady advised her to write to him, to know the truth of the affair.

Absurd as this advice was, she wrote to him; but, soon after the receipt of her letter, he returned to Henley, when

he had impudence enough to assert that the cause was not finally determined, but would be referred to the House of Lords.

Mr. Blandy gave very little credit to this assertion; but his wife assented at once to all Cranstoun said, and treated him with as much tenderness as if he had been her own child; of which the following circumstance will afford ample proof.

Mrs. Blandy and her daughter being on a visit to Mrs. Pocock, of Turville Court, the old lady was taken so ill as to be obliged to continue there for some days. In the height of her disorder, which was a violent fever, she cried "Let Cranstoun be sent for." He was then with the regiment at Southampton; but, her request being complied with, she no sooner saw him than she raised herself on the pillow, and hung around his neck repeatedly exclaiming "My dear Cranstoun, I am glad you are come; I shall now grow well soon!" So extravagant was her fondness, that she insisted on having him as her nurse; and he actually administered her medicines.

On the following day she grew better; on which she said "This I owe to you, my dear Cranstoun; your coming has given me new health and fresh spirits. I was fearful I should die, and you not here to comfort that poor girl. How like death she looks!"

It would be ungenerous to the memory of Mrs. Blandy to suppose that she saw Cranstoun's guilt in its true light of enormity; but certainly she was a most egregious dupe to his artifices.

Mrs. Blandy and her daughter having come to London,

the former wanted forty pounds, to discharge a debt she had contracted unknown to her husband; and Cranstoun coming into the room while the mother and the daughter were weeping over their distresses, he demanded the reason of their grief; of which being informed, he left them, and, soon returning with the requisite sum, he threw it into the old lady's lap. Charmed by this apparent generosity, she burst into tears, and squeezed his hand fervently; on which he embraced her, and said, "Remember it is a son; therefore do not make yourself uneasy: you do not lie under any obligation to me."

Of this debt of forty pounds, ten pounds had been contracted by the ladies while in London, for expenses in consequence of their pleasures; and the other thirty by expensive treats given to Cranstoun at Henley, during Mr. Blandy's absence.

Soon after this Mrs. Blandy died; and Cranstoun now complaining of his fear of being arrested for the forty pounds, the young lady borrowed that sum, which she gave him, and made him a present of her watch: so that he was a gainer by his former apparent generosity.

Mr. Blandy began now to show evident dislike of Captain Cranstoun's visits: but he found means to take leave of the daughter, to whom he complained of the father's ill treatment; but insinuated that he had a method of conciliating his esteem; and that when he arrived in Scotland he would send her some powders proper for the purpose; on which to prevent suspicion, he would write, "Powders to clean the Scotch pebbles."

It does not appear that the young lady had any idea that

the powders he was to send her were of a poisonous nature. She seems rather to have been infatuated by her love; and this is the only excuse that can be made for her subsequent conduct, which appears otherwise totally inconsistent with that good sense for which she was celebrated.

Cranstoun sent her the powders, according to promise; and Mr. Blandy being indisposed on the Sunday se'nnight before his death, Susan Gunnel, a maid-servant, made him some water-gruel, into which Miss Blandy conveyed some of the powder, and gave it to her father; and, repeating this draught on the following day, he was tormented with the most violent pains in his bowels.

When the old gentleman's disorder increased, and he was attended by a physician, his daughter came into the room, and, falling on her knees to her father, said, "Banish me where you please; do with me what you please, so you do but forgive me; and, as for Cranstoun, I will never see him, speak to him, or write to him, as long as I live, if you will forgive me."

In reply to this the father said, "I forgive thee, my dear, and I hope God will forgive thee, but thou shouldst have considered before thou attemptedst any thing against thy father; thou shouldst have considered I was thy own father."

Miss Blandy now acknowledged that she had put powder in his gruel, but that it was for an innocent purpose; on which the father, turning in his bed, said, "O such a villain! to come to my house, eat of the best and drink of the best my house could afford; and, in return, take away my life,

and ruin my daughter. O! my dear, thou must hate that man."

The young lady replied, "Sir, every word you say is like a sword piercing to my heart; more severe than if you were angry: I must kneel, and beg you will not curse me." The father said, "I curse thee my dear! how couldst thou think I would curse thee? No, I bless thee, and hope God will bless thee, and amend thy life. Do, my dear, go out of the room; say no more, lest thou shouldst say any thing to thy own prejudice. Go to thy Uncle Stephens; and take him for thy friend: poor man! I am sorry for him."

Mr. Blandy dying in consequence of his illness, it was suspected that the daughter had occasioned his death; whereupon she was taken into custody, and committed to the gaol at Oxford.

She was tried on the 3d of March, 1752; and, after many witnesses had been called to give evidence of her guilt, she was desired to make her defence, which she did in the following speech:—

"My lord,—It is morally impossible for me to lay down the hardships I have received.—I have been aspersed in my character. In the first place it has been said I spoke ill of my father; that I have cursed him, and wished him at hell; which is extremely false. Sometimes little family affairs have happened, and he did not speak to me so kindly as I could wish. I own I am passionate, my lord; and in those passions some hasty expressions might have dropped; but great care has been taken to recollect every word I have spoken at different times, and to apply them to such par-

ticular purposes as my enemies knew would do me the greatest injury. These are hardships, my lord, such as yourself must allow to be so. It was said too, my lord, that I endeavoured to make my escape. Your lordship will judge from the difficulties I laboured under:—I had lost my father;—I was not permitted to go near him;—I was forsaken by my friends—affronted by the mob—and insulted by my servants.—Although I begged to have the liberty to listen at the door where he died, I was not allowed it. My keys were taken from me; my shoe-buckles and garters too—to prevent me from making away with myself, as though I was the most abandoned creature. What could I do, my lord? I verily believe I must have been out of my senses. When I heard my father was dead, I ran out of the house, and over the bridge, and had nothing on but a half sack and petticoats, without a hoop—my petticoats hanging about me. The mob gathered round me. Was this a condition, my lord, to make my escape in? A good woman beyond the bridge, seeing me in this distress, desired me to walk in till the mob was dispersed: the town-sergeant was there. I begged he would take me under his protection, to have me home: the woman said it was not proper, the mob was very great, and that I had better stay a little. When I came home they said I used the constable ill. I was locked up for fifteen hours, with only an old servant of the family to attend me. I was not allowed a maid for the common decencies of my sex. I was sent to gaol, and was in hopes there at least this usage would have ended; but was told it was reported I was frequently drunk; that I attempted to make my escape; that I did not attend at

chapel. A more abstemious woman, my lord, I believe, does not live.

"Upon the report of my making my escape, the gentleman who was high-sheriff last year (not the present) came and told me, by order of the higher powers, he must put an iron on me. I submitted as I always do, to the higher powers. Some time after he came again, and said he must put a heavier one upon me; which I have worn, my lord, till I came hither. I asked the sheriff why I was so ironed. He said he did it by command of some noble peer, on his hearing that I intended making my escape. I told him I never had any such thought, and I would bear it with the other cruel usage I had received on my character. The Reverend Mr. Swinton, the worthy clergyman who attended me in prison, can testify I was regular at the chapel whenever I was well: sometimes I really was not able to come out, and then he attended me in my room. They have likewise published papers and depositions, which ought not to have been published, in order to represent me as the most abandoned of my sex, and to prejudice the world against me. I submit myself to your lordship, and to the worthy jury. I do assure your lordship, as I am to answer at the great tribunal where I must appear, I am as innocent as the child unborn of the death of my father. I would not endeavour to save my life at the expense of truth: I really thought the powder an innocent inoffensive thing; and I gave it to procure his love (meaning toward Cranstoun). It has been mentioned, I should say, I was ruined. My lord, when a young woman loses her character, is not that her ruin? Why, then, should this expression be construed

in so wide a sense? Is it not ruining my character to have such a thing laid to my charge? And, whatever may be the event of this trial, I am ruined most effectually."

The trial lasted eleven hours, and then the judge summed up the evidence, mentioning the scandalous behaviour of some people respecting the prisoner, in printing and publishing what they called depositions taken before the coroner relating to the affair before them: to which he added, "I hope you have not seen them; but, if you have, I must tell you, as you are men of sense and probity, that you must divest yourselves of every prejudice that can arise from thence, and attend merely to the evidence that has been given."

The judge then summed up the evidence with the utmost candour; and the jury, having considered the affair, found her guilty without going out of court.

After the conviction she behaved with the utmost decency and resignation. She was attended by the Reverend Mr. Swinton, from whose hands she received the sacrament on the day before her execution, declaring that she did not know there was anything hurtful in the powders she had given her father.

The night before her death she spent in devotion; and at nine in the morning of the 6th of April, 1752, she left her apartment, being dressed in a black bombasin, and having her arms bound with black ribands.

The clergyman attended her to the place of execution, to which she walked with the utmost solemnity of deportment; and, when there, acknowledged her fault in administering the powders to her father; but declared that, as

she must soon appear before the most awful tribunal, she had no idea of doing injury, nor any suspicions that the powders were of a poisonous nature.

Having ascended some steps of the ladder, she said, "Gentlemen, don't hang me high, for the sake of decency." Being desired to go something higher, she turned about and expressed her apprehensions that she should fall. The rope being put round her neck, she pulled her handkerchief over her face, and was turned off on holding out a book of devotions which she had been reading.

The crowd of spectators assembled on this occasion was immense; and when she had hung the usual time she was cut down, and the body, being put into a hearse, was conveyed to Henley, and interred with her parents, at one o'clock on the following morning.

It will now be proper to return to Cranstoun, who was the original contriver of this horrid murder. Having heard of Miss Blandy's commitment to Oxford gaol, he concealed himself some time in Scotland, and then escaped to Boulogne, in France. Meeting there with Mrs. Ross, who was distantly related to his family, he acquainted her with his situation, and begged her protection; on which she advised him to change his name for her maiden name of Dunbar.

Some officers in the French service, who were related to his wife, hearing of his concealment, vowed revenge, if they should meet with him, for his cruelty to the unhappy woman; on which he fled to Paris, from whence he went to Furnes, a town in Flanders, where Mrs. Ross had provided a lodging for his reception.

He had not been long at Furnes when he was seized with a severe fit of illness, which brought him to a degree of reflection to which he had been long a stranger. At length he sent for a father belonging to an adjacent convent, and received absolution from his hands, on declaring himself a convert to the Romish faith.

Cranstoun died on the 30th of November, 1752; and the fraternity of monks and friars looked on his conversion as an object of such importance, that solemn mass was sung on the occasion, and the body was followed to the grave not only by the ecclesiastics, but by the magistrates of the town.

His papers were then sent to Scotland, to his brother, Lord Cranstoun; his clothes were sold for the discharge of his debts; and his wife came into possession of the interest of the fifteen hundred pounds above mentioned.

THOMAS LYMPUS

Executed for Robbing the Mail

From serving some years as a messenger to the General Postoffice, this man formed the dangerous resolution of robbing the mails. At this time the vast property in circulation by means of the post was not, as at present, secured from being plundered by any lurking thief upon the road. Since the adoption of Mr. Palmer's plan of regulations it is nearly an impossibility to rob the mail.

On the 21st of February, 1738, this public plunderer began his depredations by stopping the post-boy bringing the

Bath and Bristol mails, about seven o'clock in the evening, at the end of Sunning Lane, two miles north of Reading, in Berkshire.

For the apprehension of the robber the postmaster-general offered a reward of two hundred pounds, over and above

Lympus stopping the Post-Boy on the Highway

the sum allowed by act of parliament for apprehending highwaymen; or, if any accomplice in the said robbery should make a discovery of the person who committed the fact, such accomplice should be entitled to the reward of two hundred pounds, and also received his majesty's most gracious pardon. The advertisement described the robber

to be a middle-sized man, wearing a great riding-coat, with a white velvet or plush cape.

No sooner had Lympus rifled the bags of their most valuable contents than he determined upon attempting to make his escape to France. For this purpose he hastened to the nearest sea-port, and actually landed there, but not before the officers of justice got information of his flight. They pursued him to France, and demanded him to be delivered up to them as a national robber; but, flying to the sanctuary of the church, and declaring himself a Roman Catholic, he received protection, and for a while evaded the offended laws of his own country.

There is often to be found in such as fly for a heinous crime, after some time passed abroad in safety, a desire to return, which in vain they struggle to suppress. Instances of this nature present themselves, where, after many years have expired since the commission of their crime, men have returned and either surrendered, or placed themselves so as to favour their apprehension; which would really not permit them any peace in this world. So it was, in some measure, with the malefactor now recorded, who could not rest with his booty in France, but returned in a short time for farther plunder, and immediately committed another mail robbery, for which he was apprehended and brought to trial.

It appeared, by the evidence of the post-boy, that he was stopped between the towns of Crewkherne and Sherborne by the prisoner, on horseback, who compelled him to dismount, then bound him hand and foot, and rode off with

the mail, containing twenty-four bags, from as many post-towns.

Having taken out the bank-notes, he again contemplated an escape to France, and for that purpose once more embarked; but the winds were no longer propitious to his hopes, for the vessel was driven back, and obliged to put into Dartmouth. Here he offered one of the stolen notes in payment, which being endorsed by one Follet, of Topsham, as described in the account of the robbery, he was suspected of being the robber. Apprehending himself to be in danger, he immediately decamped, and was making the best of his way towards Kingsbridge, but was pursued by seven men, who took him on a warrant being granted for that purpose. He was convicted of this robbery, and after much equivocation, confessed, since sentence of death, having robbed the Bristol mail a little more than a year before, and impeached one Patrick, a dealer in hops, as his accomplice.

He was executed on the top of Dunkit Hill, within a mile of Wells, in Somersetshire, Sept. 21, 1739, and affected to die professing the religion he had adopted in France.

The security now given to our mail-coaches rendering an open attempt on them impracticable, unless sustained by a whole band of robbers, recourse has been frequently had to artifice in order to get possession of the mail. One of these tricks was thus played off with success.

It was customary to deposit the mail-bags at a private house in Castle Street, Reading, near to which the horses belonging to the mail were changed. The guard announced

the approach of the mail to the inn, by sounding his horn, and, whilst the horses were putting to, he went to the receiving-house to exchange his bags. A horn was sounded in the street, quite late in the evening of the 26th of January, 1806, and soon after a man called for the downward bag, which was delivered to him, as usual, out of a window, and in return for which he gave a bag, which was afterwards found to contain shavings. The robbery was discovered soon after by the arrival of the mail, but not till the villains had effected their escape.

CAPTAIN PETER DE LA FONTAINE

Convicted of Forgery

THE following short sketch of this artful and daring foreigner would furnish incident for a novel or a romance.

De la Fontaine was born of noble parents in France, received a military education, and served at the siege of Phillipsburgh, under the Duke of Berwick.

The campaign being ended, he went to Paris, where a gentleman invited him to spend some time at his country seat, when he fell in love with his daughter, who wished to marry him; but the father interposing, she eloped with her lover, and they lived a considerable time, as married people, at Rouen.

On their return to Paris the young lady lodged in a convent; but De la Fontaine appearing in public, some officers of justice, seeing him in a coffee-house, told him they had the king's warrant for apprehending him: on which he

wounded two of them with his sword; notwithstanding which he was seized, and lodged in prison.

On this he wrote to the young lady, telling her he was obliged to go into the country on urgent business, but would

A tradesman's wife surprised by meeting her husband instead of De la Fontaine

soon return; and, having made an interest with the daughter of the keeper of the prison, she let him out occasionally, to visit his mistress.

Being brought to trial for running away with an heiress, he would have been capitally convicted, agreeable to the laws of France, but that the young lady voluntarily swore that she went off with him by her own consent. Soon after

his acquittal she was seized with the pains of labour, and died in child-bed.

After this De la Fontaine went again into the army, and behaved so bravely at the battle near Kale, that the Duke of Berwick rewarded his courage with the commission of lieutenant of grenadiers.

A young lady of Stratzburgh, who had fallen in love with De la Fontaine, at Paris, before his former connexion, now obtained a pass from the Marshal de Belleisle, and, being introduced to the Duke of Berwick, told him she wished to see De la Fontaine; and the duke, judging of the cause, ordered her to be conducted to him.

On the following day she went to the duke, dressed in men's clothes, and, begging to enter as a volunteer in the same regiment with De la Fontaine, she was indulged for the novelty of the humour. She went through the regular duties of a soldier, and reposed in the same tent with her paramour; but, in the winter following the campaign, she died of small-pox, leaving a part of her fortune to her lover.

The Duke of Berwick being killed at the siege of Phillipsburgh, De la Fontaine made the tour of Europe; but, returning to Paris, he fought a duel with an officer, who being dangerously wounded, our hero repaired to Brest, and embarked as lieutenant of marines on board a vessel bound for Martinico.

The ship, being taken by a Turkish corsair, was carried into Constantinople, where De la Fontaine was confined in a dungeon, and had only bread and water for his sustenance. While in this situation he was visited by another prisoner, who had more liberty than himself, and who advised him,

as the French consul was then absent, to apply to a Scotch nobleman then in the city, who was distinguished for his humane and generous feelings.

De la Fontaine, having procured pen, ink, and paper, with a tinder-box to strike a light (all by the friendship of his fellow-prisoner), sent a letter to the nobleman, who had no sooner read it than he hurried to the cells, to visit the unfortunate prisoner.

Having promised his interest to procure his enlargement, he went to the grand vizier, and pleaded his cause so effectually, that De la Fontaine was released, and went immediately to thank the vizier, who wished him happy, and presented him with a sum of money.

Hence our adventurer sailed to Amsterdam, where, having a criminal connexion with a lady, who became pregnant, he embarked for the Dutch settlement of Curaçao; but, finding the place unhealthy, he obtained the governor's permission to go to Surinam, and continued above five years on that island.

While in this place the governor invited him to a ball, where one of the company was a widow lady of rank, of whom he determined, if possible, to make a conquest; nor did he long fail of an opportunity, for, dining with her at the governor's house, they soon became very intimately acquainted.

The consequence of their sociability was a residence as husband and wife; and four children were the fruits of the connexion, three of whom died; but the other, a boy, was educated by the governor of the island.

Other officers having addressed the same lady, De la

Fontaine was occasionally involved in difficulties on her account.

One of these officers having traduced him in his absence, our hero, on meeting him, bid him draw his sword; but the other refused, on which De la Fontaine struck him with his cane, and cut off one of his ears.

On this our adventurer was seized, and tried by a court-martial, but acquitted; and the officer degraded, on account of the provocation he had given; and from this time De la Fontaine was treated with unusual marks of civility.

He still lived on the best terms with the lady, and their affection appeared to be reciprocal.

The governor bestowed on him a considerable tract of land, which he cultivated to great advantage; but the malice of his enemies was so restless, that they prevailed on one of his negro servants to mix a dose of poison in his food.

Unsuspicious of any villainy, he swallowed the poison, the consequence of which was, that he languished several months: and the lady, affected by his situation, gave way to melancholy, which brought on a consumption, that deprived her of life.

After her death De la Fontaine obtained the governor's permission to return to Europe, and lived for some time in a splendid manner at Amsterdam; but at length determined to embark for England.

Having arrived in London, he took elegant lodgings, lived in the style of a gentleman, and made several gay connexions.

Among his acquaintance was Zannier, a Venetian, who had been obliged to quit his own country on account of his

irregularities. This man possessed such an artful address, that De la Fontaine made him at all times welcome to his table, and admitted him to a considerable share of his confidence.

Zannier soon improved this advantage; for, contriving a scheme with an attorney and bailiff, he pretended to have been arrested for three hundred pounds, and prevailed on his new friends to bail him, on the assurance that he had a good estate in Ireland, and would pay the money before the return of the writ; but, when the term arrived, our hero was compelled to discharge the debt, as Zannier did not appear.

Hitherto De la Fontaine had been in London without making any connexion with the ladies; but, there being a procession of freemasons at that time, he dressed himself in the most superb taste, and his chariot being the most elegant of any in the procession, he was particularly noticed by the spectators.

Among the rest, the daughter of an alderman had her curiosity so much excited, that she caused inquiry to be made who he was; and on the following day sent him a letter, intimating that she should be at a ball at Richmond, where he might have an opportunity of dancing with her.

Our hero did not hesitate to comply; and, when the ball was ended, he received an invitation to dine with the young lady on the following day, at her father's house. He attended accordingly; but the father, having learnt his character, insisted that she should decline his visits, which put an end to all his hopes from that quarter.

The circumstances of our hero being greatly reduced, he

resolved, if possible, to repair them by marriage, and was soon afterwards wedded to a widow of considerable fortune; but his taste for extravagance rendered this fortune unequal to his support; nor was his conduct to his wife by any means generous.

Soon after his marriage he was at the lord mayor's ball, where he made the acquaintance with the wife of a tradesman, which ended in a criminal connexion.

The parties frequently met at taverns and bagnios; and De la Fontaine having written to the lady, appointing her to meet him at a tavern, the letter fell into the hands of her husband, who communicated the contents to her brother, and the letter was sealed up, and delivered according to its address.

The brothers agreed to go to the tavern, where they told the waiter to show any lady to them who might inquire for De la Fontaine.

In a short time the lady came, and was astonished to be introduced to her brother and husband: but the latter was so affected, that he promised a full remission of all that was passed, on her promise of future fidelity. These generous terms she rejected with contempt, and immediately left the room.

De la Fontaine, being acquainted with this circumstance, was impressed with a sense of the husband's generous behavior, and advised the lady to return to her duty. At first she insulted him for his advice, but at length thought proper to comply with it.

Our hero now saw his own conduct in an unfavourable

light; on which he went into the country with his wife for some time, to avoid his old associates, and then returned to London, determined to abandon his former course of life.

Unfortunately, however, he had not long formed this resolution, when Zannier went to him, begging his forgiveness for obliging him to pay the debt. De la Fontaine too easily complied with his request, and once more considered him as a friend.

Zannier and De la Fontaine, going to a tavern, met with a woman whom the latter had formerly known, and a man who was dressed in black. While De la Fontaine was conversing with the woman, the stranger (who afterwards appeared to be a Fleet parson) read the marriage-ceremony from a book which he held in his hand; and the next week De la Fontaine was apprehended on a charge of bigamy, and committed for trial at the Old Bailey.

The villain Zannier visiting him in Newgate, De la Fontaine was so enraged at his perfidy, that he beat him through the press-yard with a broomstick with such severity, that the turnkey was obliged to interpose to prevent murder.

In revenge of this, Zannier swore that De la Fontaine had been guilty of forgery, in imitating the handwriting of a gentleman named Parry: in consequence of which De la Fontaine was brought to his trial, and capitally convicted, though a gentleman swore that the writing resembled that of Zannier, and there was too much reason to believe that his hand committed the forgery.

Yet the jury found De la Fontaine guilty; the Court sentenced him to death, and the day was appointed for his

execution. He was, however, respited, and this was from time to time continued, during five years, then he was pardoned on condition of transportation.

In September, 1752, with many other convicts, he was shipped to the English colony of Virginia, in America.

The villainy of Zannier, and the consequence of dissipation in the life of De la Fontaine, are the circumstances proper for remark on this occasion. The man who, like the former, could abuse the confidence of a trusting friend, is unworthy of all pity, and deserving only of general detestation.

It is to be lamented that the forgery could not have been fixed on Zannier, in which case he would probably have met with the due reward of his villainy. With regard to De la Fontaine, we see that a life of dissipation ends only in disgrace, if not in absolute destruction. The fate of this man should teach us that the plain path of virtue and religion can alone be the high road to happiness.

CAPTAIN JOHN LANCEY

Executed for Burning His Ship

This unfortunate man fell a dupe to an artful and wicked villain, his employer, who at the time was a disgraceful member of the House of Commons; and who, to avoid the punishment due to his crimes, fled, and left the unfortunate subject, whose case is before us, a victim of his baseness.

Captain John Lancey was a native of Bideford, in

Devonshire, respectably born, and well educated. As he gave early proofs of an inclination for a seafaring life, he

Captain Lancey quitting the ship with his crew after setting fire to it

was taught navigation, was attentive to his studies, and gave proofs of a goodness of disposition that promised a better fate than afterwards attended him.

Lancey was sent to sea as mate of a ship, of which Mr. Benson, a rich merchant, at Bideford, was the proprietor. Lancey, having married a relation of Benson's, was soon advanced to the command of the vessel. This Benson was member of Parliament for Barnstaple, in Devonshire; and what kind of character he deserved will appear in the sequel.

After Lancey had returned from a long voyage he was for a considerable time confined to his bed by a violent illness, the expense of which tended considerably to impoverish him. When he was in part recovered, Benson told him that he proposed to refit the ship in which he had formerly sailed; that Lancey should have the command of her; that he (Benson) would insure her for more than double her value; and then Lancey should destroy the vessel.

This proposal appeared shocking to Lancey, who thought it but a trial of his honesty; and he declared his sentiments, saying that he would never take any part in a transaction so totally opposite to the whole tenor of his conduct.

For the present nothing more was said; but soon afterwards Benson invited Lancey and several other gentlemen to dine with him. The entertainment was liberal; and, Captain Lancey being asked to stay after the rest of the company were gone, Mr. Benson took him to a summer-house in the garden, where he again proposed destroying the ship, and urged it in a manner that proved he was in earnest.

Captain Lancey hesitated a short time on this proposal, and then declined to have any concern in so iniquitous a scheme; declaring that he would seek other employment rather than take part in such a transaction; but Benson, resolving if possible not to lose his agent, prevailed on him to drink freely, and then urged every argument he could think of to prevail on him to undertake the business, promising to shelter him from punishment in case of detection.

Lancey still hesitated; but when Benson mentioned the

poverty to which his family was reduced by his late illness, and offered such flattering prospects of protection, the unhappy man at length yielded to his employer's persuasions.

A ship was now fitted out, and bound for Maryland; goods to a large amount were shipped on board, but relanded before the vessel sailed, and a lading of brick-bats taken in by way of ballast.

They had not been long at sea when a hole was bored in the side of the ship, and a cask of combustible ingredients was set on fire with a view to destroy her. The fire no sooner appeared than the captain called to some convicted transports then in the hold, to inquire if they had fired the vessel; which appears to have been only a feint, to conceal the real design.

The boat being hoisted out, all the crew got safe on shore; and then Lancey repaired immediately to Benson, to inform him of what had passed: Benson instantly dispatched him to a proctor, before whom he swore that the ship had accidentally taken fire, and that it was impossible to prevent the consequences which followed.

Lancey now repaired to his own house, and continued with as much apparent unconcern as if such a piece of villainy had not been perpetrated; but he was soon afterwards taken into custody by a constable, who informed him that oath had been made of the transaction before the mayor of Exeter by one of the seamen. Lancey, however, did not express much concern, secure in his idea of protection from the supposed influence of Benson.

On the following day Lancey, and one of the ship's crew, were committed to the gaol of Exeter, where they

remained three months; and, being then removed to London, were examined by Sir Thomas Salisbury, the judge of the Admiralty Court, and committed to the prison of the Marshalsea. Application was afterwards made to the Court of Admiralty, to admit them to bail; and there appeared to be no objection to granting the favour; but Benson, on whom they had depended for bail, had absconded, to escape the justice due to his atrocious crime.

Being committed to Newgate, they were brought to trial at the next sessions of Admiralty held at the Old Bailey; when Lancey was capitally convicted, and received sentence of death, but the other was acquitted.

Lancey lay in prison about four months after conviction, during which his behaviour was altogether consistent with his unhappy situation. His Christian charity was remarkable towards Benson; for, though that wicked man had been the cause and instigator of his ruin, yet he never once reflected on him, but imputed all the crime to himself, and appeared to behold it in its genuine light of deformity.

It was presumed, when he was first apprehended, that he might have been admitted an evidence against Benson, if he would have impeached him; but this he steadily refused to do.

His devotional exercises were exemplary: he attended prayers in the most regular manner, and gave every proof of his contrition. He was accompanied to the place of execution by two clergymen; and, having confessed his guilt in a speech to the surrounding multitude, he underwent the sentence of the law on the 7th of June, 1754, at Execution Dock, in the 27th year of his age.

Wheatley doing penance in Church

THE REVEREND MR. WHEATLEY

Sentenced to do Public Penance for Adultery

We consider it a part of our duty to give our readers occasionally an account of the various modes of punishment, for the commission of crimes, in distant nations.

No guilt is more frequent than adultery, and none, in its progress, more tending to fatal consequences, involving whole families in ruin, and driving others to seek revenge in the blood of the spoilers of their honour.

That adultery is a crime which has been detested by all

wise and good people, as scandalous in its nature, pernicious to society, and destructive of religion, appears by the various severe laws and punishments by which legislators and magistrates have endeavoured to restrain it.

The histories of the ancient heathens tell us that they thought it a crime so very black and abominable, that they have compared it to sacrilege, or to robbing of temples; and their philosophers judged it to be worse than perjury. The old Ethiopians ranked it with treason, as a crime of the like nature and guilt; and the Egyptians had a law that the man guilty of it should have a thousand stripes, and that a woman should lose her nose, as a mark of perpetual infamy.

The ancient Athenians punished all adulterers with death, and even those who were only suspected with some less penalty. It was the custom of the Persians to throw the adulteress down headlong into a deep well; for, as adultery was, at one time, a common crime among the nobility and gentry in the court of ancient Persia, it became the frequent cause of rebellions, murders, and other dreadful calamities, in that empire.

The tragedy of Mejistes and his whole family, occasioned by the adultery of his wife with Xerxes the emperor, is most horrible to relate; and the punishment of Appodines the physician, for debauching Amytis, the widow of Megabyzus, is also most shocking and terrible.

The old lawgivers of Greece punished this crime with death.

Among the Lybians it was the custom to treat married

women guilty of adultery in the most severe manner, without mercy and without pardon.

In a certain city of Crete, when an adulterer was caught in the fact, and judicially convicted, he was first adjudged to be covered with a crown of wool, in derision of his soft and effeminate nature, signified by that material and the animal from whence it was taken, then publicly to pay a heavy fine, and to be rendered incapable of bearing any office in the government.

The King of the Tenideans made a law that the adulterer should be beheaded with an axe; and commanded his own son, found guilty of this fact, to be put to death in that manner.

The Lepreans made a law that the men should be led round the city for three days together, and then burnt in the face with a brand of indelible infamy; and that the women should stand in the market-place for eleven successive days, clothed only with a thin transparent garment, which should hang loose and untied, in order to expose them more to public shame, contempt, and laughter.

Hippomines, one of the kings of Athens, having caught an adulterer with his daughter Limona, ordered him to be tied to the wheel of a chariot, and her to one of the horses, and to be dragged about the streets till they died; a shameful and horrid spectacle to the whole city, but a public example of the most severe and impartial justice.

Dio the consul, the first King of the Romans, made a law that the faulty wife should be put to death after what manner her husband or relations thought fit; which law

was afterwards confirmed, and continued in force for many years. But the rigidly virtuous Cato allowed the husband to dispatch his wife immediately on finding her guilty, without staying for the forms of justice. Many also of the Roman emperors punished this crime with present death; though it must be confessed, indeed, that many others of them, with their empresses and daughters, and ladies of the highest quality, when Rome was declining, were notoriously guilty.

We read of many Julias and Messalinas in the reign of the twelve Cæsars, and so downwards, for a great length of time.

This vice soon became very common among them in the days of their conquests, national influence, and prosperity; and yet, such diligence and labour had there been used to bring offenders to condign punishment, that Tacitus says, when he was a chief officer of Rome, he found in the public records the names of three thousand who had been put to death for committing adultery. Even the heathen Romans always punished malefactors convicted of this crime by banishment, and, in cases of the highest degree, with death.

The Hungarians, in those days when virtue was in more esteem than at present, made death the punishment, with dreadful infliction. The father was compelled to conduct and force his own daughter to the place of execution, the husband his wife, and the brother his sister.

In Old Saxony a woman convicted of this crime was punished precisely as the English law punished the murderer of her husband—strangled, and then burnt to ashes.

The adulterer was then hung up over her grave; or else the chaste matrons of the town where the fact was committed had liberty to scourge him with whips and rods, from one village to another, until he died.

The Turks adopted the Levitical law, and stoned such offenders to death; though, before the law of Moses, the adulteress, when condemned, was burnt alive.

In holy writ, the prophet Jeremiah intimates that the King of Babylon was more cruel than any other monarch, for he roasted to death Zedekiah, the son of Maaseiah, and Ahad, the son of Kolaiah, because they had committed adultery with their neighbours' wives.

At this day, in Turkey, adulteries are often punished by drowning the guilty woman, and castrating the man.

The Spaniards and the Italians, by nature jealous and severe, wherever they suspect a man guilty with their wives, wait an opportunity of plunging a dagger secretly in his heart.

In France, five hundred years ago, two gentlemen of Normandy, who were brothers, were flayed alive, and hung upon gibbets, for adultery.

Modern writers have stigmatized this crime with the name it deserves—a most execrable villainy. Some of the old fathers of the Church have declared their minds with such sharpness and vehemence, as to pronounce it, in many cases, unpardonable.

If we look into the old books of the civil and canon laws we shall find that the several punishments made and ordained by them were either death by the sword or the loss of their noses, or some singular brand of infamy, or some

large pecuniary mulct, or banishment; as we find by the old statutes of the Belgians and Hollanders. If a father caught his daughter in the fact, he might kill her and her gallant upon the spot; but a husband was empowered, in the like cases, to put the latter only to death, but the wife was reserved to the judgment of the law.

Adultery, from being more immediately an offence against the Church, has been generally excepted out of the acts of pardon and indemnity, as an evil in itself, or of that nature which kings themselves cannot or will not pardon.

It would be endless to recount the many kingdoms and republics, with all their different laws and customs, where this abominable crime hath been, and still is, chastised and exposed with very signal, infamous, painful, and terrible punishments. In England, we are sorry to say, its commission now too often goes unpunished, whether in the prince or the pickpocket.

Let, however, this short extract from eminent authors, contrasted with its barefaced commission in our own country, give the immoral and incontinent a specimen of the opinion of the wise and sober part of mankind; and let them dread the examples of the downfall of mighty empires from profligacy, lest its general adoption hurl their country into the like fate.

Yet, in the present day, adultery, which we have shown to have been held in much abhorrence in ancient times, and punished with great severity, is degenerated into a kind of fashionable and expensive vice among the rich of all the polished nations of Europe; while the poor labourer, sur-

rounded by the children born in wedlock, and yet crying for bread, only heaves a sigh at such enormities.

A vice indulged in by the example of the great must spread like contagion, and every thoughtless young man become infected. When the great, though bound by the marriage vow, live in open and voluptuous adultery, lesser men will have their concubines too; and thus wives are deserted, and left either to pine under neglect, or, roused by their wrongs, desperately to seek retaliation.

The number of kept women in and about the metropolis we have already calculated. Most of them are maintained in affluence; and, having no kind of regard either for the person or the property of their dupe, they launch into every kind of extravagance and dissipation.

Corruption of morals in the people, though the progress be slow, will surely prove the downfall of their nation. When the hardy warriors of ancient Rome quitted "the trade of arms," and, for the martial step, substituted

'Love's majesty to strut before a wanton ambling nymph,'

then commenced that degeneracy which in time overwhelmed their mighty empire, and left them an effeminate race, contemptible to those very nations they had formerly conquered.

About the year 1759 the crime of adultery was proved, with aggravated circumstances, against a profligate fellow, under the mask of Puritanism, of the name of Wheatley. This man was a Methodist preacher, who was styled Reverend, and a schoolmaster at Norwich.

He was brought to trial for adultery committed with several of his neighbours' wives, all professing Methodism, at the Ecclesiastical Court of the Bishop of Norwich.

Sufficient proof having been adduced, the judge declared the said Wheatley to be a lewd, debauched, incontinent, and adulterous man; and that he had committed the crimes adultery, fornication, and incontinence, to the great scandal of good men, and pernicious to the example of others. He was then sentenced to do public penance in a linen cloth, in the parish church, with a paper pinned to his breast, denoting his crime; and condemned to pay the costs of the suit.

Formerly adulterers were exposed to public odium and derision, in white sheets, in the parish church. The story in the *Spectator*, of the adulteress riding on a black ram, is founded on fact:

"At East Bourne and West Bourne, in the county of Berks, if a customary tenant die, the widow shall have what the law calls her free bench in all copyhold land, *dum sola et casta fuerit;* that is, while she lives single and chaste; but, if she commit incontinency, she forfeits her estate: yet, if she will come into court, riding backward upon a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and say the following words, the steward is bound by the custom to re-admit her to her free bench:

"Here I am,
Riding upon a black ram,
Like a whore as I am;
And for my crincum crancum
Have lost my bincum bancum,

And for my tail's game
Have done this worldly shame;
Therefore I pray you, Mr. Steward,
Let me have my land again."

There is a like custom in the manor of Torre, in Devonshire, and other parts of the west.

HANNAH DAGOE

Executed for Robbing a Poor Woman

We have adduced many instances of the hardness of heart, and contempt of the commandments of God, in men who have undergone the last sentence of the law; but we are of opinion that in this female will be found a more relentless heart, in her last moments, than any criminal whom we have yet recorded.

Hannah Dagoe was born in Ireland, and was one of that numerous class of women who ply at Covent Garden Market, to the exclusion of poor Englishwomen.

She became acquainted with a poor and industrious woman of the name of Eleanor Hussey, who lived by herself in a small apartment, in which was some creditable household furniture, the remains of the worldly goods of her deceased husband. Seizing an opportunity, when the owner was from home, this daring woman broke into Hussey's room, and stripped it of every article which it contained.

For this burglary and robbery she was brought to trial at the Old Bailey, found guilty, and sentenced to death.

She was a strong masculine woman, the terror of her

fellow-prisoners, and actually stabbed one of the men who had given evidence against her; but the wound happened not to prove dangerous.

On the road to Tyburn she showed little concern at her miserable state, and paid no attention to the exhortations of the Romish priest who attended her.

When the cart in which she was bound was drawn under

Hannah Dagoe resisting her execution

the gallows she got her hands and arms loose, seized the executioner, struggled with him, and gave him so violent a blow on the breast as nearly knocked him down. She dared him to hang her, and took off her hat, cloak, and other parts

of her dress, and disposed of them among the crowd, in despite of him. After much resistance he got the rope about her neck, which she had no sooner found accomplished, than, pulling a handkerchief, bound round her head, over her face, she threw herself out of the cart, before the signal was given, with such violence, that she broke her neck, and died instantly, on the 4th of May, 1763.

WILLIAM HARROW, COMMONLY CALLED THE FLYING HIGHWAYMAN

Executed for Robbery

This malefactor may be said to have galloped to his fate over the beaten road. He commenced his career in idleness, the parent vice; then he became dexterous at throwing at cocks, and in cock-fighting. These cruel and infamous acquirements lead to robbery, adultery, and every other deadly sin. Such is the general course of highwaymen; and their goal—the gallows.

He had likewise a propensity to poaching: and the gamekeeper of a gentleman near Hatfield having detected him in a fact of this kind, Harrow threatened his destruction; the consequence of which was, that he was lodged in Hertford gaol; but, before the time of holding the quarter-sessions, he broke out, and made his escape; on which a reward of fifty pounds was offered for taking him into custody.

Made desperate by this circumstance, he took to robbing on the highway. The depredations he committed were very

numerous; and he obtained the name of "The Flying Highwayman" by his horse leaping the several turnpikes, so that he constantly escaped detection.

His career in villainy was, however, happily cut short.

Harrow while poaching discovered by gamekeeper

He laid a scheme for committing a burglary and robbery, for which he and two of his associates forfeited their lives in company with Thomas Jones, a noted travelling ratcatcher, William Bosford, and another desperate villain. They went to the house of an old farmer, named Thomas Glasscock, who had, by an extraordinary degree of par-

simony, accumulated a very considerable sum, of which these abandoned men determined to rob him, under the pretence of being peace-officers, who were come to apprehend some deserters. The old gentleman refused them admittance; on which they forced their way through the window, and, binding Mr. Glasscock and his housekeeper, they searched the house, when, finding a tea-chest which contained three hundred pounds, they seized it, and departed.

Having divided the booty, they separated; and Harrow, taking a girl with him as a companion, travelled into Gloucestershire, and, putting up at an alehouse in a small village, and assuming the character of a sailor, who had brought home prize-money, to a considerable amount, he continued for two months without any suspicion arising. At length a quarrel happening between him and some of the customers of the house, a scuffle ensued, and a pistol in one of Harrow's pockets going off, a suspicion arose that he was a highwayman, on which he was carried before a magistrate for examination.

Nothing like proof arising to criminate him, he was dismissed; but, not thinking it prudent to remain any longer, he set out with his girl; but did not tell any one the road that he intended to travel.

Very near the time that he departed, one of the magistrates of Gloucestershire received a letter from Sir John Fielding, requesting that he would order a search for one William Harrow, who stood charged with the having committed a variety of robberies in the neighbourhood of St. Albans.

Upon this the magistrates sent some persons in pursuit of

him, who, having traced him to Worcester, made such inquiries as led them to think he had gone towards Wolverhampton. Taking this road, they found him in bed with his girl, and, having taken him into custody, he was conducted to prison at Gloucester.

By writ of habeas corpus he was removed to Hertford, where he lay till the assizes, when he was indicted for robbing Mr. Glasscock; and, being convicted on the clearest evidence, was sentenced to die.

A number of clergymen visited him after conviction, and labored to convince him of the necessity of making an immediate preparation for eternity. He was likewise visited by his mother, who burst into tears at the sight of her wretched son.

On the night before his execution he sawed off his irons, with an intent to have made his escape; but he had not quite time enough to effect his purpose. When the gaoler came in the morning, he said he would have saved the hangman his trouble, if he had not come so soon; and threw at him the irons, which he had by this time got from his legs.

Before he was put in the cart, a sermon was preached on the occasion of his fatal exit.

Immense numbers of people attended at the place of execution, to see the last of a man who had made himself dreaded through the country by the enormity of his conduct.

Harrow, Jones, and Bosford, were executed at Hertford, March the 28th, 1773, along with John Wright, for a highway robbery on the Buntingfield road.

The unfortunate Mr. Glasscock seems to have been a

devoted prey to robbers. On the 7th of September, 1764, he was attacked in his own fields by a daring villain, at noontime of day, who obliged him to go to his house, and deliver his money. On entering, the robber shut the door, knocked the old man down, and carried off everything valuable that was left by Harrow and his gang, with which he escaped.

PETER M'KINLIE, GEORGE GIDLEY, ANDREW ZEKERMAN, AND RICHARD ST. QUINTIN

Executed for Murder

Before we enter upon the bloody deeds of these inhuman monsters, we shall present our readers with an account of the cruel fortune of Captain Glass, who had fought against the enemies of his country; and, after undergoing from them a long series of cruel treatment, at length fell a victim to the abominable cruelty of the pirates above named.

This unfortunate man was the son of the Reverend Mr. John Glass, a minister of the Church of Scotland, who in several publications zealously opposed the practice of religion according to particular forms. The adherents to his religious opinions obtained the appellation of Glassites; and his doctrines being first propagated in England by Mr. Sandeman, his son-in-law, those who adopted them were called Sandemanians.

At a very early period young Mr. Glass afforded strong proof of an acute and penetrating understanding, greatly beyond what could be reasonably expected at his tender years.

After the fine genius of this promising youth had received some cultivation at a respectable grammar-school, he was removed to the University, where he attained to a great proficiency in the sciences.

Mrs. Glass and her daughter imploring the pirates to save their lives

Having taken up the degree of Master of Arts, he applied himself to the study of physic and surgery, in which he made a rapid progress. He afterwards engaged as a surgeon on board a trading vessel bound to the coast of Guinea; and in that capacity made several voyages to America.

His superior qualifications gained him a distinguished

place in the esteem of several capital merchants, who intrusted to him the command of a vessel in the Guinea trade; and his conduct proved highly to the advantage of his owners, and equally honourable to himself.

When the war against France was declared, Captain Glass, upon the minute review of his affairs, found himself in possession of a very considerable sum; a great part of which he determined to venture on board a privateer.

He caused a vessel to be fitted out with all possible expedition, and took the command on himself. A mutiny happened among the sailors when they had been on board about three days; and news of this disagreeable circumstance being communicated to the captain, he hastened to the vessel, and, going upon deck, dared to single combat any man who should presume to dispute his authority; but his challenge was declined! and, by coolly representing the dangerous consequences that might result from such unjustifiable proceedings, exhorting them to an exact observance of necessary discipline, and assuring them that his utmost endeavours should be exerted to procure them satisfaction in every particular, the harmony and good understanding of his crew were restored; and in a short time after the vessel proceeded on her voyage.

In about ten days they made a prize of a ship, richly laden, belonging to France, which they carried into a port in the West Indies.

They soon after engaged two ships of war, but, after an obstinate contest, were compelled to submit to the superior power of the enemy. The captain, however, did not strike his flag till he had received a dangerous wound on the shoul-

der, and the greatest part of his men were slain. He was put into one of the French prisons, where he experienced very severe treatment.

An exchange of prisoners taking place, Captain Glass was no sooner restored to freedom than he resolved to make a reserve of two thousand pounds, and to venture the remainder of his fortune on board a privateer.

He had sailed in his second vessel but a short time when he was again conquered by the enemy, and conveyed to a French prison.

Captain Glass, on his return to England, was esteemed one of the most expert, judicious, and intrepid seamen in the British navy.

The war being concluded, he conceived a design of sailing in search of discoveries; and, in pursuance of this plan, he purchased a vessel adapted to his purpose; and, having carefully made every necessary preparation for the prosecution of his design, directed his course towards the coast of Africa.

Between the river Senegal and Cape de Verde he discovered a commodious harbour, from which circumstance he entertained the reasonable expectation that very great commercial advantages would be derived.

The captain now returned to England, and communicated his discovery to government, who granted him an exclusive trade to the harbour for the space of twenty years.

That he might be enabled to pursue his project with the greater advantage, he engaged in partnership with two or three gentlemen of fortune; and a vessel, furnished with all necessary articles, being prepared, he sailed for the

harbour, where he arrived without meeting with any occurrences worthy of recording.

He sent one of his men on shore, with orders for offering proposals for a commercial intercourse with the natives; but the messenger had no sooner landed than he was cruelly murdered by the barbarians.

The captain now suggested a plan for informing the king of the country that, by opening a trade, his subjects would derive great advantages.

The king affected the utmost willingness to comply with his proposals; but, under the appearance of friendship, endeavored to effect his destruction. Having failed in other treacherous schemes, he sent poisoned provisions to Captain Glass, who prudently made experiments upon them, and by that means preserved his life.

Being in great distress for the necessaries of life, Captain Glass and three of his men ventured to sea in an open boat, intending to direct their course towards the Canaries, for the purpose of purchasing provisions.

The natives, being apprized of their departure, attempted to plunder the ship; but they were effectually repulsed by the remaining part of the crew.

The men who continued in the vessel being extremely distressed, judging that it would be dangerous to remain longer in the harbour, and despairing of their captain's return so early as was expected, they sailed for England, where they arrived, after encountering a variety of dangers, difficulties, and distresses.

Captain Glass arrived at one of the Canary Islands, and presented a petition to the governor, supplicating permis-

sion to purchase provisions; but the inhuman Spaniard caused him to be apprehended as a spy, and ordered him to be confined in a noisome dungeon, where he was allowed no other sustenance than bread and water; and, to aggravate his distress, the barbarous tyrant denied him the use of pen, ink, and paper.

In this unhappy situation the captain remained upwards of six months. At length he climbed up to the iron bars that were across the space for admitting light to the dungeon, and perceived an English vessel in the harbour. The sight of a vessel belonging to his native country inspired him with hopes of regaining his liberty; but his despair was renewed upon considering the apparent impossibility of making his miserable fate known to those who would be inclined to afford him relief.

At length he adopted the following experiment:—by means of a piece of charcoal he wrote his name, and some words intimating his distress, upon a biscuit, which he fortunately dropped from the grate of the dungeon at the moment when an English sailor was passing beneath. The man, observing the captain's name upon the biscuit, carried it to his commander, who immediately made application to the governor for the relief of his countryman. In consequence of this humane intercession, the cruel and tyrannical Spaniard subjected the petitioner to severity of treatment equal to that sustained by Captain Glass.

A ship that soon afterwards sailed for England conveyed news to our ministry of the arbitrary and barbarous conduct of the governor; and, speedy application being made to the

King of Spain, he issued an order for the release of the two captains.

About the time that Captain Glass recovered his freedom, his wife and daughter, a young lady about twelve years old, remarkable for her beauty and fine accomplishments, arrived at the Canaries, on board a ship from London; and their first interview with him afforded a scene truly affecting.

Captain Glass now embarked, with his wife and daughter, on board a ship bound to London, under the command of Captain Cockeran.

While the ship lay at the Canaries, a plot was concerted between Peter M'Kinlie, the boatswain, a native of Ireland; George Gidley, the cook, born in the west of Yorkshire; Richard St. Quintin, a native of the same country; and Andrew Zekerman, a Dutchman—for murdering all the other persons on board, and seizing the treasure, which, including what Captain Glass had shipped in behalf of himself and his partners, amounted to a hundred thousand pounds in dollars.

The villains made three attempts on different nights to carry their horrid plan into execution, but were prevented through the circumspection of their commander. The conspirators were appointed to the night-watch on the 13th of November, when the ship had reached the British Channel; and, about midnight, the captain going upon the quarter-deck to see that all things were disposed in proper order, he, upon his return, was seized by the boatswain, who held him while Gidley struck him with an iron bar, and fractured his

skull, after which they threw him into the sea. Two of the seamen, who were not concerned in the conspiracy, hearing the captain's groans, came upon deck, and were immediately murdered and thrown overboard.

Captain Glass, being alarmed, went up the gangway, and judging that a mutiny had happened, returned to fetch his sword. M'Kinlie, guessing his design, followed him down the steps leading to the cabin, and waited in the dark till the captain returned with a drawn sword in his hand, when, getting unperceived behind him, he seized both his arms, and then called to his accomplices to murder him. Captain Glass, being a very powerful man, had nearly disengaged himself from the ruffian, when Zekerman came up, whom the captain wounded in the arm; but before he could recover his sword he was overpowered, the other villains soon joining their associates. The unhappy man was no sooner disarmed than he was many times run through the body; after which he was thrown overboard.

Mrs. Glass and her daughter now came on deck, and, falling on their knees, supplicated for mercy; but they found the villains utterly destitute of the tender feelings of humanity; and Zekerman telling them to prepare for death, they embraced each other in a most affectionate manner, and were then forced from each other's arms and thrown into the sea.

Having put all the crew to death, excepting a boy who had attended Captain Glass, and another boy who was an apprentice on board the ship, the murderers steered towards the Irish coast, and on the 3rd of December found themselves within ten leagues of the harbour of Ross. They

hoisted out the long-boat, and put into it dollars to the amount of two tons; and, after knocking out the windows of the ballast ports, rowed towards shore, leaving the two boys to sink with the vessel.

Captain Glass's boy could not swim, and he therefore soon drowned; but the other lad swam to the boat, when Zekerman struck him a violent blow on the breast, which occasioned him immediately to sink.

Having thus massacred eight innocent persons, the villains proceeded to the mouth of the river Ross; but, thinking it would be dangerous to go up the river with so much riches, they buried two hundred and fifty bags of dollars in the sand, and conveyed as much treasure as they could possibly bear about their persons to a village called Fishertown, where they stopped for refreshment; and, during their regale, an Irishman privately robbed them of a bag containing twelve hundred dollars.

On the following day they went to Ross, and there sold twelve hundred dollars. Having purchased each a pair of pistols, and hired horses for themselves and two guides, they rode to Dublin, and took up their residence at the Black Bull, in Thomas Street.

The wreck of the ship was driven on shore on the day of their leaving Ross; and the manner in which the villains had lived at Fishertown and Ross, their general behaviour, and other circumstances, being understood as grounds for suspicion of their being pirates, an express was dispatched by two gentlemen to the lords of the regency at Dublin, exhibiting the several causes of suspicion, and giving a particular description of the supposed delinquents.

On board the wreck was found a sampler worked by Miss Glass, from which it appeared that a part of the work was done on her birthday, which afterwards proved to be the day preceding on which the murders were perpetrated; and this sampler proved a principal means of leading to a discovery of the guilt of these abominable villains.

The gentlemen who were commissioned to attend the lords of the regency had no sooner communicated their business than the lord-mayor and sheriffs were sent for; and proper instructions being given them, they on the same night caused M'Kinlie and Zekerman to be taken into custody.

The prisoners were separately examined, and they both confessed the particulars of their guilt, and that their accomplices had that morning hired a post-chaise for Cork, where they meant to embark on a vessel bound for England.

Gidley and St. Quintin were the next day taken into custody at an inn on the road to Cork; and they followed the example of their accomplices, in acknowledging themselves guilty. The sheriff of Ross took possession of the effects found in the wreck, and the bags of dollars that the villains had buried in the sand, and deposited the whole in the treasury of Dublin, for the benefit of the proprietors.

The prisoners being brought to trial, they confessed themselves guilty of the charges alleged in the indictment, and they were condemned, and suffered death, December the 19th, 1765, after which their bodies were hung in chains in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

Elizabeth Brownrigg cruelly flogging her apprentice, Mary Clifford

ELIZABETH BROWNRIGG

Executed for Torturing Her Female Apprentices to Death

THE long scene of torture in which this inhuman woman kept the innocent object of her remorseless cruelty, ere she finished the long-premeditated murder, engaged the interest of the superior ranks, and roused the indignation of the populace more than any criminal occurrence in the whole course of our melancholy narratives.

This cruel woman, having passed the early part of her

life, in the service of private families, was married to James Brownrigg, a plumber, who, after being seven years in Greenwich, came to London, and took a house in Flower-de-Luce Court, Fleet Street, where he carried on a considerable share of business, and had a little house at Islington for an occasional retreat.

She had been the mother of sixteen children; and, having practised midwifery, was appointed by the overseers of the poor of St. Dunstan's parish to take care of the poor women who were taken in labour in the workhouse, which duty she performed to the entire satisfaction of her employers.

Mary Mitchell, a poor girl, of the precinct of White Friars, was put apprentice to Mrs. Brownrigg in the year 1765; and about the same time Mary Jones, one of the children of the Foundling Hospital, was likewise placed with her in the same capacity; and she had other apprentices.

As Mrs. Brownrigg received pregnant women to lie-in privately, these girls were taken with a view of saving the expense of women servants. At first the poor orphans were treated with some degree of civility; but this was soon changed for the most savage barbarity.

Having laid Mary Jones across two chairs in the kitchen, she whipped her with such wanton cruelty that she was occasionally obliged to desist through mere weariness.

This treatment was frequently repeated; and Mrs. Brownrigg used to throw water on her when she had done whipping her, and sometimes she would dip her head into a pail of water. The room appointed for the girl to sleep in adjoined the passage leading to the street door; and, as

she had received many wounds on her head, shoulders, and various parts of her body, she determined not to bear such treatment any longer, if she could effect her escape.

Observing that the key was left in the street door when the family went to bed, she opened it cautiously one morning, and escaped into the street.

Thus freed from her horrid confinement, she repeatedly inquired her way to the Foundling Hospital till she found it, and was admitted after describing in what manner she had been treated, and showing the bruises she had received.

The child having been examined by a surgeon (who found her wounds to be of a most alarming nature), the governors of the hospital ordered Mr. Plumbtree, their solicitor, to write to James Brownrigg, threatening a prosecution, if he did not give a proper reason for the severities exercised toward the child.

No notice of this having been taken, and the governors of the hospital thinking it imprudent to indict at common law, the girl was discharged, in consequence of an application to the chamberlain of London. The other girl, Mary Mitchell, continued with her mistress for the space of a year, during which she was treated with equal cruelty, and she also resolved to quit her service. Having escaped out of the house, she was met in the street by the younger son of Brownrigg, who forced her to return home, where her sufferings were greatly aggravated on account of her elopement. In the interim, the overseers of the precinct of White Friars bound Mary Clifford to Brownrigg; nor was it long before she experienced similar cruelties to those in-

flicted on the other poor girls, and possibly still more severe. She was frequently tied up naked, and beaten with a hearth-broom, a horsewhip, or a cane, till she was absolutely speechless. This poor girl having a natural infirmity, the mistress would not permit her to lie in a bed, but placed her on a mat, in a coal-hole that was remarkably cold: however, after some time, a sack and a quantity of straw formed her bed, instead of the mat. During her confinement in this wretched situation she had nothing to subsist on but bread and water; and her covering, during the night, consisted only of her own clothes, so that she sometimes lay almost perished with cold.

On a particular occasion, when she was almost starving with hunger, she broke open a cupboard in search of food, but found it empty; and on another occasion she broke down some boards, in order to procure a draught of water.

Though she was thus pressed for the humblest necessaries of life, Mrs. Brownrigg determined to punish her with rigour for the means she had taken to supply herself with them. On this she caused the girl to strip to the skin, and during the course of a whole day, while she remained naked, she repeatedly beat her with the butt-end of a whip.

In the course of this most inhuman treatment a jack-chain was fixed round her neck, the end of which was fastened to the yard door, and then it was pulled as tight as possible without strangling her.

A day being passed in the practice of these savage barbarities, the girl was remanded to the coal-hole at night, her hands being tied behind her, and the chain still remaining about her neck.

The husband having been obliged to find his wife's apprentices in wearing apparel, they were repeatedly stripped naked, and kept so for whole days, if their garments happened to be torn.

The elder son had frequently the superintendence of these wretched girls; but this was sometimes committed to the apprentice, who declared that she was totally naked one night when he went to tie her up. The two poor girls were frequently so beaten that their heads and shoulders appeared as one general sore; and, when a plaster was applied to their wounds, the skin used to peel away with it.

Sometimes Mrs. Brownrigg, when resolved on uncommon severity, used to tie their hands with a cord, and draw them up to a water-pipe which ran across the ceiling in the kitchen; but that giving way, she desired her husband to fix a hook in the beam, through which a cord was drawn, and, their arms being extended, she used to horse-whip them till she was weary, and till the blood followed at every stroke.

The elder son having one day directed Mary Clifford to put up a half-tester bedstead, the poor girl was unable to do it; on which he beat her till she could no longer support his severity; and at another time, when the mother had been whipping her in the kitchen till she was absolutely tired, the son renewed the savage treatment. Mrs. Brownrigg would sometimes seize the poor girl by the cheeks, and forcing the skin down violently with her fingers, cause the blood to gush from her eyes.

Mary Clifford, unable to bear these repeated severities, complained of her hard treatment to a French lady who

lodged in the house; and she having represented the impropriety of such behaviour to Mrs. Brownrigg, the inhuman monster flew at the girl, and cut her tongue in two places with a pair of scissors.

On the morning of the 13th of July this barbarous woman went into the kitchen, and, after obliging Mary Clifford to strip to the skin, drew her up to the staple, and though her body was an entire sore from former bruises, yet this wretch renewed her cruelties with her accustomed severity.

After whipping her till the blood streamed down her body, she let her down, and made her wash herself in a tub of cold water; Mary Mitchell, the other poor girl, being present during this transaction. While Clifford was washing herself Mrs. Brownrigg struck her on the shoulders, already sore with former bruises, with the butt-end of a whip; and she treated the child in this manner five times in the same day.

The poor girl's wounds now began to show evident signs of mortification. Her mother-in-law, who had resided some time in the country, came about this time to town, and inquired after her. Being informed that she was placed at Brownrigg's, she went thither, but was refused admittance by Mr. Brownrigg, who even threatened to carry her before the lord mayor if she came there to make further disturbances. Upon this the mother-in-law was going away, when Mrs. Deacon, wife of Mr. Deacon, baker, at the adjoining house, called her in, and informed her that she and her family had often heard moanings and groans issued from Brownrigg's house, and that she suspected the ap-

Mrs BROWNRIGG.

prentices were treated with unwarrantable severity. This good woman likewise promised to exert herself to ascertain the truth.

At this juncture Mr. Brownrigg, going to Hampstead on business, bought a hog, which he sent home. The hog was put into a covered yard, having a sky-light, which it was thought necessary to remove, in order to give air to the animal.

As soon as it was known that the sky-light was removed, Mr. Deacon ordered his servants to watch, in order, if possible, to discover the girls. Accordingly, one of the maids, looking from a window, saw one of the girls stooping down, on which she called her mistress, and she desired the attendance of the neighbours, who having been witnesses of the shocking scene, some men got upon the leads, and dropped bits of dirt, in order to induce the girl to speak to them; but she seemed wholly incapable. Mrs. Deacon then sent to the girl's mother-in-law, who immediately called upon Mr. Grundy, one of the overseers of St. Dunstan's, and represented the case. Mr. Grundy and the rest of the overseers, with the women, went and demanded a sight of Mary Clifford; but Brownrigg, who had nicknamed her Nan, told them that he knew no such person; but, if they wanted to see Mary (meaning Mary Mitchell), they might, and accordingly produced her. Upon this Mr. Deacon's servant declared that Mary Mitchell was not the girl they wanted. Mr. Grundy now sent for a constable, to search the house, but no discovery was then made.

Mr. Brownrigg threatened highly; but Mr. Grundy, with the spirit that became the officer of a parish, took

Mary Mitchell with him to the workhouse, where, on the taking off her leathern bodice, it stuck so fast to her wounds that she shrieked with the pain; but, on being treated with great humanity, and told that she should not be sent back to Brownrigg's, she gave an account of the horrid treatment that she and Mary Clifford had sustained, and confessed that she had met the latter on the stairs just before they came to the house. Upon this information Mr. Grundy and some others returned to the house, to make a stricter search; on which Brownrigg sent for a lawyer, in order to intimidate them, and even threatened a prosecution unless they immediately quitted the premises. Unterrified with these threats, Mr. Grundy sent for a coach, to carry Brownrigg to the Compter; on which the latter promised to produce the girl in about half an hour, if the coach was discharged. This being consented to, the girl was produced from a cupboard under a beaufet in the dining-room, after a pair of shoes, which young Brownrigg had in his hand during the proposal, had been put upon her. It is not in language to describe the miserable appearance this poor girl made; almost her whole body was ulcerated.

Being taken to the workhouse, an apothecary was sent for, who pronounced her to be in danger.

Brownrigg was therefore conveyed to Wood Street Compter; but his wife and son made their escape, taking with them a gold watch and some money. Mr. Brownrigg was now carried before Alderman Crossby, who fully committed him, and ordered the girls to be taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where Mary Clifford died within a few days; and the coroner's inquest, being summoned,

found a verdict of Wilful Murder against James and Elizabeth Brownrigg, and John their son.

In the mean time Mrs. Brownrigg and her son shifted from place to place in London, bought clothes in Rag Fair to disguise themselves, and then went to Wandsworth, where they took lodgings in the house of Mr. Dunbar, who kept a chandler's shop.

This chandler, happening to read a newspaper on the 15th of August, saw an advertisement, which so clearly described his lodgers, that he had no doubt but they were the murderers.

On this he went to London the next day, which was Sunday, and, going to church, sent for Mr. Owen, the churchwarden, to attend him in the vestry, and gave him such a description of the parties that Mr. Owen desired Mr. Deacon and Mr. Wingrave, a constable, to go to Wandsworth, and make the necessary inquiry.

On their arrival at Dunbar's house, they found the wretched mother and son in a room by themselves, who evinced great agitation at this discovery. A coach being procured, they were conveyed to London, without any person in Wandsworth having knowledge of the affair, except Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar.

At the ensuing sessions at the Old Bailey, the father, mother, and son, were indicted; when Elizabeth Brownrigg, after a trial of eleven hours, was found guilty of murder, and ordered for execution; but the man and his son, being acquitted of the higher charge, were detained, to take their trials for a misdemeanor, of which they were convicted, and imprisoned for the space of six months.

After sentence of death was passed on Mrs. Brownrigg she was attended by a clergyman, to whom she confessed the enormity of her crime, and acknowledged the justice of the sentence by which she had been condemned. The parting between her and her husband and son, on the morning of her execution, was affecting beyond description. The son falling on his knees, she bent herself over him and embraced him; while the husband was kneeling on the other side.

On her way to the fatal tree the people expressed their abhorrence of her crime in terms which, though not proper at the moment, testified their detestation of her cruelty. Before her exit, she joined in prayer with the Ordinary of Newgate, whom she desired to declare to the multitude that she confessed her guilt, and acknowledged the justice of her sentence.

After her execution, which took place at Tyburn, September the 14th, 1767, her body was put into a hackney-coach, and conveyed to Surgeons' Hall, where it was dissected, and her skeleton hung up.

That Mrs. Brownrigg, a midwife by profession, and herself the mother of many children, should wantonly murder the offspring of other women, is truly astonishing, and can only be accounted for by that depravity of human nature which philosophers have always disputed, but which true Christians will be ready to allow.

Let her crimes be buried, though her skeleton be exposed; and may no one hereafter be found wicked enough to copy her vile example!

Women who have the care of children from parish work-

houses or hospitals should consider themselves at once as mistresses and as mothers; nor ever permit the strictness of the former character to preponderate over the humanity of the latter.

JOHN RANN, COMMONLY CALLED SIXTEEN-STRING JACK

Executed for Highway Robbery

This fellow was entitled to be classed among the impudent and arrogant self-created gentlemen who levied arbitrary contributions on the highway: he was also of considerable notoriety in acts of such species of depredations, having been regularly initiated, from the humble pickpocket.

John Rann was born at a village a few miles from Bath, of honest parents, who were in low circumstances, and incapable of giving him any kind of education. For some time he obtained a livelihood by vending goods, which he drove around the city and adjacent country on an ass.

A lady of distinction, who happened to be at Bath, took Rann into her service when he was about twelve years of age; and his behaviour was such, that he became the favorite of his mistress and fellow servants.

At length he came to London, and got employment as a helper in the stables at Brooke's Mews, in which station he bore a good character. He then became the driver of a postchaise, after which he was servant to an officer, and in both these stations he was well spoken of.

About four years before his execution he was coachman

to a gentleman of fortune near Portman Square, and it was at this period that he dressed in the manner which gave rise to the appellation of Sixteen-string Jack, by wearing breeches with eight strings at each knee.

Rann on his trial at the Old Bailey

After living in the service of several noblemen he lost his character, and turned pickpocket, in company with three fellows, named Jones, Clayton, and Colledge, the latter of whom, a mere boy, obtained the name of Eight-stringed Jack.

At the sessions held at the Old Bailey in April, 1775, Rann, Clayton, and one Shepherd, were tried for robbing

Mr. William Somers on the highway, and acquitted for want of evidence. They were again tried for robbing Mr. Langford, but acquitted for the same reason.

For some time past Rann had kept company with a young woman named Roche, who, having been apprenticed to a milliner, and being seduced by an officer of the guards, was reduced to obtain bread by the casual wages of prostitution; and, at length associating with highwaymen, received such valuable effects as they took on the road.

"A woman's honour is a woman's all,
You're lost for ever if perchance you fall;
In this, wit, beauty, fortune, form, and mind,
You give like atoms to the whistling wind;
All worth, all pleasure, is with honour lost,
A truth which thousands witness to their cost.
The fate of woman deeply we deplore,
They fall like stars that set to rise no more."

On the 30th of May Rann was taken into custody, and, being brought to Bow Street on the following Wednesday, was charged with robbing John Devall, Esq., near the nine-mile stone on the Hounslow road, of his watch and money. This watch he had given to Miss Roche, who had delivered it to Catherine Smith, by whom it was offered in pledge to Mr. Hallam, a pawnbroker, who, suspecting that it was not honestly obtained, caused all the parties to be taken into custody.

Miss Roche was now charged with receiving the watch, knowing it to have been stolen; and Miss Smith, being sworn, deposed that on the day Mr. Devall was robbed,

Roche told her that "she expected Rann to bring her some money in the evening"; that he accordingly came about ten at night, and, having retired some time with Miss Roche, she, on her return, owned that she had received a watch and five guineas from him, which he said he had taken from a gentleman on the highway; and that she, Miss Smith, carried the watch to pawn to Mr. Hallam, at the request of Miss Roche.

Sir John Fielding asked Rann if he would offer any thing in his defence; on which the latter said, "I know no more of the matter than you do, nor half so much neither." On this occasion Rann was dressed in a manner above his style of life and his circumstances. He had a bundle of flowers in the breast of his coat almost as large as a broom; and his irons were tied up with a number of blue ribands.

For this offence Rann was tried at the sessions held at the Old Bailey, in July, 1774, and acquitted.

Two or three days after this acquittal Rann engaged to sup with a girl at her lodgings in Bow Street; but, not being punctual to his appointment, the girl went to bed, and Rann, not being able to obtain admittance at the door, attempted to get in at the window on the first floor, and had nearly accomplished his purpose, when he was taken into custody by the watchman.

For this burglarious attempt he was examined at Bow Street on the 27th of July, when the girl, whose apartments he had attempted to break open, declared that he could not have had any felonious intention, as he knew that he would have been a welcome guest, and have been readily

admitted, if she had not fallen asleep. On this he was dismissed, after Sir John Fielding had cautioned him to leave his dangerous profession, and seek for some more honest means of support.

On the Sunday following Rann appeared at Bagnidge Wells, dressed in a scarlet coat, tambour waistcoat, white silk stockings, laced hat, &c., and publicly declared himself to be a highwayman. Having indulged pretty freely, he became extremely quarrelsome, and several scuffles ensued, in one of which he lost a ring from his finger, and when he discovered his loss, he said it was but a hundred guineas gone, which one evening's work would replace. He became at length so troublesome that part of the company agreed to turn him out of the house; but they met with so obstinate a resistance that they were obliged to give up their design; when a number of young fellows, possessed of more spirit than discretion, attacked this magnanimous hero, and actually forced him through the window into the road. Rann was not much injured by this severe treatment; but he complained bitterly against those who could so affront a gentleman of his character.

Rann, being arrested for a debt of fifty pounds, which he was unable to pay, was confined in the Marshalsea prison, where he was visited by a number of men and women of bad character, some of whom paid his debt, and produced his discharge.

At another time, Rann being with two companions at an alehouse in Tottenham Court Road, two sheriff's officers arrested Rann, who, not having money to pay the debt, deposited his watch in the hands of the bailiffs, and his

associates advanced three guineas, which together made more than the amount of the debt; and, as a balance was to be returned to Rann when the watch should be redeemed, he told the bailiffs that, if they would lend him five shillings, he would treat them with a crown bowl of punch. This they readily did; and, while they were drinking, Rann said to the officers, "You have not treated me like a gentleman. When Sir John Fielding's people come after me they use me genteelly; they only hold up a finger, beckon me, and I follow them as quietly as a lamb."

When the bailiffs were gone, Rann and his companions rode off; but our hero, soon returning, stopped at the turnpike, and asked if he had been wanted. "No," said the tollman. "Why," replied the other, "I am Sixteen-string Jack, the famous highwayman—have any of Sir John Fielding's people been this way?" "Yes," said the man, "some of them are but just gone through." Rann replied, "If you see them again, tell them I am gone towards London"; and then rode off with the utmost unconcern.

Soon afterwards Rann appeared at Barnet races, dressed in a most elegant sporting style, his waistcoat being blue satin, trimmed with silver; and he was followed by hundreds of people, who were eager to gratify their curiosity by the sight of a man who had been so much the subject of public conversation.

A very short time before Rann was capitally convicted he attended a public execution at Tyburn, and, getting within the ring formed by the constables around the gallows, desired that he might be permitted to stand there,

"for," said he, "perhaps it is very proper that I should be a spectator on this occasion."

On the 26th of September, 1774, Rann and William Collier went on the Uxbridge road, with a view to commit robberies on the highway; and on the Wednesday following they were examined at the public office in Bow Street, when Dr. William Bell, chaplain to the Princess Amelia, deposed that, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, the 26th of September, as he was riding near Ealing, he observed two men of rather mean appearance, who rode past him; and that he remarked they had suspicious looks; yet neither at that time, nor for some little time afterwards, had he any idea of being robbed: that soon afterwards one of them, which he believed was Rann, crossed the head of his horse, and, demanding his money, said "Give it to me, and take no notice, or I'll blow your brains out." On this the doctor gave him one shilling and sixpence, which was all the silver he had, and likewise a common watch in a tortoise-shell case.

On the evening of the day on which the robbery was committed Eleanor Roche, who was kept by Rann, and her maid-servant, carried a watch to pledge with Mr. Cordy, pawnbroker, in Oxford Road, who, suspecting that it had not been honestly acquired, stopped it, and applied to Mr. Gregnion, watchmaker, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, who had made the watch for Dr. Bell.

Mr. Clark swore that, on going to Miss Roche's lodgings on the Monday night, he found two pair of boots wet and dirty, which had evidently been worn that day; and Mr.

Haliburton swore that he waited at Miss Roche's lodgings till Rann and Collier came thither; in consequence of which they were taken into custody.

On the 5th of October, John Rann, William Collier, Eleanor Roche, and Christian Stewart (servant to Roche), were brought to Bow Street; when Dr. Bell deposed in substance as he had done the proceeding week: and William Hills, servant to the Princess Amelia, swore that he saw Rann, whom he well knew, ascend the hill at Acton about twenty minutes before the robbery was committed—a circumstance which perfectly agreed with Dr. Bell's account of the time he was robbed.

John Rann and William Collier were therefore committed to Newgate, to take their trials for the highway robbery; Miss Roche was sent to Clerkenwell Bridewell, and Christian Stewart, her servant, to Tothill Fields' Bridewell, to be tried as accessories after the fact.

The evidence given on this trial was, in substance, the same as that which had been given at Bow Street; but, some favorable circumstances appearing in behalf of Collier, he was recommended to mercy, and afterwards respited during the king's pleasure. Miss Roche was sentenced to be transported for fourteen years; her servant was acquitted; and Rann was left for execution.

When Rann was brought down to take his trial he was dressed in a new suit of pea-green clothes; his hat was bound round with silver strings; he wore a ruffled shirt; and his behaviour evinced the utmost unconcern.

Rann was so confident of being acquitted that he had

ordered a genteel supper to be provided for the entertainment of his particular friends and associates on the joyful occasion; but their intended mirth was turned into mourning, and the madness of guilty joy gave way to the sullen melancholy of equally guilty grief.

When Rann received his sentence he attempted to force a smile, but it was evident that his mind was racked with pains that no language can express.

After conviction the behaviour of this malefactor was, for some time, very improper for one in his unhappy circumstances. On Sunday, the 23rd of October, he had seven girls to dine with him. The company were remarkably cheerful; nor was Rann less joyous than his companions.

His conduct was expressive of great unconcern till the time that the warrant for his execution arrived; after which he began to be somewhat serious in his preparation for a future state.

On the morning of execution he received the sacrament in the chapel of the prison, and at the fatal tree behaved with great decency, but did not appear so much affected by his approaching fate as some printed accounts have represented him. When he came near the gallows he turned round, and looked at it as an object which he had long expected to see, but not as one that he dreaded, as might reasonably have been expected.

He was turned off November the 30th, 1774, and having hung the usual time, his body was delivered to his friends for interment.

Hill setting fire to the rope-house in Portsmouth Dock-yard

JAMES HILL, COMMONLY CALLED JOHN THE PAINTER

Executed for Setting Fire to Portsmouth Dock-Yard

So dangerous an individual to the kingdom as this man perhaps never existed, and whose confession and repentance can hardly soften the abhorrence felt on the contemplation of the extent of his crimes.

James Hill, that universally detested character, during the progress of his public ruin and desolation, had gone by several names—a plan generally adopted in a long course of villainy.

He was once a journeyman to Mr. Golden, a painter, at Titchfield, whence he procured the familiar title of "John the Painter." During a residence of some years in America he imbibed principles destructive to the interests of this country. Transported with party zeal, he formed the desperate resolution of committing a most atrocious crime, which he, in some degree, effected. About four o'clock in the afternoon of the 7th of September, 1776, a fire broke out in the round-house of Portsmouth dock, which entirely consumed that building. The fire was wholly attributed to accident; but on the 5th of January three men who were employed in the hemp-house found a tin machine, somewhat resembling a tea-canister, and near the same spot a wooden box, containing various kinds of combustibles. This circumstance being communicated to the commissioner of the dock, and circulated among the public, several vague and indefinite suspicions fell upon Hill, who had been lurking about the dock-yard, whose surname was not known, but who had been distinguished by the appellation of "John the Painter."

In consequence of advertisements in the newspapers, offering a reward of fifty pounds for apprehending him, he was secured at Odiham. On the 17th of February the prisoner was examined at Sir John Fielding's office, Bow Street, where John Baldwin, who exercised the trade of a painter in different parts of America, attended, by the direction of Lord Temple. The prisoner's discourse with Baldwin operated very materially towards his conviction, as it was brought in corroboration of a variety of evidence on the trial. He said he had taken a view of most of the

dock-yards and fortifications about England, the number of ships in the navy, and observed their weight of metal and their number of men, and had been to France two or three times to inform Silas Dean, the American, of his discoveries; and that Dean gave him bills to the amount of three hundred pounds, and letters of recommendation to a merchant in that city, which he had burnt, lest they should lead to a discovery. He informed Baldwin that he had instructed a tinman's apprentice at Canterbury to make him a tin canister, which he carried to Portsmouth, where he hired a lodging at one Mrs. Boxall's and tried his preparations for setting fire to a dock-yard.

After recounting the manner of preparing matches and combustibles, he said that, on the 6th of the preceding December, he got into the hemp-house, and, having placed a candle in a wooden box, and a tin canister over it, and sprinkled turpentine over some of the hemp, he proceeded to the rope-house, where he placed a bottle of turpentine among the loose hemp, which he sprinkled with turpentine; and having laid matches, made of paper painted over with powdered charcoal and gunpowder diluted with water, and other combustibles, about the place, he returned to his lodgings. These matches were so contrived as to continue burning for twenty-four hours, so that by cutting them into proper lengths he provided for his escape, knowing the precise time when the fire would reach the combustibles. He had hired lodgings in two other houses, to which he intended to set fire, that the engines might not be all employed together in quenching the conflagration at the dock. On the 7th he again went to the hemp-house, intending to

set it on fire; which he, however, was unable to effect, owing to a halfpenny-worth of common house matches that he had bought not being sufficiently dry. This disapointment, he said, rendered him exceedingly uneasy, and he went from the hemp-house to the rope-house, and set fire to the matches he had placed there. He said his uneasiness was increased because he could not return to his lodging, where he had left a bundle containing an "Ovid's Metamorphoses," a "Justin," a pistol, and a French passport, in which his real name was inserted.

When he had set fire to the rope-house he proceeded towards London, deeply regretting his failure in attempting to fire the other building, and was strongly inclined to fire into the windows of the woman who had sold him the bad matches. He jumped into a cart, and gave the woman who drove it sixpence, to induce her to drive quick; and, when he had passed the sentinels, he observed the fire to have made so rapid a progress that the elements seemed in a blaze. He might have added, with Chaos to the Devil,

"Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."

About ten the next morning he arrived at Kingston, where he remained until the dusk of the evening, and proceeded to London in the stage. Soon after his arrival he waited upon the gentleman in the city, and informed him of having been under the necessity of burning the bills upon, and letters to, him from Silas Dean. The gentleman behaved to him with shyness, but appointed to meet him at a coffee-house. At the coffee-house the gentleman seemed to be

doubtful as to the story told by Hill, who therefore went away displeased, and as soon as he reached Hammersmith wrote to the merchant, saying he was going to Bristol, and that the "handy works he meant to perform there would be soon known to the public." A short time after his arrival at Bristol he set fire to several houses, which were all burning with great rapidity at one time, and the flames were not extinguished till damage was sustained to the amount of fifteen thousand pounds. He also set fire to combustibles that he had placed among a number of oil-barrels upon the quay, but happily without effect. He related to Baldwin a great number of other circumstances, which were confirmed by a variety of evidence on his trial, which came on Thursday, March 6, 1777, at Winchester Castle, when witnesses were produced from different parts of the country, who proved the whole of his confession to Baldwin to be true, and gave other proofs of his guilt.

When called upon for his defence, he complained of the newspapers and reports circulated to his prejudice; and observed that it was easy for such a man as Baldwin to feign the story he had told, and for a number of witnesses to be collected to give it support.

He declared that God alone knew whether he was, or was not, the person who set fire to the dock-yard of his Britannic Majesty at Portsmouth; and begged it might be attended to, how far Baldwin ought to be credited: that if he had art enough, by lies, to insinuate anything out of him, his giving it to the knowledge of others was a breach of confidence; and if he would speak falsely to deceive him, he might also impose upon a jury. Upon this head the

prisoner, with some ingenuity, dwelt for some time, and concluded by begging the judge to repeat his defence in proper terms to the jury, as he was not endowed with the gift of oratory, which they might easily perceive.

The prisoner had no counsel.

The jury, after a clear and impartial charge from Baron Hotham, in an instant agreed upon their verdict—Guilty.

The learned judge then proceeded to pass the sentence of the law upon the prisoner. He told him that he had a long and fair trial; that he had been found guilty on the fullest and clearest evidence; that he could not have anything to complain of in the candour of the Court, and that his crime was of a nature so enormous, that it was not in the power of words to aggravate it.

The judge then said that he would not increase the prisoner's present unhappy moments, nor add to his distress, by dwelling upon the horrors attending the crime of which he was convicted; but was sorry to say that he felt, he feared, much more for him than his appearances bespoke him feeling for himself: yet would he earnestly recommend him to consider his case, and prepare to meet his God; for that he was bound—and it was by much the most disagreeable part of his duty—to pass the sentence of the law upon him; and he accordingly adjudged him to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. Further, he said, he thought it right to advise him, that, as his offence was of such a nature as might not only have proved fatal to every person present, but have involved the whole British nation in universal ruin, there was not any probability of his receiving mercy; and concluded by strongly urging the prisoner to repentance,

and preparation for that pardon in the world to come which upon earth could not be granted to him.

He was allowed for this purpose four days, and suffered at Portsmouth March 10, 1777, in sight of the ruins which he had occasioned.

His body, for several years, hung in chains on Block-house Point, on the opposite side of the harbour to the town.

To these particulars we shall present his confession. On the morning after his condemnation he informed the turnkey, of his own spontaneous accord, that he felt an earnest desire of confessing his crime, and laying the history of his life before the public; and that, by discovering the whole of his unaccountable plots and treasonable practices, he might make some atonement for the wrongs he had done, of which he was now truly sensible and a repentant sinner.

This request being made known to the Earl of Sandwich, then first Lord of the Admiralty, that nobleman directed Sir John Fielding to send down the proper persons to take and attest his confession.

He began by saying that he was by birth a Scotchman, and had left Scotland in order to embark for America, where he resided the greater part of his life. The diabolical scheme of setting fire to the dock-yards and the shipping, he said, originated in his own wicked mind, on the very breaking out of the rebellion in America; and he had no peace until he proceeded to put it in practice. The more he thought of it, the more practicable it appeared; and with this wicked intent he crossed again the great Atlantic.

He had no sooner landed than he began to take surveys

of the different dock-yards; which done, he went to Paris, and had several conferences with Silas Dean, the rebel minister to the court of France.

Dean (as well indeed he might) was astonished at Hill's proposals, which embraced the destruction of the English dock-yards and the shipping.

Finding the projector an enthusiast in the cause of America, and a man of daring spirit, he gradually listened to his schemes; and such was the enmity of the first Congress to the mother country, that Dean supplied this traitor with money, to enable him to carry them into execution; procured him a French passport; and gave him a letter of credit on a merchant in London, who, as we have already observed, escaped detection.

He then confirmed the evidence given against him, and in particular his confessions to Baldwin. He was, he further declared, to have been rewarded by a commission in the American army for setting fire to the dock-yard at Plymouth; and fully admitted the justice of his sentence for a crime so heinous.

THE REVEREND JAMES HACKMAN

Executed for Murder

This shocking and truly lamentable case interested all ranks of people, who pitied the murderer's fate, conceived him stimulated to commit the horrid crime through love and madness. Pamphlets and poems were written on the occasion, and the crime was long the common topic of conversation.

The object of Mr. Hackman's love renders his case still more singular.

Miss Reay had been the mistress of Lord Sandwich near twenty years, was the mother of nine children, and nearly double the age of Mr. Hackman.

Mr. Hackman shooting Miss Reay and attempting suicide

This murder affords a melancholy proof that there is no act so contrary to reason that men will not commit when under dominion of their passions. In short it is impossible to convey an idea of the impression it made; and the manner in which it was done created horror and pity in every feeling mind.

The Rev. James Hackman was born at Gosport, in Hampshire, and originally designed for trade; but he was too volatile in disposition to submit to the drudgery of the shop or counting-house. His parents, willing to promote his interest as far as lay in their power, purchased him an ensign's commission in the 68th regiment of foot. He had been long in the army when he was sent to command a recruiting party; and, being at Huntingdon, he was frequently invited to dine with Lord Sandwich, who had a seat in that neighbourhood. Here it was that he first became acquainted with Miss Reay, who lived under the protection of that nobleman.

This lady was the daughter of a staymaker in Covent Garden, and served her apprenticeship to a mantua-maker in George's Court, St. John's Lane, Clerkenwell. She was bound when only thirteen; and, during her apprenticeship, was taken notice of by the nobleman above mentioned, who took her under his protection, and treated her with every mark of tenderness. No sooner had Mr. Hackman seen her than he became enamoured of her, though she had then lived nineteen years with his lordship. Finding he could not obtain preferment in the army, he turned his thoughts to the church, and entered into orders. Soon after he obtained the living of Wiverton, in Norfolk, which was only about Christmas preceding the shocking deed which cost him his life; so that it may be said he never enjoyed it.

It is probable that Mr. Hackman imagined that there was a mutual passion—that Miss Reay had the same regard for him as he had for her. Love and madness are often little better than synonymous terms; for, had Mr. Hack-

man not been blinded by a bewitching passion, he could never have imagined that Miss Reay would have left the family of a noble lord at the head of one of the highest departments of the state, in order to live in an humble station. Those who have been long accustomed to affluence, and even profusion, seldom choose to lower their flags. However, he was still tormented by this unhappy, irregular, and ungovernable passion, which, in an unhappy moment, led him to commit the crime for which he suffered.

Miss Reay was extremely fond of music, and, as her noble protector was in a high rank, we need not be surprised to find that frequent concerts were performed both in London and Hinchinbrook: at the latter place Mr. Hackman was generally of the party, and his attention to her at those times was very great. How long he had been in London previous to this affair is not certainly known, but at that time he lodged in Duke's Court, St. Martin's Lane. On the morning of the 7th of April, 1779, he sat some time in his closet, reading "Blair's Sermons"; but in the evening he took a walk to the Admiralty, where he saw Miss Reay go into the coach along with Signora Galli, who attended her. The coach drove to Covent Garden Theatre, where she staid to see the performance of "Love in a Village." Mr. Hackman went to the theatre at the same time; but, not being able to contain the violence of his passion, returned, and again went to his lodgings, and, having loaded two pistols, went to the playhouse, where he waited till the play was over. Seeing Miss Reay ready to step into the coach, he took a pistol in each hand, one of which he discharged

against her, which killed her on the spot, and the other at himself, which, however, did not take effect.

He then beat himself with the butt end on his head, in order to destroy himself, so fully bent was he on the destruction of both. After some struggle he was secured, his wounds dressed, and then he was carried before Sir John Fielding, who committed him to Tothillfields' Bridewell, and next to Newgate, where a person was appointed to attend him, lest he should lay violent hands on himself. In Newgate, as he knew he had no favour to expect, he prepared himself for the awful change he was about to make. He had dined with his sister on the day the murder was committed; and, in the afternon, wrote a letter to her husband, Mr. Booth, an eminent attorney, acquainting him of his resolution of destroying himself, desiring him to sell what effects he should leave behind him, to pay a small debt; but this letter was not sent, for it was found in his pocket.

On the trial Mr. Macnamara deposed that, on Wednesday, the 7th day of April, on seeing Miss Reay, with whom he had some little acquaintance, in some difficulties in getting from the playhouse, he offered his assistance to hand her to her coach; and just as they were in the Piazzas, very near the carriage, he heard the report of a pistol, and felt an impression on his right arm, which arm she held with her left, and instantly dropped. He thought at first that the pistol had been fired through wantonness, and that she had fallen from the fright, and therefore fell upon his knees to help her up; but, finding his hands bloody, he

then conceived an idea of what had happened, and, by the assistance of a link-boy, got the deceased into the Shakspeare Tavern, where he first saw the prisoner, after he was secured. He asked him some questions relative to the fact and the cause; and his answer was, that neither the time nor place were proper to resolve him. He asked his name and was told Hackman: he knew a Mr. Booth, in Craven Street, and desired he might be sent for.

He asked to see the lady; to which he (the witness) objected, and had her removed to a private room. From the impression he felt, and the great quantity of blood about him, he grew sick, and went home; and knew nothing more about it.

Mary Anderson, a fruit-woman, deposed that, just as the play was over, she saw two ladies and a gentleman coming out of the playhouse, and a gentleman in black following them. Lord Sandwich's coach was called. When the carriage came up the gentleman handed the other lady into it. The lady that was shot stood behind, when the gentleman in black came up, laid hold of her gown, and pulled two pistols out of his pockets: the one in his right hand he discharged at the lady, and the other, in his left, he discharged at himself. They fell feet to feet. He beat himself violently over the head with his pistol, and desired somebody would kill him.

Richard Blandy, the constable, swore to the finding two letters in the prisoner's pocket, which he delivered to Mr. Campbell, the master of the Shakspeare Tavern, in Covent Garden.

Mr. Mahon, an apothecary, corroborated the evidence

of the fruit-woman: he wrenched the pistol out of his hand, with which he was beating himself, as he lay on the ground —took him to his house, dressed his wounds, and accompanied him to the Shakspeare.

Denis O'Brian, a surgeon, examined the wound of the deceased, and found it mortal.

Being called upon for his defence, he addressed the Court in the following words:—

"I should not have troubled the Court with the examination of witnesses to support the charge against me, had I not thought that the pleading guilty to the indictment gave an indication of contemning death, not suitable to my present condition, and was, in some measure, being accessory to a second peril of my life; and I likewise thought that the justice of my country ought to be satisfied by suffering my offence to be proved, and the fact established by evidence.

"I stand here this day the most wretched of human beings, and confess myself criminal in a high degree; yet while I acknowledge, with shame and repentance, that my determination against my own life was formal and complete, I protest, with that regard to truth which becomes my situation, that the will to destroy her, who was ever dearer to me than my life, was never mine till a momentary frenzy overcame me, and induced me to commit the deed I now deplore. The letter, which I meant for my brother-in-law after my decease, will have its due weight, as to this point, with good men.

"Before this dreadful act, I trust nothing will be found in the tenor of my life which the common charity of mankind will not excuse. I have no wish to avoid the

punishment which the laws of my country appoint for my crime; but, being already too unhappy to feel a punishment in death or a satisfaction in life, I submit myself with penitence and patience to the disposal and judgment of Almighty God, and to the consequences of this inquiry into my conduct and intention."

Then was read the following letter:—

My Dear Frederic

When this reaches you I shall be no more; but do not let my unhappy fate distress you too much: I have strove against it as long as possible, but it now overpowers me. You well know where my affections were placed: my having by some means or other lost hers (an idea which I could not support) has driven me to madness. The world will condemn me, but your good heart will pity me. God bless you, my dear Frederic! Would I had a sum to leave you, to convince you of my great regard! You was my only friend. I have hid one circumstance from you, which gives me great pain. I owe Mr. Knight, of Gosport, one hundred pounds, for which he has the writings of my houses; but I hope in God, when they are sold, and all other matters collected, there will be nearly enough to settle our account. May Almighty God bless you and yours with comfort and happiness; and may you ever be a stranger to the pangs I now feel! May Heaven protect my beloved woman, and forgive this act, which alone could relieve me from a world of misery I have long endured! Oh, if it should ever be in your power to do her an act of friendship, remember your faithful friend.

J. Hackman.

The jury immediately returned their fatal verdict. The unhappy man heard the sentence pronounced him with calm resignation to his fate, and employed the very short

time allowed murderers after conviction in repentance and prayer.

During the procession to the fatal tree at Tyburn he seemed much affected, and said but little; and when he arrived at Tyburn, and got out of the coach and mounted the cart, he took leave of Dr. Porter and the Ordinary.

After some time spent in prayer, he was turned off, on April the 19th, 1779; and, having hung the usual time, his body was carried to Surgeons' Hall for dissection.

Such was the end of a young gentleman who might have been an ornament to his country, the delight of his friends, and a comfort to his relations, had he not been led away by the influence of an unhappy passion.

JAMES DONALLY

Convicted of Highway Robbery

THOUGH our descriptions of the variety of thieves constantly prowling, like the beasts of the forest, for plunder, have been numerous, and, unless we had accompanied them with proof, would almost exceed the belief of our country readers, yet have we still to add other species of robbery. Among the finished villains of London are a gang who extort money from gentlemen, charging them with pretended crimes. These fellows are generally well dressed, and accost elegant young men, demanding money; and, on refusal, threaten to reveal a pretended abominable intercourse. Others there are who have debauched innocent girls, and, when the effects of the illicit commerce is evident,

further seduce the unhappy creatures to swear some wealthy married man as the seducer, and, in case of his resisting the false accusations, to swear that he is the father, thus at once rendering a numerous family unhappy.

The countryman taken in by London sharpers

Other profligate wretches, as indeed we have already shown, swear robberies against innocent men, in order to obtain the reward for the apprehension of felons. Other frauds are practised, which we shall hereafter notice, of dropping counterfeit gold articles and diamonds, and picking the parcel up in the presence of some innocent unsuspicious countryman, whom they acknowledge to be

entitled to one half of the pretended prize, and thus cheat him out of whatever property he may have about him, on depositing the spurious article with him, to be valued hereafter.

Instances of some of these artful villainies we have already adduced; but the following has, on perusing the case, drawn from us these additional observations. In truth, they cannot be too often repeated, to guard countrymen against the numerous deceptions practised in the metropolis.

Mr. William Hird, of the village of Leyburne, in the North Riding of the county of York, about forty years ago, came on business to London. One day the countryman was caught in a heavy shower of rain, and sought shelter under a gateway on Holborn Hill, where others were for the same reason assembled. There he was accosted by a well-dressed man, who observed that the storm was not likely to abate, and proposed to the innocent countryman to retire to an adjoining public house, and wait for fair weather over a pot of porter. The invitation was readily accepted, and they went to the house, where they found three or four more, who declared that they came on the same errand.

The porter being drank, a bowl of punch was proposed; and the countryman, on such an occasion, determined not to be outdone in acts of courtesy, assented. While the intoxicating liquor passed quickly round, one of the strangers observed that, as the rain increased, a game at cards would pass the heavy time unnoticed; and cards were immediately placed upon the table.

Mr. Hird was, in his village club-room, thought to be

expert at this amusement; and, confident of his abilities, he scrupled not to take a hand. But what are the best players, who play fairly, among London sharpers?—Mere dupes.

The game began, when Mr. Hird and his partner were for some time successful. The bets, at first small, were doubled, until the stakes became high, when the poor countryman not only lost his gainings, but all his cash soon followed.

This failure being evident, a kind friend in the company advanced him money on his watch, then upon his silver buckles, and in fact every valuable article about him was thus pawned. Entirely stripped, one of the company went out to observe the weather, another disappeared on another pretence, until the countryman was left alone. Then came in the landlord, with his demand for the liquor drank, and payment for the fatal cards.

In vain did poor Mr. Hird plead his misfortune; the host insisted on being paid, alleging that the company were all strangers to him, and he must look to the last. References for payment were refused, and the poor countryman was obliged to part with his coat and hat, and, the rain still continuing, to return to his inn, wet to the skin.

The case which we have now to state was of the worst description of these robberies, and the sufferer was the Honorable Charles Fielding, second son of the Earl of Denbigh.

James Donally was examined at Bow Street, on a charge of having extorted money from this gentleman by the vilest of all insinuations; and the magistrates, deeming that the

offence amounted to a robbery on the highway, committed him for trial; and Lord Denbigh, was bound to prosecute on behalf of his son, who was under age.

James Donally, alias Patrick Donally, was indicted at the sessions held at the Old Bailey in February, 1779, for "that he, on the king's highway, in and upon the Honorable Charles Fielding did make an assault, putting him in corporeal fear and danger of his life, and stealing from his person, and against his will, half a guinea, on the 18th of January:" and there was a second count in the indictment, for robbing the said gentleman of a guinea, on the 20th of the same month.

This fact was so atrocious in its nature, and so clearly proved, that it will not be necessary to state the evidence in detail as it arose on the trial, but to give the story by way of narrative.

Between six and seven in the evening of the 18th of January, Mr. Charles Fielding was going from the house of a lady with whom he had dined to Covent Garden Theatre, when he was accosted in Soho Square by Donally, who desired he would give him some money. Mr. Fielding, astonished at his address, asked him for what. Donally said he had better comply or he would take him before a magistrate, and swear that he had made an attempt to commit a most foul crime.

Terrified by this insinuation, the young gentleman gave him half a guinea, which was all the money he had about him; and, returning to the house where he had dined, borrowed half a guinea of the servant with the intention of going to the play.

Two days afterward he again met the prisoner in Oxford Road, when he repeated his threats of carrying him before a magistrate, and to prison; saying that he knew very well what had passed in Soho Square the other night; and, unless he would give him some more money, he would take before a magistrate, and accuse him of the same attempt which he had threatened on the other day. He added that it would go hard with him, unless he could prove an alibi.

Terrified by these threatenings, Mr. Fielding went to Mr. Waters, a grocer in Bond Street, to whom, under the immediate impressions of his fear, he gave a guinea to give to the prisoner.

It happened providentially that, on Saturday, the 12th of February Lord Fielding was going up Hay Hill; when Donally, owing to the great personal likeness to his brother, accosted him in words which he did not rightly understand. His lordship said he believed he had mistaken him for some other person, for he did not know his face. Donally said he believed he must know him, and asked if he did not remember giving him half a guinea in Soho Square. He likewise mentioned the money given him at the grocer's; a knowledge of which his lordship, as well he might, utterly denied.

The prisoner again asking if he did not recollect having given him any money, his lordship asked him what was his present demand; and, desiring him to explain himself, some farther altercation ensued; on which Lord Fielding desired the prisoner to go before a magistrate, with which he seemed to comply, but at length stopped, and said he would not go. During this contest his lordship was somewhat terri-

fied; and, scarcely knowing what kind of charge to make against the prisoner, he was, as he owned on the trial, "weak enough to loose his collar, and let him go." Donally then turned about, addressed him by the title of "My Lord," and said "he should hear from him again."

On the Tuesday following, as Lord Fielding was walking near the same spot, he heard a voice over his shoulder saying "Sir, I have met you again," or some such expression. His lordship, recollecting his voice, turned round, and seized him by the collar. Donally complained that he had used him very ill the last time he saw him. The other replied that he had used him too well, for he had let him go, but he would take care to do better this time.

Donally now desired to be treated like a gentleman, saying he would not be dragged, but would go quietly. Lord Fielding, not seeing any person that was likely to assist him, and apprehending a rescue, told him that, if he would walk along quietly to the next coffee-house, he would not drag him. They walked down Dover Street together; but the prisoner increasing his pace, Lord Fielding followed, and seized him. He fell down twice, but was again seized as soon as he arose.

By this time a crowd was assembled: Major Hartley, and two other gentlemen, happened to come by. The prisoner was seized, and conveyed to Bow Street, where the magistrates, on hearing the evidence, thought that the crime amounted to highway robbery, and committed the prisoner for trial accordingly.

Donally, in his defence, acknowledged that he had met Lord Fielding twice; that he had addressed him with de-

cency, and desired him to hear something respecting his brother; and that Sir John Fielding had made the Honorable Charles Fielding carry on the prosecution. He did not deny the receipt of the guinea at the grocer's in Bond Street; but averred that he did not deserve death on account of the charge against him.

Mr. Fielding swore that he had given the same amount at Bow Street as on the trial; and the jury, having considered the whole evidence, brought in a verdict of guilty; but Mr. Justice Buller, before whom the offender was tried, reserved the case for the opinion of the judges, on a point of law.

On the 29th of April, 1779, the judges met, and gave their opinion on this case, pronouncing it a new species of robbery to evade the law, but which was not to be evaded. He therefore underwent its sentence, which he had, with most abominable wickedness, brought upon his own head.

WILLIAM WARD

Convicted of Manslaughter

"Boxing" says a British writer, "which is the setting of the most worthless of the human species to batter each other to mummy, to break jaws, to knock eye-balls out of their sockets, to flatten the nose, beat out teeth, or to dash each other to the ground, with such dexterity as that they shall never rise again, if not a royal sport, is, at least, a princely entertainment, and manifests the exalted taste of its patrons."

On the subject of boxing, in his own country, the

American geographer, Dr. Morse, says, that, "When two boxers are wearied out with fighting and bruising each other (in which encounters they kick and bite, as well as strike), they come, as it is called, to close quarters, and each en-

The fatal encounter between Ward and Swain

deavours to twist his fore fingers into the ear-locks of his antagonist. When these are fast clenched, the thumbs are extended each way to the nose, and the eyes gently turned out of their sockets. The victor, for his expertness, receives shouts of applause from the sporting throng, while his poor eyeless antagonist is laughed at for his misfortune." This, in America, is called Gouging.

The author of "The Stranger in America," in commenting upon the above passage, after adducing many instances of gouging, observes, "But let us conclude this odious subject, which never should have stained these pages, had not the author alluded to (Morse) proclaimed to the world the cruel and unnatural facts, by observing that these barbarities appear not to have been the genuine growth of American soil. No such practice would be endured by an English mob; no such disgraceful revenge ever entered the breast of a Creek, a Cherokee, or a Kickapoo Indian."

The sight is not the only sense endangered in these brutal contests in England; and life itself has oftener, than in the murder now in question, been lost in prize-fighting, as we shall show before we have done with the boxing of William Ward.

The barbarous and unlawful practice of fisticuffs, which the fools of fashion dignify by the name of pugilism, since the rude days of Broughton, had, until this period, happily become nearly out of use. Its renewal shows that there are periodical returns of fashion, even in amusements of cruelty.

The first public renewal of this species of cruelty was a battle between two low fellows, a Jew and a Christian, in outward form, but in heart, as Dr. Morse styles some of his countrymen, Nothingarians—that is, those who have not the fear of God before their eyes, through any medium of religion.

The fisticuffings between Humphries and Mendoza formed a treat for such fellows as may be daily seen lounging in Bond Street. Peers and pickpockets, cheek by jowl, scampered some score miles to witness the bloody spectacles

which these two ruffians made of each other. As at a cock-fight, they made their bets, which as between the "grey and pile," varied in proportion to the rounds, or knockdown blows, the failing eye, or the quantity of blood spilt.

The roads to this scene of inhumanity were thronged with all descriptions of idle fellows; some mounted upon the high-mettled racer, and others kicking and whipping miserable jack-asses, that they too might be in at the death, or giving it, as they term it, of the most exhausted of the two ruffian candidates for the gaining of public applause in prize-fighting.

Even royalty, which must ever be at the head of every fashion, was often in the motley mob collected to witness these disgraceful exhibitions; but, bad as are our youth, they will become still worse by following such pernicious examples.

His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, in one of these mortal conflicts, found one of the combatants made a corpse at his feet, upon the stage of pugilistic fight. The heir-apparent to the British crown turned pale away from the horrid sight, and made a vow never more to behold so savage and dangerous a contest, and to which he has conscientiously adhered.

Of the worst description of vagabonds, who run from one bloody stage to the other, was the fellow who now comes under our notice. His origin mean, his understanding totally uncultivated; arrogant of his savage prowess, vicious and cruel; he had often fought, and was the inglorious conqueror; but, in his turn, was shamefully vanquished, and, to the satisfaction of all who wished the downfall of

such a desperado, by the fighting Jew, who had been considered his inferior in this despicable attainment.

William Ward, as we have already said, was once a pugilist, high in renown among the fashionable amateurs of that degrading pursuit. He, with several more of his infamous calling, had monopolized the outside stage-coach, journeying to Stilton, seventy-one miles from London, to attend another rencontre, between Jew Mendoza and Christian Humphries. They had not proceeded farther than Enfield, where, as the coach stopped to change horses, the bravado of Ward stimulated a drunken blacksmith, named Edwin Swain, to challenge him to combat.

Now, though there is no honour in the owner of a blood-horse, or a game cock, to match with a dunghill, or an animal that had toiled in harness, yet Ward inhumanly accepted the foolish dolt's invitation; and, for a while, they did buffet each other with lusty sinews; but science soon overcame brute force, for, in fact, the blacksmith could not hit the trained bruiser. He therefore soon yielded the palm of victory, and retired into the public house, before which the coach and passengers waited the event of this shameful contest. This professed pugilist followed, and upon his unguarded antagonist dealt his fists, until the object of his cruelty was actually beaten to death!

Ward, conscious of the magnitude of his offence, hired a post-chaise, and, with his companions, set off to return to London, where they could best conceal themselves from offended justice; but they were pursued, and committed to prison.

The coroner's jury were divided in opinion, seven finding the crime "wilful murder," and nine "manslaughter"; and, from the circumstances attending the horrid deed, Ward was not admitted to bail; though he boasted that he could find security for his appearance to any amount. A poor mechanic, an useful member of society, might linger in gaol without a friend to bail him, while such ruffians have their aiders, abettors, and protectors, in men of property, rank, and title!

On the 5th of June, 1789, William Ward was arraigned at the bar of the Old Bailey, for the murder of Edwin Swain, and, after a long trial, found guilty of manslaughter, fined one shilling, and sentenced to be imprisoned three months in Newgate.

The evidence did not amount to the proof of actual malice, as the deceased first provoked the contest.

Mr. Justice Ashurst, who tried Ward, expressed his detestation of the inhuman and unlawful practice of boxing, and declared it to be a disgrace to a civilized nation.

At the expiration of his sentence and when about to be liberated Ward had the unparalleled effrontery to offer a public challenge to fight at the next Newmarket meeting. "Is this," says a monthly publication for September, 1789, commenting on this subject, "the effect of the wholesome severity of the law? or are these gross violations of humanity to proceed till more homicides are committed?"

A robbery effected by means of birdlime

WILLIAM GADESBY

Executed for Robbery

In recording the execution of this culprit, a Scotch newspaper says "he was one of the most notorious villains that has figured in the line of roguery in this country for many years; and, though only twenty-eight years of age, his criminal exploits appear, both in variety and number, to equal, if not exceed, the achievements of the most dexterous and grey-headed offender."

As this fellow lived, so he determined to die—with notoriety.

He was brought to the gallows at Edinburgh, February the 20th, 1791, dressed in a suit of white cloth, trimmed with black. The awful ceremony, the dreadful apparatus of death, the surrounding multitude of spectators, appeared not to shake his frame, nor to agitate his mind. He mounted the platform of death with a firm step, and stood with great composure till the apparatus was adjusted; and then, in a collected manner, and in an audible voice, gave a brief account of his life.

He said that the first robbery he committed was in a stationer's shop, where he purloined a pocket-book. The success of this childish theft encouraged him to commit others: and in a short time he gave himself wholly up to thieving, never letting an opportunity slip of possessing himself of money or goods, by fraud or force, until the day he was committed to gaol. He said that he often escaped in hackney-chairs, and advised the officer on guard at the Castle to search all such vehicles.

He declared most solemnly that three miserable men; who had been executed two years ago at the place where he then stood, of the names of Falconer, Bruce, and Dick, were innocent, for that he himself had committed the robberies for which they were condemned!

With exultation he continued—that the sums he had acquired by thieving and cheating did not amount to less than two thousand pounds, besides the fortune of the unhappy woman, whom he seduced and ruined. It was high time to stop the monster's speech, and the platform was therefore dropped, while yet he was exulting in his sins!

"Scotland," says the paper from which we extract this

unparalleled case, "seems to be in an improved state: the following ingenious contrivance was lately practised at Glasgow:—While a merchant in King Street was counting some money and bank-notes on a counter, a staff or small rod, overlaid with birdlime, was suddenly thrust in at the door, which having touched the notes, two of them were thereby carried off; and, before the merchant could pursue, the ingenious actor had made his escape."

NATHANIEL LILLEY, JAMES MARTIN, MARY BRIANT, WILLIAM ALLEN, AND JOHN BUTCHER

Convicted of Returning from Transportation

These convicts effected their escape from Botany Bay under the following extraordinary circumstances:—

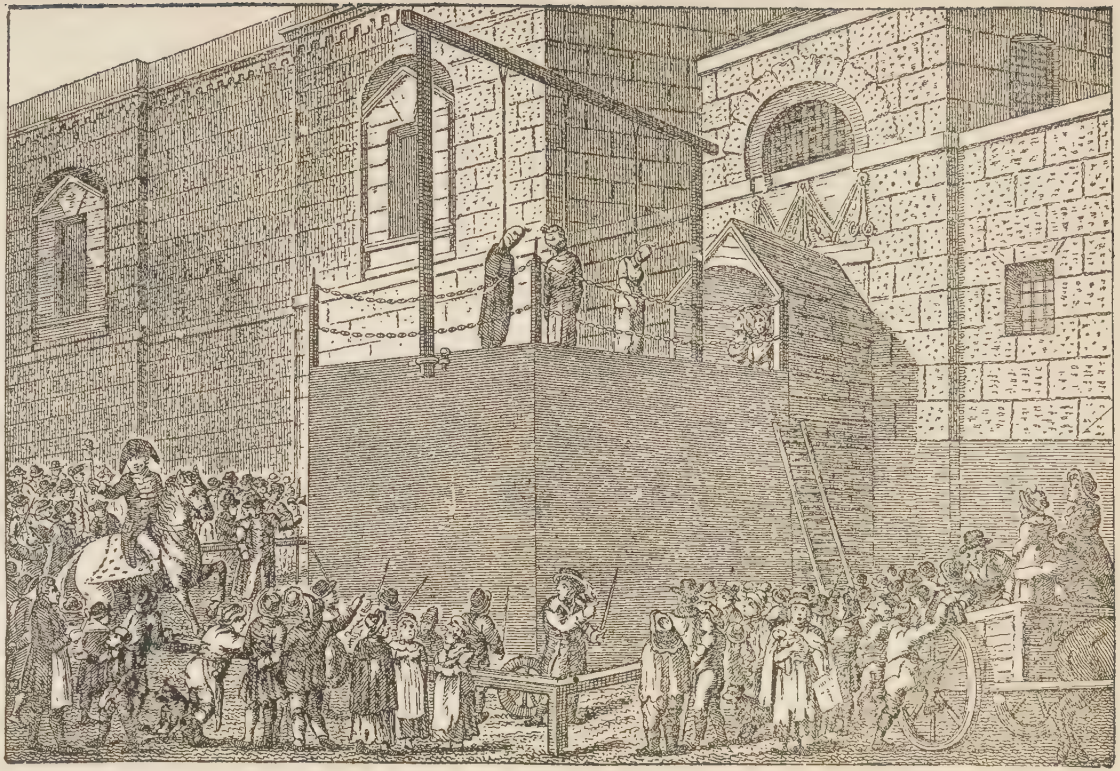
A Dutch schooner, commanded by Captain Smyth, took a supply of provisions to the settlement of Sydney Cove. A convict, named Briant, and who was married to the prisoner Mary Briant, persuaded Captain Smyth to let him have his six-oared boat, with an old lug-sail, a quadrant, and compass, for which he paid him what money he had, and some he collected among those to whom he intrusted his design; for the convicts having little use for the money with which their friends had supplied them, on sailing from this country, had most of it by them. Captain Smyth gave him one hundred pounds of rice, and fourteen pounds of pork; they purchased of a convict, who was baker to the colony, one hundred pounds of flour, at the rate of two shillings and sixpence, and one shilling and six-

pence per pound, which, with ten gallons of water, was all the provisions they took on board; and, at ten at night, on the 28th of March, 1791, William Briant, with his wife and two children, the one three years and the other one year old, the three other prisoners, Samuel Briant, James Cox, and William Martin, embarked in this open boat to sail to the island of Timor, which, by the nearest run, is upward of one thousand three hundred miles from the place of their embarkation; but, by the course they were forced to take, it was impossible for them to form an idea what distance they might have to run, or what dangers, independent of those of the sea, they might have to encounter; added to this, the monsoon had just set in, and the wind was contrary. Under these circumstances they rather choose to risk their lives on the sea, than drag out a miserable existence on an inhospitable shore. They were forced to keep along the coast, as much as they could, for the convenience of procuring supplies of fresh water; and on these occasions, and when the weather was extremely tempestuous, they would sometimes sleep on shore, hauling their boat on the land. The savage natives, wherever they put on shore, came down, in numbers, to murder them. They now found two old muskets, and a small quantity of powder, which Captain Smyth had given them, particularly serviceable, by firing over the heads of these multitudes, on which they ran off with great precipitation; but, they were always forced to keep a strict watch. In lat. 26. 27. they discovered a small uninhabited island: here was plenty of turtles, that proved a great relief to them; but they were very near being lost in landing. On this island they dried

as much turtle as they could carry, which lasted them ten days. During the first five weeks of their voyage they had continual rains; and being obliged to throw overboard their wearing apparel, &c. were for that time continually wet. They were once eight days out of sight of land, and after surmounting infinite hardships and dangers, they landed, on the 5th of June, 1791, at Cupang, on the island of Timor, where the Dutch have a settlement; having sailed considerably more than five thousand miles, and been ten weeks all but one day in performing this voyage. At Cupang they informed the governor, that they had belonged to an English ship, which was wrecked on her passage to New South Wales. The governor treated them with great humanity, but at length overheard a conversation among them, by which he discovered that they were convicts, who had escaped from the colony in New South Wales.

On the 29th of August, 1791, the *Pandora*, of twenty guns, Captain Edwards, was wrecked on a reef of rocks near New South Wales. The captain, and those of the crew who were saved, got to Cupang in their boats, when the governor gave the captain an account of the eleven persons he had there, and of the conversations he had overheard.

The captain took them with him to Batavia, where William Briant and his eldest child died. The rest were put on board a Dutch ship, in which Captain Edwards sailed with them, for the Cape of Good Hope. On their passage to the Cape, James Cox fell overboard and was drowned, and Samuel Bird and William Martin died. At the Cape, Captain Edwards delivered the survivors to Captain Parker, of the *Gorgon*, and they sailed with him



VIEW OF AN EXECUTION BEFORE THE DEBTOR'S DOOR OF NEWGATE

for England. In their passage home, the younger child of Mary Briant died.

Their trial took place, at the Old Bailey, on the 8th of July, 1792, when the Court ordered them to remain on their former sentence, until they should be discharged by the course of law. This lenient treatment was in consequence of the great suffering they had endured, the full punishment for such an offence being death.

LEWIS JEREMIAH AVERSHAW

Executed for Shooting a Peace Officer

This criminal was one of the most daring and unrepentant sinners that ever died by the hands of the executioner. There has too frequently been, among the most hardened, an affected contempt of death, and a fool-hardiness of behaviour on their exit from this world, which makes every one shudder except themselves.

Avershaw was an old offender, and often committed numerous crimes which called aloud for justice: he was brought to trial, at Croydon, in Surrey, on the 30th of July, 1795, charged on two indictments, one for having, at the Three Brewers' public house, Southwark, feloniously shot at and murdered David Price, an officer belonging to the police office held at Union Hall, in the borough. The other for having, at the same time and place, fired a pistol at Bernard Turner, another officer attached to that office, with intent to murder him. Mr. Garrow, the leading counsel for the prosecution, opened the case, by stating that

the prisoner at the bar, being a person of ill fame, had been suspected of having perpetrated a number of felonies; and the magistrates of the police office in the borough of Southwark, having received information against him, sent, as was

Avershaw on his way to execution

their duty, an order for his apprehension. To execute the warrant, the deceased, Price, and another officer, went to the Three Brewers, a public house, where they understood he was drinking, in company with some other persons. At the entrance of a parlour in the house the prisoner appeared in a posture of resistance. Holding a loaded pistol in each of his hands, he, with threats and imprecations, desired the

officers to stand off, as he would otherwise fire at them. The officers, however, attempted to rush in and seize him, on which he discharged both the pistols at the same instant, lodging the contents of one in the body of Price, and with the other wounding Turner very severely in the head. Price, after languishing a few hours, died of the wound. Mr. Garrow was very pathetic and animated in his description of the several circumstances composing the shocking act of barbarity. To prove it, he would call four witnesses, whose evidence he said, would but too clearly establish the prisoner's guilt. He accordingly called Turner, the landlord of the house, a surgeon, and a fourth witness; but, as the substance of their evidence is comprised in Mr. Garrow's opening, it would be superfluous to repeat it. Turner said positively he saw the prisoner discharge the pistols, from one of which he himself received his wound, and the contents of the other were lodged in the body of Price, who died shortly after. The surgeon proved that death was the consequence of the wound. Mr. Knowles and Mr. Best were counsel for the prisoner; but the weight of evidence was too strong to be combated by any exertions.

Mr. Baron Perryn, in summing up, remarked to the jury that the counsel for the prisoner had principally rested his defence on the circumstance of several other persons being present when the pistols were discharged, by some of which, they contended, the death-wound might possibly have been inflicted. But the witness, Turner, had sworn positively to his having seen the prisoner in the act of discharging the contents of the pistol. The jury, after a consultation of about three minutes, pronounced the verdict of Guilty.

Through a flaw in the indictment for the murder, an objection was taken by counsel. This was urged nearly two hours, when Mr. Baron Perryn intimating a wish to take the opinion of the twelve judges, the counsel for the prosecution, waiving the point for the present, insisted on the prisoner's being tried on the second indictment, for feloniously shooting at Barnaby Windsor, which the learned counsel said would occupy no great portion of time, as it could be sufficiently supported by the testimony of a single witness. He was, accordingly tried, and found guilty on a second capital indictment. The prisoner, who, contrary to general expectation, had in a great measure hitherto refrained from his usual audacity, now began, with unparalleled insolence of expression and gesture, to ask his lordship, if he was to be murdered by the evidence of one witness? Several times repeating the question, till the jury returned him Guilty.

When Mr. Baron Perryn put on the judicial cap, the prisoner, regardless of his sad situation, at the same time put on his hat, contemptuously looking at the judge while passing the awful sentence.

When the constables were removing him from the dock to the coach, he continued to vent torrents of abuse against the judge and jury, whom he charged with, as he styled it, his murder; and, as his desperate disposition was well known, he was, to prevent resistance, handcuffed, and his thighs and arms bound strongly together.

So callous was this ruffian to every degree of feeling, that on his way to be tried, as he was passing near the usual place of execution on Kennington Common, he put his head

out of the coach window, and, with all the sang froid imaginable, asked some of those who guarded him if they did not think he would be twisted on that pretty spot by Saturday.

After receiving sentence of death he was conducted back to prison, where, having got some black cherries, he amused himself with painting, on the white walls of the room in which he was confined, various sketches of robberies which he had committed; one representing him running up to horses' heads of a post-chaise, presenting a pistol at the driver, and the words "Damn your eyes, stop!" issuing out of his mouth; another, where he was firing into the chaise; a third, where the parties had quitted the carriage; and several others, in which he was described in the act of taking the money from the passengers, being fired at, and where his companion was shot dead, &c.

At the place of execution he appeared entirely unconcerned, had a flower in his mouth, his bosom was thrown open, and he kept up an incessant conversation with the persons who rode beside the cart; frequently laughing and nodding to others of his acquaintance, whom he perceived in the crowd, which was immense.

He suffered August 3, 1795, at Kennington Common, with John Little, who, having had employment at the laboratory of the palace at Kew, became acquainted with Mr. Macevoy and Mrs. King, persons of very advanced years, and who had been many years resident at Kew. Supposing that they had some property at home, he watched an opportunity, and murdered them both.

The execution of Parker

RICHARD PARKER

Executed for Mutiny

The magnitude of this man's offence, occurring at a period when the preservation of the state mainly depended on the exertions of the navy, threw the whole empire into consternation. Dissatisfaction had for some time existed, and a mutinous spirit evinced itself among the seamen, who, on this occasion, appointed delegates from all the ships at Sheerness and the Nore, and drew up a statement of grievances, dated 20th of May, 1797, requiring, among other

demands, a more equal distribution of prize-money, and some modification of the articles of war. These delegates assembled on board the *Sandwich*, of 28 guns, and not only superseded all the captains in their command, but elected Parker president of the convention, and his orders were implicitly obeyed as admiral of the squadron.

Richard Parker had received a good education, was bred in the navy, and, about the conclusion of the American war, was an acting lieutenant in one of his majesty's ships. He soon came into the possession of a considerable sum of money, shortly after which he arrived in this country, and married a farmer's daughter in Aberdeenshire, with whom he received a decent patrimony.

At this time, being without employment, he devoted himself to every species of dissipation, which soon finished his fortune, and involved him in debt, on account of which he was cast into the gaol of Edinburgh, where he was lying at the time the country was raising seamen for the navy.

He then entered as one of the volunteers for Perthshire, and was released from prison, upon paying the creditor a part of his bounty. He was put on board the tender then in Leith Roads, which carried him, with many others, to the Nore.

On the passage the captain distinguished Parker, both by his activity and polite address. He was known in the mutinous fleet by the appellation of Admiral Parker; for Captain Watson, of the Leith tender, before he sailed from the Nore, was ordered, by the crew of the *Sandwich*, to come on board, which he did, and was then introduced to, and

interrogated by, Parker, whom he knew on first sight. Parker also recollected him, and from this circumstance he experienced great favour.

Parker ordered every man on board to treat Captain Watson well, saying he was a seaman's friend, and had treated him well, and that, if any man used him otherwise, he should instantly be— Here he pointed to the rope at the yard-arm.

Captain Watson took an opportunity of hinting to Parker the impropriety of his conduct, and the consequences that might follow; which seemed to throw a momentary damp on his spirits; but he expressed a wish to wave the subject, and Captain Watson proceded on his voyage.

The mutiny having been happily suppressed, and a considerable reward offered for the apprehension of Parker, the accounted ringleader, on the arrival of Lieutenant Mott, with the proclamations, &c. the crews of all the ships readily submitted. Parker himself could not oppose this spirit.

In consequence of this, the *Sandwich* came under the guns of Sherness, and Admiral Buckner's boat, commanded by the cockswain, and containing a picquet-guard of the West York militia, went on board to bring Parker on shore.

Several of the officers of the *Sandwich* were on deck, but very few of the men appeared. As soon as Parker heard that a boat was come for him, he surrendered himself to four of the ship's crew, to protect him against the outrages of the other seamen, whose vengeance he feared.

Admiral Buckner's cockswain told the officers on deck his business, and claimed their assistance. The lieutenant drew his sword, and the party, consisting of eight or ten, went

down below, where Parker was surrendered into their hands. They tied his hands together behind, and the officers conducted him into the boat, which had eight or ten rowers, and a party of the West York militia, seated in the head, with their faces towards the stern, and their muskets held upright in their hands, ready charged. Parker was seated near the stern, with his face towards the head; behind him was the cockswain, and before him the lieutenant of *Sandwich*, holding a drawn sword over him. Parker, on landing, was much hissed, on which he said aloud, "Do not hoot me. It is not my fault. I will clear myself."

Parker was then sent to Maidstone gaol, under a strong guard; besides which a rope tied his arms behind his back.

Parker, after a long trial, which commenced soon after his apprehension, was found Guilty. His defence, which he had some time allowed him to prepare, he read from a paper, but with much rapidity, and little feeling.

After a solemn pause, of near ten minutes, the judge-advocate rose, and, with his head uncovered, read the awful sentence, viz:—"The Court adjudges Richard Parker to suffer death, and to be hanged by the neck, on board any one of his Majesty's ships, and at such time, as the lords of admiralty may think proper to appoint."

The prisoner listened to the sentence without emotion, and addressed the Court as follows:—

"I have heard your sentence; I shall submit to it without a struggle. I feel thus, because I am sensible of the rectitude of my intentions. Whatever offences may have been committed, I hope my life will be the only sacrifice. I trust it will be thought a sufficient atonement. Pardon, I

beseech you, the other men; I know they will return with alacrity to their duty."

The president then briefly addressed himself to the prisoner. He said that, notwithstanding the enormity of the crimes of which he had been found guilty, on the fullest and clearest evidence, yet the Court, in order to afford him the necessary time to expiate his offences, and to make his peace with God, would then not name any day for his execution, but leave that point to the determination of the lords of the admiralty. The prisoner then withdrew, and was soon put in irons.

The time for Parker's execution was fixed for Friday, the 30th of June, 1797. At eight o'clock in the morning a gun was fired on board his majesty's ship *L'Espion*, lying off Sherness garrison, Vice-Admiral Lutwidge's flag-ship; and the yellow flag, the signal of capital punishment, was hoisted which was immediately repeated by the *Sandwich*, hoisting the same colour on her fore-top.

The prisoner was awaked, a little after six o'clock, from a sound sleep, by the provost-marshal, who, with a file of marines, composed his guard: he arose with cheerfulness, and requested permission for a barber to attend him, which was granted; he soon dressed himself in a neat suit of mourning (waistcoat excepted), wearing his half-boots over a pair of black silk stockings: he then took his breakfast; talked of a will he had written, in which he had bequeathed to his wife a little estate he said he was heir to; and, after that, lamented the misfortune that had been brought on the country by the mutiny, but solemnly denied having the least connexion or correspondence with any dis-

affected persons ashore; and declared that it was chiefly owing to him that the ships had not been carried into the enemy's ports.

At half past eight he was told the chaplain of the ship was ready to attend him to prayers upon the quarter-deck, which he immediately ascended, uncovered: at his first entrance on the deck he looked a little paler than common, but soon recovered his usual complexion; he bowed to the officers, and, a chair being allowed him, he sat down for a few moments: he then arose, and told the clergyman he wished to attend him: the chaplain informed him he had selected two psalms appropriate to his situation; to which the prisoner, assenting, said, "And with your permission, sir, I will add a third," and named the 51st. He then recited each alternate verse in a manner peculiarly impressive.

At nine o'clock the preparatory gun was fired from *L'Espion,* which he heard without the smallest emotion. Prayers being soon after closed, he rose, and asked Captain Moss "if he might be indulged with a glass of white wine": which being granted, he took it, and, lifting up his eyes, exclaimed, "I drink first to the salvation of my soul! and next to the forgiveness of my enemies!" Addressing himself to Captain Moss, he said, "he hoped he would shake hands with him"; which the captain did: he then desired "that he might be remembered to his companions on board the *Neptune;* with his last breath sent an entreaty to them to prepare for their destiny, and refrain from unbecoming levity." His arms being now bound, the procession moved from the quarter-deck to the forecastle, passing through a double file of marines on the starboard side, to a plat-

form erected on the cat-head, with an elevated projection. Arriving there, he knelt with the chaplain, and joined in some devout ejaculations; to all of which he repeated loudly "Amen." Rising again, the admiral's warrant of execution, addressed to Captain Moss, was now read by the clerk, in which the sentence of the court-martial, order of the board of admiralty, and his majesty's approbation of the whole proceedings, were fully recited, which the prisoner heard with great attention, and bowed his head, as if in assent, at the close of it. He now asked the captain "whether he would be allowed to speak"; and immediately apprehending his intention might be misconceived, he added, "I am not going, sir, to address the ship's company!—I wish only to declare that I acknowledge the justice of the sentence under which I suffer; and I hope my death may be deemed a sufficient atonement, and save the lives of others!"

He then requested "a minute to collect himself," and knelt down alone, about that space of time; then, rising up, he said, "I am ready"; and, holding his head up, said to the boatswain's mate, "Take off my handkerchief" (of black silk); which being done, the provost-marshal placed the halter over his head (which had been prepared with grease,) but, doing it awkwardly, the prisoner said rather pettishly to the boatswain's mate, "Do you do it, for he seems to know nothing about it." The halter was then spliced to the reeve-rope: all this being adjusted, the marshal attempted to put a cap on, which he refused; but, on being told that it was indispensable, he submitted, requesting it might not be pulled over his eyes till he desired it. He

then turned round, for the first time, and gave a steady look at his shipmates on the forecastle, and, with an affectionate kind of smile, nodded his head, and said "Good-by to you!" He now said, "Captain Moss, is the gun primed?"—"It is."—"Is the match alight?"—"All is ready."—On this he advanced a little, and said, "Will any gentleman be so good as to lend me a white handkerchief for the signal?" After some little pause, a gentleman stepped forward and gave him one; to whom bowing, he returned thanks. He now ascended the platform, repeated the same questions about the gun; then the cap being drawn over his face, walking by firm degrees up to the extremity of the scaffold, he dropped the handkerchief, put his hands in his coat pockets with great rapidity, and at the moment, as he was springing off, the fatal bow-gun fired, and the reeve-rope catching him, run him up, though not with great velocity, to the yard-arm. When suspended about midway, his body appeared extremely convulsed for a few seconds, immediately after which no appearance of life remained. It being ebb of tide, the starboard yard-arm pointed to the Isle of Grain, where scaffolding was erected for the spectators on shore; a considerable number of yachts, cutters, and other craft, surrounded the *Sandwich*. The last time the prisoner knelt with the chaplain at the cat-head, though he made his responses regularly, his attention was particularly directed the whole time to the armed boats of the fleet, which were plying round on duty. The whole conduct of this awful ceremony was extremely decorous and impressive; it was evident, from the countenances of the crew of the *Sandwich*, that the general feeling for the

fate of their mutinous conductor was such as might be wished: not a word, and scarce a whisper, was heard among them.

The behaviour of this unhappy man, throughout the whole of his trial, was firm and manly; while he was before the Court, decent and respectful, and from the time he received his sentence, till his execution, resigned and penitent. The uncommon fortitude he displayed during his trial did not forsake him even in the last moments of his wretched existence.

FRANCIS SMITH

Condemned to Death for the Murder of a Supposed Ghost

Superstition, in the beginning of the enlightened year 1804, was revived in the vicinity of Hammersmith, near London, where the inhabitants were possessed with an opinion that a ghost haunted their neighbourhood; but the fancied spectre was proved to be composed of human flesh and blood, which were unfortunately mangled and shed unto death by the unhappy man whose case is now before us.

The wanton performer of the pretended spirit merited severe punishment, for, with the frogs to the mischievous boys, who were pelting them with stones, they might truly have said, "It is sport to you, but death to us." Besides, the poor man who lost his life being mistaken for this mimic ghost, Smith was condemned to die for the murder.

One poor woman in particular, who was far advanced in her pregnancy of a second child, was so much shocked, that she took to her bed, and survived only two days. She had

been crossing near the churchyard about ten o'clock at night, when she beheld something, as she described, rise from the tomb-stones. The figure was very tall, and very white! She attempted to run, but the ghost soon overtook her, and,

The pretended Hammersmith ghost frightening a poor woman to death

pressing her in his arms, she fainted; in which situation she remained some hours, till discovered by some neighbours, who kindly led her home, when she took to her bed, from which, alas! she never rose.

The ghost had so much alarmed a waggoner belonging to Mr. Russel, driving a team of eight horses, and which had sixteen passengers at the time, that the driver took to his

heels, and left the waggon and horses so precipitately, that the whole were greatly endangered.

Neither man, woman, nor child, could pass that way for some time; and the report was, that it was the apparition of a man who cut his throat in the neighbourhood above a year ago.

Several lay in wait different nights for the ghost; but there were so many by-lanes and paths leading to Hammersmith, that he was always sure of being on that which was unguarded, and every night played off his tricks to the terror of the passengers.

Francis Smith, doubtless incensed at the unknown person who was in the habit of assuming this supernatural character, and thus frightening the superstitious inhabitants of the village, rashly determined on watching for, and shooting, the ghost; when unfortunately he shot a poor innocent man, Thomas Milwood, a bricklayer, who was in a white dress, the usual habiliment of his occupation. This rash act having been judged wilful murder by the coroner's inquest, Smith was accordingly committed to gaol, and took his trial at the ensuing sessions at the Old Bailey, January 13; when Mr. John Locke, wine-merchant, living in Hammersmith, stated, that on the 3d of January, about half past ten in the evening, he met the prisoner, who told him he had shot a man, whom he believed to be the pretended ghost of Hammersmith.

A rumour of a ghost walking about at night had prevailed for a considerable time. He went with the prisoner, in company with Mr. Stowe and a watchman, up Limekiln

Lane, to Blacklion Lane, where the deceased was lying apparently dead.

The witness and Mr. Stowe consulted together upon what was proper to be done, and they directly sent for the high constable. The body had no appearance of life; there was a shot in the left jaw. The prisoner was much agitated. The witness told him the consequences likely to be the result of his conduct. The prisoner replied, that he fired, but did not know the person whom he had shot; he also said that, before he fired, he spoke twice to the deceased, but received no answer.

Mr. Const, for the prisoner, cross-examined this witness. For five weeks previous to this melancholy catastrophe, the ghost had been the subject of general conversation in Hammersmith. He had never seen it. The dress in which the ghost was said to appear corresponded with that worn by the deceased, being white. The deceased had on white trousers, down to his shoes; a white apron round him, and a flannel jacket on his body. The ghost sometimes appeared in white, and frequently in a calf's skin.

The prisoner was so agitated when the witness met him, that he could hardly speak. The deceased, after the prisoner called out, continued to advance towards him, which augmented his fear so much that he fired. The witness described the evening as very dark: Blacklion Lane was very dark at all times, being between hedges; and on that evening it was very obscure, that a person on one side of the road could not distinguish an object on the other.

The prisoner, when he first mentioned the accident, ex-

pressed to the witness his wish that he would take him into custody, or send for some person to do so. The prisoner was a man mild and humane, and of a generous temper.

William Girdle, the watchman in Hammersmith, after stating that he went to the spot with Mr. Locke, described the posture in which the deceased was found. He was lying on his back, stretched out, and quite dead. His left jaw was broken by a shot. The prisoner came to the witness, and said he had hurt a man, and he was afraid very badly. Previous to this the prisoner told him he was going to look after the ghost The witness replied that he would join him, after crying the hour, and that they would search the lanes together. They agreed on a watch-word: "Who comes there?—A friend.—Advance, friend." The witness went his rounds, and just before he got to Blacklion Lane he heard the report of a gun. He took no notice of that circumstance, as he frequently heard firing in the night. He did not see a gun lying by the deceased. The prisoner offered to deliver himself up.

On his cross-examination, the witness said that he himself was armed with a pistol, as other watchmen are. He had seen the supposed ghost himself on the Thursday before, being the 29th of December. It was covered with a sheet or large table-cloth. He encountered it opposite the four-mile stone, and pursued it, but without success, as the spirit pulled off the sheet and ran. The alarm had been very great for six weeks or two months, and many people had been terribly frightened. He knew the prisoner, and he was nothing like a cruel man.

Anne Milwood, sister to the deceased, was next called.

The Lord Chief Baron lamented that any questions relative to this melancholy affair should be put to her, but for the ends of justice they were rendered indispensably necessary. She stated that she lived with her father and mother; between ten and eleven of the evening of the third of January, her brother called; he had been to inquire for his wife, who was at Mr. Smith's, the outrider. The witness and her mother were going to bed, and her mother asked the deceased, whether his wife had come home? He replied, that she had not. She then desired him to sit down, and wait for her half an hour. He sat till the witness heard the clock go eleven. She then desired him to go home; and he got up and went away, wishing the witness a good night. He shut the door behind him, and the witness directly went and opened it, stepped out, and stood on some bricks, looking after him. At that instant she heard a voice exclaim, "Damn you, who are you, and what are you? I'll shoot you, if you don't speak." This address was directly followed by the discharge of a gun. The witness, exceedingly alarmed for her brother's safety, called out "Thomas" three or four times. The witness then went into the house, but she could not persuade either her father, mother, or a gentleman who lodged with them, that any accident had befallen her brother. She went out alone, and found him quite dead. She ran for assistance to a neighbour's house, and in returning from it she saw the prisoner, Mr. Locke, Mr. Stowe, and the watchman.

Her brother was in his usual working-dress, as described by the first witness in his cross-examination. The witness added, that she had heard great talk of a ghost stalking up

and down the neighbourhood, all in white, with horns and glass eyes, but she did not know that anybody had ever watched in order to discover and detect the impostor.

Mr. Flower, a surgeon at Hammersmith, saw the body the day following the accident; and on the 6th of January examined it by order of Mr. Hodgson, the coroner. He found that the deceased had received a gun-shot wound on the left lower jaw, with small shot, as he thought, No. 4, which penetrated to the vertebra of the neck, and injured the spinal marrow, which is a continuation of the brain. The face of the deceased was black, and that blackness was occasioned by the discharge of powder from a gun. The wound in the jaw was doubtless the cause of Milwood's death. He knew Smith; he was not a vindictive, but, on the contrary, a remarkably mild man.

A constable then stated that the prisoner had surrendered to him, and that he had been two days in his custody.

This finished the case for the prosecution.

The prisoner, having been called upon for his defence, said he would leave it to his counsel; but, on being told that they could not speak on his behalf, being only allowed to examine his witnesses, he stated that he went out with no bad design or intention; and that, when the unfortunate accident happened, he knew not what he did. He solemnly declared his innocence, and that he had no intention or idea of taking the life of anyone.

The prisoner's counsel then called Mrs. Fullbrook, mother-in-law to the deceased: she said that, on the Saturday evening before his death, he told her that two ladies and a

gentleman had taken fright at him, as he was coming down the Terrace, thinking he was the ghost. He told them that he was no more a ghost than any of them, and asked the gentleman if he wished for a punch in the head. The witness advised the deceased in future to put on a great coat, in order that he might not encounter any danger.

Thomas Groom was called, as it would appear, to prove that some supernatural being actually visited the town of Hammersmith. He said he was servant to Mr. Burgess, a brewer, and that as he and a fellow-servant were going through the churchyard, one night, something, which he did not see, caught hold of him by the throat.

A number of witnesses were then called to the prisoner's character, which they described as mild and gentle in the extreme.

One of these witnesses said he had known the prisoner for fifteen years; and, during that period, his life had been marked by singular acts of humanity and benevolence.

The Lord Chief Baron then proceeded to address the jury. His lordship observed, that nothing which had been stated, or had appeared in this case, could possibly change the nature of the offence from murder. Although malice was necessary to make out the crime of murder, yet it was not necessary, according to law, to prove that the prisoner had known the deceased, or had cherished any malice, or, as was vulgarly called, spite against him. If a man should fire into the hall where he was now sitting, and kill anybody at random, such a deed was murder. On the same principle, if a person was killed by design, without any authority,

but from a supposition that the person ought to be killed, such an act was also murder, unless the killing was accidental.

If a man went out armed on the highway, intending to shoot robbers, and should decide in his own mind that an individual whom he might see was a robber, and should kill the man who actually was not a robber, such an act would be held as murder.

However disgusted the jury might feel in their own minds with the abominable person guilty of the misdemeanour of terrifying the neighbourhood, still the prisoner had no right to construe such misdemeanour into a capital offence, or to conclude that a man dressed in white was a ghost. It was his own opinion, and was confirmed by those of his learned brethren on the bench, that if the facts stated in evidence were credible, the prisoner had committed murder. In this case there was a deliberate carrying out a loaded gun, which the prisoner concluded he was entitled to fire, but which he really was not; and he did fire it with a rashness which the law does not excuse. In all the circumstances of the case, no man is allowed to kill another rashly.

His lordship here recapitulated the evidence, and commented on the defence made by the prisoner, which he remarked was singular. The prisoner had gone out persuaded that he was to meet a man and yet when he did encounter him, he was so terrified as to be unconscious of what he did.

The prisoner had received an excellent character; and here his lordship explained the reason why no witness but

one could speak to his character farther than two years. The prisoner was an excise-officer, and, as such, liable to be removed and shifted from one situation to another, so that it was a great chance if he remained long in one place.

His lordship was afraid that his good character could not avail, in point of law, in that place, whatever effect it might have in another quarter, which did not become him to conjecture.

The jury retired for above an hour, and returned a verdict "Guilty of Manslaughter."

On hearing this verdict, it was stated by the bench, that such a judgment could not be received in this case; for it ought either to be a verdict of murder, or of acquittal. If the jury believed the facts, there was no extenuation that could be admitted; for supposing that the unfortunate man was the individual really meant to have been shot, the prisoner would have been guilty of murder. Even with respect to civil processes; if an officer of justice uses a deadly weapon, it is murder, if he occasions death by it even although he had a right to apprehend the person he had so killed.

Mr. Justice Rooke.—"The court have no hesitation whatever, with regard to the law, and, therefore, the verdict must be—'Guilty of Murder,' or 'A total acquittal from want of evidence.'"

Mr. Justice Lawrence.—"You have heard the opinion of the whole Court is settled as to the law on this point, it is therefore unnecessary for me to state mine in particular. I perfectly agree with the learned judge who stated the law in so clear and able a manner. If an officer kills a

person whom he had a right to apprehend, upon suspicion of felony, he is guilty of murder, except in particular cases. Now this man was not even attempting to run away, supposing it had been the very person who was alarming the neighbourhood, the prisoner had no right to kill him, even if he should attempt an escape, for the crime is only a misdemeanour. Upon every point of view, this case is, in the eye of the law, a murder, if it be proved by the facts. Whether it has or not is for you to determine, and return your verdict accordingly. The law has been thus stated by Justice Foster, and all the most eminent judges."

Recorder.—"I perfectly agree with the learned judges who have spoken. Gentlemen, consider your verdict again."

The jury then turned round, and, after a short consultation, returned their verdict "Guilty."

Lord Chief Baron.—"The case, gentlemen, shall be reported to his majesty immediately."

The Recorder then passed sentence of death on the prisoner in the usual form; which was, that he should be executed on Monday next, and his body given to the surgeons to be dissected.

The prisoner, who was dressed in a suit of black clothes, was then twenty-nine years of age, a short but well-made man, with dark hair and eyebrows; and the pallid hue of his countenance during the whole trial, together with the signs of contrition which he exhibited, commanded the sympathy of every spectator.

Several of the prisoner's relations were present, and apparently in great distress.

The Sessions House was crowded in every part by nine o'clock; and the yard was filled with an anxious multitude, all making inquiry, and interested in the fate of the prisoner; who, affected by shame and remorse, was now and then so seriously agitated, that he could with difficulty support himself. When called upon for his defence, his voice faltered, insomuch that it was not without a considerable effort he could articulate a word. On the retiring of the jury to reflect on his case, and the return of the verdict, he betrayed much apprehensions of real danger, as to deprive him of the power of sustaining himself without the friendly aid of a bystander.

When the jury returned, he made a sort of desperate effort—stood up, and endeavoured to attend to the verdict given. When the dreadful word "Guilty!" was pronounced, he sunk into a state of stupefaction exceeding despair. He at last retired, supported by the servants of Mr. Kirby.

The Lord Chief Baron having told the jury, after they had given their verdict, that he would immediately report the case to his majesty, was so speedy in this humane office, that a "respite during pleasure" arrived at the Old Bailey, before seven o'clock, and on the 25th he received a pardon, on condition of being imprisoned one year.

The distraction of one of Morris's wives on his conviction

HENRY MORRIS

Transported for Bigamy

"FRAILTY, thy name is Woman," says Shakespeare. The immortal bard is right; or how could we find them, in spite of precept and example, still the victims of the dissolute and designing; clinging to their destroyers with a devotional tenacity, which, like their beauty, almost makes us pardon their indiscretion; so accustomed are we to expect virtue where appearances promise all that is commendable. But if we must lament the infatuation of the frailer sex, in what terms can we express our detestation of the

villain who calculates on their weakness and simplicity, and, like the veiled prophet of Korassan, exhibits not the hideousness of his natural character until the victim is secured? But, alas! not even then has infatuated woman resolution enough to evince the dignity of insulted virtue; for we too often find them, as in the present instance, become more attached, as their destroyer becomes more worthless.

Henry Morris, in 1813, was indicted at Green Street, Dublin, for marrying Mary Anne Murphy, on the 15th of May, 1811, having been previously married to Maria Fontaine, on the 7th of August, 1805, who was alive at the time of his second marriage.

Both marriages being proved, Dennis Murphy, the afflicted father of the last of the prisoner's wives (for he had several), came forward and detailed a narrative of wrongs, that sensibly affected the Court. He first knew the prisoner on the 15th day of October twelvemonth, at a billiard room in Dame Street. He told him of being deeply in love with his daughter, who was then only fifteen years of age; and represented himself as a teacher, of great respectability. Morris was then introduced to Mr. Murphy's family, and continued his visits for five or six months; at the expiration of which time he persuaded the credulous girl to elope with him.

Two months after, the villain Morris wrote the unfortunate father a letter; expressed much contrition for what had occurred; and attributed it to the violence of love, "which would not brook delay." He begged God's and Mr. Murphy's pardon; and requested a meeting. A meeting accordingly took place; the parties were reconciled; and

Morris and Miss Murphy were legally married. But, before the wounded feelings of the father had been healed, he accidentally acquired information which caused them to bleed afresh. He learned, too surely, that his hopeful son-in-law had several wives; and that he had abandoned four young girls whom he had successively married. The poor man, with tears which bespoke the anguish of his heart, here mentioned that Maria Fontaine had died of a broken heart three weeks before the trial; and said that his unfortunate daughter still continued so attached to her destroyer, that she spent the whole of her time with him in Newgate, coming home occasionally for support, which was given to her; for the unhappy parents could not bring themselves to desert their poor child, under any circumstances; and, if they were to do so, would consider themselves accountable in the eye of Heaven for the crimes she would fall into; as, in case of being turned from the paternal door, she had no alternative but street prostitution.

The wretched girl, lovely as unfortunate, was in court during the trial, and remained close to the prisoner. When the verdict was pronounced, she burst into the most outrageous expressions of grief; cried out most violently to save him; tore her hair, and clung around his neck, declaring that she would not be separated from him. The judges, however, ordered her to be removed, but directed that it should be done as gently as possible; and she was accordingly carried out of court in a state of utter distraction. Morris was then sentenced to transportation for seven years; the judge remarking that he had often ordered a man to be hanged for an offence much less heinous.

We cannot omit this opportunity of saying a few words respecting the virtue of prudence, which may be called the guardian of all the other domestic virtues. Without expatiating on its general importance, perhaps, it may be sufficient to remark that affliction of Murphy's family, and the ruin of his miserable child, proceeded directly from the total absence of prudence in the old man. He introduces a stranger; encourages his addresses to his daughter, only fifteen years of age; and then permits them to go out alone; for under pretence of going to prayers they had eloped! Surely he who took such little precaution to guard his child from error deserved to suffer for that child's impropriety. This case, however, will not be unproductive to public benefit. Parents may learn from it to guard their children from the arts of strangers; and the young women may be taught that to trust their ears to the tongue of men, whose character they know not, is to invite the seducer to spread his snares for their ruin.

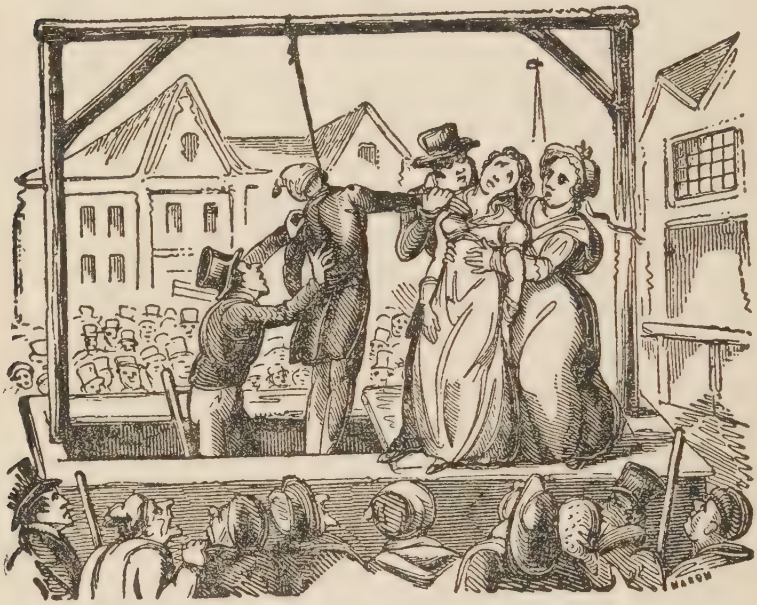
W. H. HOLLINGS

Executed for the Murder of Elizabeth Pitcher

This man's conduct was at once infamous and extravagant. He had been in the excise, where he became acquainted with one Pitcher, also an excise officer, who on his death bed recommended his wife and daughter, Elizabeth, to the care and protection of his friend Hollings.

The friend of the father was caressed by the mother and

daughter. The latter lived servant with Mr. Cartwright, in Lower Grosvenor Street, where Hollings had been in the habit of calling on her. Notwithstanding that he had a wife of his own, who did not live with him, and was fifty



The superstitious application of the dead hand of Hollings

years of age, without any personal recommendation whatever, he had the infamous audacity to annoy this poor girl with his fulsome addresses, which she appears to have rejected altogether, as an honest and virtuous young woman should do.

For refusing to entertain his abominable passion, Hollings meditated the ruin of this unfortunate girl, who was

only in her twentieth year. On July 4th he went in the evening to the house of her master, and asked for Betsy; she came out to him, and closed the door after her; they had continued together for a few minutes when the report of a pistol was heard, and the butler, running out, saw Hollings supporting the poor girl, who had been shot through the heart, a wound of immense size being made in her side, from which flowed a copious discharge of blood.

Hollings did not attempt to escape. He held another pistol in his hand, which was found loaded to the muzzle, and the other had burst into a thousand pieces, having been similarly charged. On the steps lay a broken phial, containing arsenic and water, which Hollings thought to have taken, but the explosion of the pistol had scattered it out of his hands. When the patrol came up, he said, "Don't seize me; I shall not attempt to go away." He also asked "if Elizabeth was dead, and if he might be permitted to kiss her cold lips."

When taken to the watch house, he said he was in love with the deceased; and that he had sacrificed her for refusing to comply with his wishes. Being asked what those were, he refused to give any explanation. During the night he drank four or five quarts of water, and vomited very much, occasioned by the poison he had taken, which, not being sufficient to cause death, only made him sick. His intention was, having shot the unfortunate girl, to poison himself; but the explosion of the pistol defeated his intentions.

On Friday, September the 16th, he was indicted at the Old Bailey, and tried, after the diabolical murderer

Mitchell. The facts of the murder having been proved, several witnesses deposed to various acts of insanity committed by the prisoner, during the last twelve months. He had been discharged from the excise in consequence of his strange conduct; and certainly there appeared sufficient evidence to lead to an opinion that he was under the dominion of occasional insanity. But his whole conduct, with regard to murder, was atrociously consistent. He had loaded the pistols on purpose, provided the poison, and procured the presence of his victim, by pretending that he had a message for her. All these, taken into account, left no room to doubt but at the time of the horrid deed he was perfectly sane. He was accordingly found Guilty; after which Hollings addressed the court. He acknowledged that he had been fairly tried, and justly convicted. He hoped his fate would be a warning to all who heard his case against the indulgence of violent passions: he had loved—fervently loved—the unhappy girl whose life he had taken away. His offence was great; but he hoped for mercy, through the Saviour of mankind.

On Monday morning, September 19th, 1814, Mitchell and Hollings were executed in front of Newgate. So great was the public curiosity to see the unfortunate malefactors, that at seven o'clock on Monday morning the Old Bailey and Giltspur Street were crowded to a degree almost unprecedented. Much money was given for indifferent seats at the top of the houses opposite the debtors' door; and carts, waggons, and other vehicles, were in requisition. It appears that Mitchell entertained some hopes of acquittal, as he was often heard to say, "There was no cor-

roborating proof of his having fired the pistol." At a quarter before eight the prisoners were introduced to the Press Yard, for the purpose of having their irons knocked off, accompanied by the Reverend Mr. Cotton and the Reverend Mr. Frere, the latter of whom sat up in constant prayer all night with Hollings, who joined most fervently in the devotion. Mitchell, who was dressed in black, was first brought out from the cell; he looked pale, and maintained a deportment of sullen resignation; he did not say a word, nor did he betray the slightest symptoms of feeling at his awful situation. He appeared regardless of any earthly transaction. The irons being knocked off, and the usual awful ceremony of tying the hands being executed, he lifted his hands as far as he was permitted, and, looking up, bowed, and appeared to be in prayer. Hollings stepped forward to the block with an activity which at first reminded us of the unhappy man. He was, however, very tranquil; and, upon being disencumbered of his irons, addressed the persons around him in nearly the following words: "Here, you see, I stand, a victim to passion and barbarity: my crime is great; and I acknowledge the justice of my sentence. But oh! the unfortunate girl I loved, I adored, as one of my own. I have made contrition, and prayed for forgiveness; I resign myself, under an impression that Almighty God has heard my prayers, and will forgive me: may you and the world take warning by my example; and here I confess the justice of my fate—receive my soul, O God!" At the last expression his feelings overcame him, and he wept.

The whole of the awful arrangements being complete, they were ushered to the fatal scaffold. Mitchell was until

this time firm and unconcerned: he was prayed to by Mr. Cotton. He became much agitated, and the horrors of death were strongly portrayed in his countenance. Hollings shook hands with the officers of justice, declared to Mr. Frere that he was quite happy, and mounted the scaffold with great firmness and resignation. The clergyman continued to pray to them until the fatal signal was given, when the drop fell. Mitchell continued in the strongest convulsions for several minutes, and appeared to die very hard.

After they had hung some time, three females were introduced, for the application of "the dead man's hand," supposed to remove marks, wens, etc. The first was a young woman of interesting appearance, who was so much affected by the ceremony that she was obliged to be supported.

At nine the bodies were cut down, and sent to St. Bartholomew's Hospital for dissection.

DANIEL DOODY, JOHN CUSSEN, *alias* WALSH, JAMES LEAHY, MAURICE LEAHY, WILLIAM DOODY, DAVID LEAHY, DANIEL RIEDY, WILLIAM COSTELLO, AND WALTER FITZMAURICE, *alias* CAPTAIN ROCK

Convicted of Abduction

It was the opinion of Dr. Johnson that many of the romantic tales of the middle ages had their origin in truth, and that the absolute distress of females might, in all proba-

bility, have called for the institution of "knight errantry." To protect the defenceless is a natural impulse, which has its foundation in the sympathies of our nature; but when a female, young, beautiful, and innocent, is the victim of oppression, there is no man with common feelings, who would not risk his life to snatch her from despair and misery. In this happy country there are few instances of abduction; but in Ireland this unmanly crime is too prevalent. The distracted state of certain parts of the country gives aid to the schemes of unprincipled ruffians, acting on the presumption that injured females, when degraded and dishonoured, would of necessity save the violators of their innocence from ignominy by a marriage—the only means, they suppose, left them to escape from unmerited shame. The persons thus forcibly carried away are generally the daughters of opulent farmers—a fact which clearly shows the mercenary views of those who commit so base and cowardly an outrage on the most defenceless part of the creation.

Among the many outrages of this nature was one on the person of Miss Honora Goold, a young lady remarkable for her personal beauty. She lived in the house of her mother, at Glangurt, in the county of Cork, and had two sisters older than herself, she being scarcely sixteen, and a brother. On the 4th of March, 1822, about twelve o'clock at night, their dwelling was attacked by an armed banditti, who, on threatening to burn the house, were admitted. One of the ferocious ruffians burst into Miss Honora's apartment, and asked if she was the eldest Miss Goold. She replied in the negative, and said that her sister

was on a visit in Cork. The inquirer then withdrew, and, having searched several other apartments, returned, followed by five or six others, and repeated his interrogation, which he, however, answered himself in the affirmative; and then desired her to arise and dress herself. At the suggestion of one of the party they withdrew outside the door, to allow a compliance with their orders.

The young lady had no hesitation in obeying their mandate; for she very naturally preferred being up and dressed in the presence of such ruffians. She had scarcely put on her clothes, however, when one of them re-entered, seized the screaming girl in his arms, and bore her out of the house, where a horseman was waiting to receive her. Before this stranger she was placed, in spite of all her cries for mercy; and the party, having obtained their prize, set off at full speed, bending their course towards the Galties, a range of mountains between the counties of Cork and Limerick. At the distance of several miles they halted and procured a pillion, and then compelled her to ride behind the leader of this atrocious band. In her eagerness to escape she fell several times during their progress; and having continued her screams all the time, one of the ruffians threatened to murder her unless she desisted.

By daylight they had entered the recesses of the Galties, and several of the party having occasionally dropped off, she was conducted by the few that remained to the house of David Leahy, a substantial farmer.

The leader of this outrage was a young man named Brown, of a respectable family, and who had received an ed-

ucation which should have rendered him incapable of such base and unmanly conduct. The elder Miss Goold was entitled, on her marriage, to a large fortune; and Brown, hoping to possess himself of it, resolved to carry off the young lady. Being disappointed by the precipitancy and mistake of his assistants, he determined to make sure of the lovely victim who had fallen into his power, knowing that the opulence of her family could make him independent, provided he could insure the consent of the astonished girl he had forcibly carried off. With virtuous indignation she repulsed his fulsome advances, and begged the protection of Mrs. Leahy, in whose parlour she now was; but, strange to say, this mother of children connived at the ruin of her unprotected guest.

Foiled in his direct attack, Brown had recourse to an expedient, which, for the honour of human nature, we would wish never to record, did not impartial justice demand an honest discharge of our duty as faithful narrators of criminal occurrences. It was proposed, and immediately after breakfast, that Miss Goold should take some rest. A bed was in the parlour, and she was directed to repose upon it. This, indeed, after the fatigue of the night, was most desirable; but to her utter astonishment, the family, in which there were two females, left the room, at the same time locking the door upon herself and Brown. The monster, in spite of her entreaties and screams, proceeded to undress her, and insisted on sleeping beside her. The reader need not be told the rest—the purity of female innocence was grossly violated in the person of this young and lovely

creature; and her destroyer arose from his bed of lust the polluter of one whose peace of mind neither the world's sympathy nor the world's wealth could restore.

The friends of Miss Goold, who comprised the wealth and respectability of Cork county, set instantly about recovering the injured lady. The pursuit was continued from day to day for three weeks, and the vigilance of her friends was only evaded by removing the poor afflicted creature from cabin to cabin, and from the house of one farmer to that of another. One day she was kept on the bleak mountain, and had the anguish to see her friends at a distance, while she was prevented from flying to them by a ruffian who stood sentinel over her with a loaded pistol.

Abused, insulted, and almost exhausted with fatigue, this delicate female absolutely refused to sanction the presumption of her destroyer; and at the conclusion of three weeks she was placed, by her ferocious guards, in a poor cabin by the road side, where her friends might find her. When discovered, she was in a deplorable condition, being literally unable to walk, stand, or sit. It took seventeen hours to remove her thirteen miles, the distance from her mother's house; but, when once restored to home and its enjoyments, her recovery was rapid, and in a short time her health was established as well as it was possible to be, under all the circumstances of her affecting case.

From the description of the banditti received from Miss Goold, several of the party were apprehended. Brown, the guilty contriver of the whole, escaped out of the country; and Walter Fitzmaurice, *alias* Captain Rock, evaded the pursuit of justice for a considerable time, but at length

surrendered himself to a magistrate. The men whose names are mentioned above, with the exception of Costello and Fitzmaurice, were brought to trial at Limerick, on the 29th of July, 1822. Miss Goold appeared to give evidence, dressed in deep mourning, and her narrative which she delivered with modest dignity, procured her the willing sympathy of a crowded court. The prisoners were found guilty—Death; but the three Leahys and Cussen were subsequently discharged, on a point of law operating in their favour.

On the 23rd of August following, Walter Fitzmaurice, better known at the time as Captain Rock, pleaded Guilty at the Cork assizes, and, along with Costello, who was found Guilty on the solitary evidence of Miss Goold's brother, who swore to having seen him on the night of the abduction, received sentence of Death.

On the ensuing Saturday, Costello underwent the awful sentence of the law, but Fitzmaurice was respited, something having arisen in his favour, principally on the ground of his pleading guilty in consequence of the judge refusing to put off his trial in the absence of a material witness. Costello, to the last, declared his innocence, not only of the crime for which he was convicted, but of any connexion whatever with the White Boys.

The history he gave of his misfortune to persons who conversed with him in the gaol, previous to going out to execution, was this:—He was a relative of Brown's, and was workman to him for five years, up to September, 1821; when he left him for the purpose of assisting his brother, whose wife then died, leaving him a large family. He

continued in the practice of habits of industry, and, as he declared on the scaffold, knew nothing of Miss Goold's abduction till the morning after. He slept, he asserted, on that night, and it was endeavoured to be established on the trial, with his brother; and Fitzmaurice, who pleaded guilty, was frequently afterwards heard to declare the innocence of this unfortunate man. Before going out to execution, he observed to a person in the gaol—"Are not these queer laws that make a man's life depend on the oath of one witness?" He also asked this person whether he thought there was much pain in the punishment he had to undergo, but being assured that there was not, and that it was only instantaneous, it afforded him great consolation. The only thing that he seemed to apprehend was the first sight of the hangman, and the tying up of his arms; but being reasoned with on these points, he acquiesced in their propriety, and assumed his usual firmness; and when the executioner came to tie his arms, he put them so far back that the tightness became extremely painful to him in his progress to the gallows. His manner of going to and at the place of execution was such as to awaken the sympathy and to excite the astonishment of all, even of those who guarded him, some of whom were observed to shed tears. He was firm to the last; and in him was observable that unpresuming confidence which could arise from no other source but the innocence of his heart, and his conscious freedom from the crime for which he suffered. His attention to the clansmen who accompanied him showed him to be impressed with the blessings of true piety: he died bless-

ing his prosecutors, and begging the prayers of the people. He was a well-looking man, with rather a soft and open countenance, and had nothing daring or determined in his appearance.

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